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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

JUL 27 1900

THOMAS GORRELL PHILLIPS.

SEMIRA ANN PHILLIPS.

Proud Mahaska.

1843-1900.

A Little Knowledge Acquired Under Difficulties—Tippecanoe and Tyler, too—The National Road—Paw-paws—America's Black Forest—Apple Butter Boiling—St. Mary's in the Woods—Scott's Tavern—A Gentleman in the Rough—First Glimpse of Iowa—Paton Wilson—Colonels and Esquires—Not Dangerous—New Purchase—First View of Oskaloosa—Mahaska's First School—First Organization of Methodist Church—Killing a Bear—Quakers—A Blazed Path—Going to Meeting in Ox Wagon—The First Fire in Oskaloosa—First Editors of Oskaloosa Herald—The Bear Dance—Coal—Harrison Township—The War—Sorghum—Soldiers' Aid Society—Our Neighbors and Our Own Precious Dead—Many and Varied Reminiscences.

By Semira A. Phillips.

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BY
SEMIRA A. PHILLIPS.

To Effie Hoffman Rogers,

Whose words of encouragement and faith in my ability led to the story of "Mahaska's First School," this unvarnished story is affectionately dedicated by Mahaska's first teacher.

THE AUTHOR.

Proud Mahaska.

CHAPTER I.

The minds of children and young people generally are so much taken up with the present that they are not greatly interested in things that happened and the people who lived long ago. Mahaska county's boys and girls are no exception to the rule. But to some of them a time will come when they will have become mature men and women, and will have lain off childish things and childish thoughts. Now when they hear old people tell of their early experiences it sounds old fogyish and uninteresting; they wonder why father and grandfather and other old folks want to be forever talking about living in log cabins and breaking prairie, old looms and spinning wheels; but where is the man or woman forty or fifty years old who would not sieze with delight and read with intense interest any true account of their ancestors, especially if they were good people? How they would like to know what kind of looking people their great grandfathers and their great grandmothers were, what their habits were, how they lived, how they got married and how they buried their dead.

Every school boy and girl has heard much of the early life, habits, struggles and privations of Lincoln and Garfield and others who have risen to great eminence, but know nothing of their own grandfathers and grandmothers. Many a good honest man or woman who could not find it in their nature to do a mean or dishonorable thing, never think of how much they ought to thank the Lord that they sprang from God-fearing, honest, honorable and industrious ancestors. Perhaps Timothy had never thought of his indebtedness to his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, for the gifts within him until Paul called his attention to it. Solomon said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." They often depart from their parents' training when they are young, they sow wild oats, but after a while they find the crop not profitable; they begin to be dissatisfied: in fact, they have been dissatisfied all along, so when they find themselves growing old they begin to look back, to admire, and finally fall into the faith and habits of their old fathers and mothers.

I once knew a young man whose parents were honest, industrious farmers—not rich, but well-to-do. They were old-fashioned Methodists. This young man, when about twenty, left home and went west to make a fortune. He was energetic and shrewd, and from a hired laborer he rose to a great contractor, made much money and sent many handsome presents to his parents and sisters. On one of his visits home, after being absent many years, he called to see me. He was a fine, gentlemanly-looking man, with the manners of one who had

seen much of the world. I was rejoiced to see him, and after telling him how glad I was to see him and how well he looked, I said: "Now, David, tell me about some of your experiences and some of the sights you have seen." "Well," he began, "I have made and lost several fortunes, have been from Alaska to Terra Del Fuego, have seen nearly every principal city on the continent of America, have been among the coffee plantations of Brazil and the sugar plantations of Cuba. I have been associated with every kind of people in the western world; have been in all climates, have wandered through orange groves and vast vineyards of California. Well, it's not worth while to try to tell of half I have seen and experienced. But whether among the great cities or vast plantations of the western continent, my thoughts ever and anon, would dart back to the humble, peaceful, unpretentious Christian home away back in Iowa, where I knew my old father and mother, brothers and sisters, morning and night gathered around the family altar and with simple faith asked God to give them their daily bread and watch over the wandering one so far away; and now, after wandering up and down, and seeing so much of the world, I have come to the conclusion that much of it is vanity and vexation of spirit, and I would have been happier if I had have settled down in Iowa and lived more like my parents have lived. In my intercourse with men and affairs I have learned much which I would not have obliterated from my mind.

"I love to think of the oceans, islands, valleys and mountains which delight the vision. The luxuriant tropical foliage and flowers are pleasant to remember, but

nothing now gives me the pleasure that the thought does that I sprang from and had the example of honest, honorable, Christian parents. I have had in my employ hundreds of men, have dug down hills and filled up valleys, have tunneled through mountains and spanned chasms, have had conflicts without and conflicts within, but amidst it all I never quite lost my faith in God and the religion of my old father and mother. These thoughts come to us when we begin to discover that time is fleeting and we are nearing the place where we will begin to go down the hill of life."

Some one has said that "forty is the old age of youth and forty is the youth of old age."

I remember a time when every man or woman I knew was older than myself: now nearly every man and woman I know are younger than myself. Only here and there a feeble, bent and white-haired man or woman who have seen the snows of more winters or the waving corn and green meadows of more summers than I have.

I have seen a time when I thought a person old at forty. I have lived to see the time when men and women who are not beyond forty seem hardly to have arrived at mature manhood or womanhood.

Three score and eleven years seem a time late in life to undertake the task of writing for the perusal of the present generation my recollections of the early settling of Mahaska County, and their ancestors who were the early settlers, but that is what I propose to do if the Lord spares my life and mental faculties.

Many of my friends and acquaintances seem to think that I have a clearer recollection of the early days and

events than some others who have been here quite as long, and have urged me to write, until I have finally "screwed my courage up to the sticking place."

So many things come looming up in my mind I can hardly decide on what to tell first. Away back in the forties and early fifties I knew nearly every man, woman and child in and around Oskaloosa. A few of them are left here and there, but only a few, and if I don't tell the story of the times when everybody lived in log cabins, who will?

Oskaloosa has grown to be a considerable city, but there is another considerable city not far away, a silent city, many of whose inhabitants are the men and women who with honest purpose, courage and pluck helped to make this grand and glorious country what it is to-day. Here and there a block of granite or a marble slab have carved in them a few letters and figures, telling their names, when they were born and when they died. Some haven't even that—only a little mound overgrown with grass. I wish I could tell to this generation the heroism, hardships and self-denial endured by many of the inhabitants of that silent city. As I drive about the streets of that city I seem to be living in the past. The friends of my youth are lying on every hand. I stop and make them a little visit, and think of the times we laughed and talked and ate and sometimes wept together.

I dislike very much to have the pronoun "I" appear so often in my story, but don't know how to avoid it and tell my story at all. I am mixed up with much of it in one way or another, and in telling of other people's affairs I must of necessity tell some of my own. The cap-

ital "I" business has been worrying me ever since I began to think seriously of writing this story. I have tried to think of some way to tell my recollections of the people and unwritten events of the early days without using the obnoxious "I," but have not succeeded. So I have given it up, and concluded to let the "I's" come in wherever they seem to be needed. My object is to tell a true story of the early days and make things as plain as I can. I have great respect and admiration for the people who first settled this wilderness. When I think of the character of those early settlers I feel that they were chosen of the Lord to lay the foundation of things in this goodly land.

The greater number of the earliest settlers of Mahaska County were from Ohio and Indiana; some were from Illinois, a few from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Tennessee. Ohio furnished the greater number. The Ohio people are proud of their native State, and with good reason. Some of the best people I ever knew are from Ohio. Virginia is called the "mother of presidents," but the way things look now they will soon be calling Ohio "the mother of presidents."

The old Hoosier State is not very far behind in brains and good citizenship, though I can remember a time when Indiana was the subject of many jokes and uncomplimentary remarks. But since Morton was governor and the Hoosiers acquitted themselves so honorably in the civil war, and General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur," and James Whitcomb Riley has charmed the English-speaking world with the incomparable products of his brain and pen, Indiana has gone several steps higher on

the social ladder. Indiana never did deserve the scoffs and sneers and unkind epithets which used to be heaped upon her. "Posey County" was a by-word much used by persons who were altogether ignorant of the beauty of its scenery, richness of its soil, and the grand old hero for whom the county was named. But that is the way of the world. States, like people, are sometimes thought to be of little account until they by accident or otherwise perform some heroic deed. Many a wordy battle have I had with those scoffers, trying to defend my native State. My first recollections are of the little gravelly creeks, springs of clear, delicious cold water rushing out of hillsides and forming little brooks and tiny waterfalls, then meandering away off through meadows or woods, and finally losing themselves in the greater creek.

The great tall poplars, sugar trees and beech, and the paw-paw bushes growing along its banks; the old log school-house where I first went to school when I was only three years old. I can shut my eyes and see the old Webster spelling-book with its pictures of the boy in the apple tree and the milk maid and her pail of milk, spilled and running all over the ground. Iowa is a grand State, with charming landscapes and many other splendid qualities, but where is the man or woman living in Iowa whose childhood and youth were spent in Indiana or Ohio, who does not sometimes long for the sugar-making times in the spring, and the gorgeous red and yellow foliage of the sugar trees in October? I don't suppose they would thank me for my sympathy, but I sometimes feel a real pity for the boys and girls who have never known the supreme delight of gathering around a kettle of sugar out

in a camp when it is just ready to "stir off," armed with a tin cup of cold water and a paddle. We didn't mind mud and slush and wet feet, which always went along with sugar-making.

Indiana was new in my childhood, but not too new to have big apple trees and peach trees and pear trees. Every farmer had an orchard, but if they had a big crop of fruit there was no market for it worth naming unless they dried their fruit. What a splendid time the young people used to have at apple cuttings and apple butter boilings. No well-regulated family was without their barrel of apple butter. Apple butter was made by boiling down cider made of sweet apples to about one-third of the original quantity, then peeling and quartering and coring great mellow rambos and pippins, then putting them in that condensed cider, which was kept boiling continuously until the mass was done. The apples could not all be put in at once, but had to be added at intervals and stirred every moment from first to last. If the stirring was neglected for ever so short a time it was sure to stick to the bottom of the big copper kettle and burn. Some of those kettles held fifty gallons. It was considered a great calamity to have one burned, for they cost an immense sum. I knew an old Pennsylvania German who was the envied possessor of one of those great kettles. He was a kind neighbor and would lend it all around, but always with the injunction, "be sure and not let the butter stick." An apple butter stirrer always went with the kettle. This stirrer consisted of a handle many feet long, with a board with many big auger holes in it, firmly fixed at one end in an upright position and

long enough to reach from the top to the bottom of the kettle. By this means the persons operating it could stand several feet away from the fire and smoke.

Usually at these "functions" a boy and girl would take hold of that long handle and stir together, and when one couple would stir awhile another couple would relieve them. What an opportunity that was for we boys and girls to talk "nothings." We talked as learnedly as we knew how about the last spelling school, who was the best speller, and who was going to "choose up" at the next one. I mean the boys and girls of my age, from twelve to fifteen, were the ones most interested in spelling schools. There was a set a little older who, perhaps were engaged in more serious conversation.

I attended a country school once whose teacher was a young man who enjoyed spelling schools as much as any of us; he allowed us to choose up and spell every Friday afternoon. The boys played ball every day during the noon recess; they chose up to play ball as well as to spell. There was a big, good-natured boy in that school whose name was Jordan Pike. Jordan was always first choice in the ball game, but in spelling school was always last.

CHAPTER II.

The time I am writing about was in the early forties. The country had not recovered from the financial crash of thirty-seven. Many families who had been accustomed to the comforts of life were reduced to poverty. Merchants were frequently sold out by the sheriff, and many distressing things happened. I was too young and full of hope and buoyant spirits to comprehend or be much worried over the state things were in, and another reason was, I had never been used to anything like affluence. But I had, what I think now was better than wealth—I had health and energy and an intense desire to be educated. I had great reverence for scholars and people who knew things. I was not afraid of anything but disgrace. My people were of Quaker stock who believed in justice. In my childhood I was taught that nothing was disgraceful but actual meanness in one's self. Opportunities for acquiring an education were poor, especially for poor people, though the poor were not very poor nor the rich very rich in Indiana fifty-seven years ago. The rich could send their daughters away

off to boarding-school, but the poor had to do as best they could. I never had the benefit of a public or free school. Not many years after the time of which I am writing many of the young people I used to know in Indiana were sent to Earlham, but when I left they were just talking about building Friends' Boarding School, which was afterward called Earlham. But now from Maine to California and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico can be found persons who at some time in their lives have been students at Earlham.

In 1839 the citizens of the little town not far from where I lived built what was thought to be a very imposing structure—brick and two stories high. It was adorned with a portico with immense doric columns reaching from floor to roof. The first story was used as town hall and public assembly room, for almost any kind of meeting—literary, political or religious. The upper story was one great big school-room; this edifice was called a "Seminary." As soon as the Seminary was completed a gentleman by the name of Samuel K. Hoshour opened a school in that upper room. Mr. Hoshour's fame as a teacher had reached our ears before he came. He taught all branches usually taught in that day, and many which were not usually taught in that region. His teaching ranged from the Third Reader to Higher Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French and German. I never heard any one say that he was not master of all. I was wild to go to that school. I lived a little too far away to walk, and to hire my board in town was out of the question. Tuition alone was $1.50 a term, and that seemed an immense sum. A dollar then was as hard to raise as

twenty is now, much as people talk about hard times in this year of our Lord 1898.

It was finally agreed upon among us to have me work for my board in some family, if one could be found near the school who was willing to take me in. I was less than fifteen years old, but was healthy and strong and willing to do any kind of drudgery to pay my way if I could only have the privilege of going to that school. I found a family willing to board me for the amount of work I could do mornings and evenings, Saturdays and Sundays. This family lived only three blocks from the school. They were very respectable and proper people, but not much given to parting with their worldly possessions without receiving full compensation for the same. I was given a comfortable bed and good food, for which I thought then, and I have thought ever since, I fully compensated them. I washed the dishes after every meal, did the washing and ironing, fed and milked the cow, carried the milk down cellar and carried it up again. I did all the scrubbing and carried the water up a long flight of steps. Besides the things I have named, I performed fully half the labor in making thirty yards of rag carpet. I never had the nerve to attempt to carry my books home and study in the evening, for the carpet rags were always awaiting my attention when the supper dishes were disposed of. The lady was an excellent housekeeper, and everything had to be done at the proper time. How I did want to study my lessons in the evening, but she managed me so adroitly I never dared by word or hint to suggest the thought. The family retired regularly at half-past nine o'clock. I would have been

glad to have had the privilege of studying my lessons after the work was done, but the fire was covered up, and to have burned a candle after that hour was an extravagance not permitted in that house.

I would carry my books and slate home on Friday evenings and study as much as I could on Sunday, but sometimes I wanted to see my mother and little brothers so much that I would take the "near cut" and walk home on Sunday. I say "walk," but it was run a good deal of the way. This "near cut" was through fields and woods and meadows, and necessitated climbing many staked and ridered fences. I didn't mind that, for I never knew in those days what it was to be tired.

I can see, even now, how pleased my mother looked when I came flying in; how interested she was in everything I had to tell. I would tell her how well I was getting on in school, keeping up with my classes, and what a wonderful man Mr. Hoshour was, and the many things he told us about which I had never heard spoken of in a school before. And then I would tell her how well I was getting on with the housework at Mr. Nero's; they treated me kindly and found no fault with my work.

Once she said to me: "Child, thee studies at night, don't thee?"

I said: "No, we are making a rag carpet, and work at that of nights."

I remember well the look of pain which came in her face. She sat a little while without saying anything; then with a look of tender sympathy she only said, "well, child, do the best thee can and thee will come out all right."

How fast those Sunday afternoons would fly, and how soon the time would come when I would know I must hurry back to milk the cow.

Some of our neighbors found fault with me—said I was selfish. They said I ought to stay at home and help my mother instead of fooling my time away at school. I remember one woman in particular who took it upon herself to give me a piece of her mind on the subject. Having gone to her house one day on an errand, I found her in the yard vigorously stirring something in a large iron kettle hanging over a fire which was sending out huge volumes of smoke seemingly in every direction. As I drew near I saw that "Melinda" (as we called her) was making soap, and that vigorous stirring was to prevent its boiling over. Melinda didn't see me until I was at her side, for her face was hidden in the depths of a long slat sun-bonnet. When she looked up her eyes were red and streaming with tears, from the effects of that "contrary fire," as Melinda called it. She didn't stop to say "how de do," but in a sharp tone sang out:

"Take that gourd and bring me some lye, quick!"

I didn't lose any time in snatching up that big crooked-handled gourd and flying to the ash-hopper and dipping up about two quarts of lye and handing it to Melinda. She siezed and dashed the whole of it into that boiling soap, which immediately settled down to more gentle motions, when Melinda remarked, "I believe this soap's done, and you take hold and help me lift it off." I did as she desired, but as soon as the kettle was safely deposited on the ground Melinda began a tirade which I have not forgotten, although it has been nearly

sixty years ago. Melinda was one of those persons who believed in saying just what they thought, regardless of anybody's feelings. She had the reputation of being able to accomplish more work in a given time than any woman in the neighborhood. She spun and wove the cloth for all the winter clothing for her family, the flax and tow for all the sheets, tablecloths and towels they used. She tended the garden herself and raised hundreds of chickens. She enjoyed the distinction of having the first peas, new potatoes and fried chicken of anybody in the neighborhood. She didn't pay much attention to raising flowers, but gourds were a specialty with her. Every Summer, gourds of all sizes and lengths of handle could be seen growing on vines trained over her garden fence. Melinda would divide her gourds with her less thrifty neighbors. I think she even delighted in being generous in that respect, but at the same time would snap out the remark: "If you was any account you could raise 'em yourself."

I used to think Melinda could make gourds serve more purposes than any woman I ever saw. She used one enormous gourd for holding salt, another for soap, another for storing away her garden seeds; a beautiful long-handled, clean gourd which would hold about a quart was always to be seen in the water bucket, and another like it was always hanging at the spring, and one of convenient size for dipping lye when she made soap; which brings me back to what I was going to tell about the lecture Melinda gave me. She never stopped her work when a neighbor called, but went right on with anything she happened to be doing. Work never inter-

fered with her talking. As soon as the soap settled down and stopped boiling, she took up a gourd and commenced dipping it out and pouring it into a barrel. At the same time she commenced talking to me in this wise:

"See, here, my girl! They say you are going to town and go to school in that big Siminary, where a lot of proud, lazy, stuck-up boys and girls are trying to get smarter than their parents. I thought you had more sense than to fool your time away going to school. You had better stay at home and help your mother spin and weave, for I would like to know what good it is going to do you or any other girl to study all the nonsense I hear they do in that school."

"You can read your Bible, can't you?"

"You can read writing, can't you?"

"You can write a letter can't you?"

"What more do you want?"

"I think you ought to be ashamed to go away and leave all the work for your mother to do."

If I had been disposed to answer her questions I could not have found an opportunity, she plied them in such haste. And then, she didn't expect a reply.

Melinda's scoring didn't effect me one way or the other, not even to make me angry. The neighbors used to say: "Melinda's bark is worse than her bite."

I kept watching the soap-dipping, and wondering if she would stop talking when she stopped dipping. She did stop long enough to take a breath after straightening up from her work, but just then the baby, that had been asleep in his cradle in the house, began to scream.

That seemed to suggest another idea, which was a clincher to her other arguments, so she broke out again and her last thrust was:

"Now, I'd like to know what good geography and grammar is going to do you when you get married and have a lot of children to take care of."

I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I replied; "if that should ever happen I might be able to teach my children."

When I was ready to leave, Melinda gave me a handsome straight-handled gourd to take to my mother.

Melinda was something of a "Mrs. Poyser." "One of those women as is better than their word." And as Bartle Massey remarked, "Sound at the core, but sets one's teeth on edge."

CHAPTER III.

I had more faith in my mother's opinions than I had in the opinions of all the neighbors put together. I finished that term of school, and the next winter went another term, making altogether six months I attended Mr. Hoshour's school. I have been glad every day for more than half a century that I had that privilege and blessing, even if it was brought about through great tribulation.

How well I remember everything that came within my sight and hearing in that long ago time. The William Henry Harrison campaign, with the "Tip and Tyler" shouts and songs.

About the time of the presidential election I visited some relatives who lived about twenty-five miles from my home. The journey nearly all the way was along the national road. That road was lined with houses, many of them log cabins, nearly every one displaying some emblem or devise, supposed to represent General Harrison's heroic battle at Tippecanoe, or some other scene of Indian warfare or pioneer life. What was most in vogue was a

miniature log cabin, miniature hard cider barrel on which was hung a miniature gourd, and all placed where the traveling public could not fail to see, generally on top of the house. I don't think we were out of the sound of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" the whole twenty-five miles.

When I arrived at my uncle's home I found visiting there the loveliest young Quaker lady, Mrs. Kenworthy, with the prettiest little baby in her arms: he had great blue eyes and red cheeks, and had on a long white dress. As soon as I disposed of my wraps I asked Mrs. Kenworthy if I might take the baby. She handed him to me and he was not one bit afraid. I carried him about the room and out in the kitchen, sat down and rocked him, held him up to the window and let him look out at the chickens—did all the things that girls at the age I was then, usually do in such cases.

I asked Mrs. Kenworthy how old he was, and she said "six months." Then I asked her what his name was; she said, "his name is William." I have never seen the lovely, serene face of William's mother since that November day in 1840. She was long since laid to rest among her people in the unpretentious Quaker burying ground. But William, who began life among the shouts and songs and music of brass bands, firing of cannon and parade with flags and banners, log cabins, and everybody shouting themselves hoarse for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," must in his infancy have imbibed the spirit of the times. When William grew to young manhood it was discovered that he was gifted with the power of oratory, and could tell of heroic deeds in a manner to thrill and electrify his hearers. Near half a

century after the time when his baby ears and eyes heard and gazed with wonder at the noise and parade made by those who wanted "Old Tippecanoe" elected President of the United States, William Kenworthy was known from one end of the land to the other as the brilliant speaker and advocate of "Old Tippecanoe's" grandson for the same high honor.

William Kenworthy has been for many years a leading attorney of Oskaloosa, has been reading clerk in the house of congress, and has occupied other prominent and responsible places. Mr. Kenworthy is a portly, handsome and distinguished-looking man, with some undescribable traits which we who are of Quaker stock and have been brought up among Quakers carry with us as long as we live, no matter where we go.

I, like other school-girls, had a special girl friend whom I loved more than any other girl who was not related to me by ties of blood. We sat at the same desk at Hoshour's school. Our families were neighbors and old friends, and Mary Newby and I were closer friends than sisters usually are.

Not long after the great William Henry Harrison campaign there began to be much talk among our neighbors about Iowa Territory. Two of them, one my friend Mary's father, traveled all the way to Iowa and back again on horseback. His glowing account of Iowa's rich prairie soil and other good qualities put others in the notion of moving to that great country, where the land was already cleared, and where they would not have to cut down and burn hundreds of immense trees in order to have one little field. When I think now of the great

stately poplars, walnut and sugar trees which I have seen sacrificed, it brings a pang of regret.

I sometimes wish that one hundred miles square of that great wilderness of immense beauties, streams and rocks, hills, valleys and great towering trees festooned with graceful vines had have been left a little more like God made them. Then this United States of America would have her "Black Forest" as charming and full of wonders as that of Germany and Switzerland. I would have the center of my imaginary "Black Forest," or National Park, in Bartholomew County, at a place which used to be called "The Haw Patch." What wonders it would contain! The "Knobs," with their great chestnut trees, spring gushings out of a hundred hillsides and rocky cliffs, gravelly brooks and tiny waterfalls, and vast caves full of nature's wonders—these and many other interesting things in the South, bordering on the Ohio river and extending many miles out from the same. Then there are the famous stone quarries about Bedford, the mineral springs near Knightstown, the red-buds, the spice bushes, the haw trees, the paw-paw bushes everywhere. Very few of the giants of the American "Black Forest" had been dishonored by a blow from a settler's ax when my ancestors moved from North Carolina and settled in the dense forests of Southern Indiana. Some Indians were there, but I don't remember of ever hearing of an Indian cutting down a big tree. Bears and deer and wolves and panthers and raccoons and o'possums roamed at will through this wilderness of gigantic trees and almost impenetrable undergrowth. There were no prairies in that "Black Forest."

CHAPTER IV.

Thirty years don't seem long to those of us whom the Lord has permitted to see the Winter's snows and Summer's flowers and fruits of more than twice thirty years. Many things can be done and many changes made in thirty years. In that time farms had been made, orchards were bearing an abundance of fruit, mills were plentiful, churches and school-houses had been erected, and people were just getting where they began to look like living, in Indiana, when the talk began about the rich, black soil of Illinois and Iowa Territory. Many who had lost much in the crisis thought they could see a way to mending their broken fortunes, some to make their first start; but anyway, many families put all their worldly goods in wagons and moved to Iowa. My friend Mary's people, among the rest, came in forty-two and settled on a large tract of land in the Mississippi bottom above Fort Madison.

In the Autumn of forty-three my parents had disposed of all their possessions which they could not bring in two wagons, and like many others, had a tearful time

when we bade farewell to our neighbors and started on what seemed a long journey. We soon dried our tears and began to be interested in scenes along the way. We soon found ourselves on that once famous highway, "The Cumberland Road," ambitious Young America's "Apian Way," commonly known as "The National Road." This wonderful thoroughfare was projected by the government and built at the government's expense, or as much of it as *was* built. The great financial crisis of thirty-seven put a quietus on that stupendous undertaking. The original plan was to make a road wide and straight from Cumberland, Maryland, to St. Louis. St. Louis was the "far west" then. It was to be made level and macadamized the whole way. Hills were to be digged down and valleys filled up. Streams and chasms were to be spanned by covered bridges. It was supposed that anybody fortunate enough to own land on that road was to be envied. Towns sprang up all along, so near together they often ran into one another. Much rivalry existed between those villages. Raysville and Knightstown were rivals. Knightstown was on high ground on one side of a little stream called Blue River, and Raysville was on the bottom, or lowlands, on the other side. They were both located and named before the road had been leveled. Those towns were built principally along one street, and that street was the National Road; they seemed to flourish about equally for a while, and each was jealous of the other. But when they came to dig down the hill east of Raysville and fill up the valley, the grade reached to the height of the second story windows, which necessitated building a long flight of steps

from their front gates to the street. Not only that, but in digging that big hill down they struck a spring well up toward the top which sent out a volume of water that went rushing down one side of that high grade, and in front of the houses, which not only necessitated the high steps, but a bridge to cross the stream to reach them.

I was only a child then, but remember well how the Knightstown people jeered and chuckled and crowed over the Raysville people. They took special delight in driving along that high grade and looking down on their unfortunate neighbors. Knigtstown, I presume, can boast of two thousand inhabitants, but Raysville has gone into oblivion. Raysville was named in honor of the man who was governor of Indiana at that time. Knightstown was named in honor of the man whom the government employed as chief engineer in the construction of that great highway. Jonathan Knight was a wealthy and honored citizen of Washington County, Pennsylvania. He was the grandfather of Miss Lizzie Knight, of Oskaloosa; Mrs. Ella Stone, and Mrs. Virginia Knight Logan, who has gained distinction as a singer. Fred Logan, her son, has quite a reputation as a musical composer. Mrs. Virginia Knight Logan is a handsome woman and has charming manners. John Knight, one of Oskaloosa's prominent horticulturists, is a grandson of Jonathan Knight.

The plan was to macadamize the whole length of the national road, but it was abandoned before much macadamizing was done in Indiana, only a little way out from the larger towns, Richmond, Indianapolis and Terra Haute. That road was horrid in the Spring, but in Au-

tumn, when the weather was dry, it was like one grand pavement. How many Virginians, Pennsylvanians and Ohioans have traveled on that road in the thirties, bound for Illinois! I used to sit on the doorstep when I was a child and watch the great Pennsylvania wagons go by with their long teams of horses; some would have four, some six, and sometimes I have seen eight horses to one wagon, and every horse would have a row of bells over the hames. The driver would sit on the near wheel horse, with long whip. I can see them yet, swaying from side to side, as they slowly and contentedly wended their way. One day I concluded I would count the "mover wagons," as we called them, that went by. I sat and watched all day long, and counted one hundred and twenty, and I only counted the mover wagons. I didn't count the stage coaches, though they were always a delight to we children. A long train of cars now don't begin to interest children as the old stage coach used to interest us. How important and grand those stage drivers used to look, dashing into town, sitting on a high seat, with four matched horses on the gallop.

The stage driver would blow his horn and crack his whip in a way which made all the boys around envious, and determined to be stage drivers when they grew up. The stage coach in that day was a grand affair, always painted a bright red, and ornamented with scroll work of yellow. They had immense, strong, curved springs back and front, which kept them continually rocking backward and forward if the road was at all uneven. Besides, there was a great leather-covered place at the back called the "boot," where trunks and other baggage was

carried. The driver always carried the mail-bags at his feet, for there was a place at his feet made for that express purpose. The stages would come in full of passengers and sometimes four or five on top. The driver would dash up to the post-office door where the postmaster was always standing ready to catch the mail-pouch. How dextrously the driver would toss that pouch! Then whirl his horses' heads toward Cary's tavern, throw the lines to the hostler, jump off of his high perch, and with the rest of the passengers stalk into the bar-room and call for a drink. That is the way they did in Knightstown in 1835.

In traveling over that great highway, almost the entire width of the State of Indiana, we were hardly ever out of sight of a tavern. Not only in the villages along the way, but anywhere between might be seen a high post with a more or less pretentious sign swinging back and forth, with inscription thereon informing travelers of the proprietor's willingness to entertain both man and beast.

We started on that momentous journey on October 22nd, 1843. The days were lovely, hazy Indian Summer days; the nights were soft, smoky nights. The road was perfect—hard as iron and level as a floor. Our gait was so slow we had plenty of time to see everything that was to be seen. Sometimes a great walnut or hickory-nut tree stood beside the road, the ground beneath covered with nuts. We never had to look far for a stone to crack nuts with; they were lying around handy. I have not forgotten the great, soft, yellow pawpaws we found right

by the road, just west of Indianapolis, in the White River bottom. Everything of that kind was free to whoever chose to take it. The beech trees had taken on every shade of brown, the sugar trees every shade of yellow and red. Scenery all along the road was charming. At least it was to me, who at that time was too young and full of health and hope to see anything but the bright side of things.

I thought it delightful to sleep in a tent and cook by a log-heap fire. In our company were some unerring marksmen who would kill squirrels enough through the day to make a stew sufficient for all our suppers. The trees seemed to be full of squirrels, and dozens of them could be seen running along the fence of every cornfield we passed. That state of things lasted until we had crossed the Wabash River at Terra Haute. We then left the National road and turned a northwesterly direction, drove a few miles and camped at a place in a thick beech woods, within a few rods of where was being built a brick structure which we were told was a Catholic Convent. Part of the building was near enough completion to open a school, which was already in progress. I thought it a very uninviting place. There was no fence about it, and great beech trees had been cut down and were lying all about that brick house, with their great sprangly tops so thick it looked like the place would be hard to reach. There were stumps and brush and masses of chips where, I presume, can be seen to-day a beautiful lawn and all other evidences of culture, for I now hear that place spoken of as "St. Mary's in the Woods."

Soon after leaving "St. Mary's in the Woods," the prairies of Illinois began to strike our vision. Paris was the first town we came to in Illinois. Paris was on the edge of a prairie. As soon as we passed the last house on the west side of Paris we came to a prairie ten miles across, without a single house. My first thought on seeing that open prairie so close to town was wonder that they didn't have it all in fields of corn; but that feeling soon wore off as I saw more and more of the grand prairie. Our Indian Summer suddenly changed from a mellow haze to a leaden sky and a damp, chilling wind. That state of the weather overtook us on the afternoon of the day we went through Paris and commenced to cross that ten mile prairie.

We had been pretty well informed regarding the roads and stopping places through Illinois. We knew there was a stopping place called Scott's Tavern, just at the edge of the timber, ten miles west of Paris. We had been told before we started, and several times on the way, that Scott's Tavern was a suspicious place: rumors were afloat that people had been robbed there. We felt a little wary, but darkness came upon us about the time we reached this place of unsavory repute. It was too cold to camp out, there was not another house near, so we took the chances of being robbed and murdered, and boldly went in and asked for shelter and the privilege of cooking in their kitchen. All was granted in a kindly manner. I don't know what the others thought, but I kept thinking about the rumors we had heard, and looking about to see if I could discover any evidence of our being in a den of robbers. I didn't see anything which

looked at all suspicious. There were two young women in the family, Mr. Scott's daughters, who kindly showed us where to find the things we wanted in doing our cooking. After our supper was over the young ladies invited us into their sitting-room, which was a large room with wide fireplace, where a cheerful fire was burning. Old Mr. Scott was a widower. A very plain-looking bachelor son, whom he called "Tommy," and the two daughters, constituted the family. This was Sunday night, and a young gentleman whom they called Mr. Price, came in and spent the evening. Presently they took down from a shelf some singing books, one the "Missouri Harmony," and began to sing some of the good old hymns I had been used to hearing and singing, too.

Mr. Scott was a fine-looking old white-haired man, and looked more like a Methodist preacher than what my idea was of a robber. After they had sang one piece the old gentleman looked around at me and said, "young lady, don't you sing?" I told him I did. Then the young folks invited me to join them in singing, which I did, and we sang and sang. The next morning when we were bidding them good-bye that old man held onto my hand all the time he was making this nice little speech: "Young lady, you are a mighty good singer, and I hope when you get to Iowa you will go to church whenever you have a chance, and be a good girl; and I wouldn't wonder if you made a mighty fine woman, and would marry some nice young man out there." "Tommy" was standing by, so the old man finished by saying: "If you will stay with us you may have Tommy."

Our journeying through Illinois was not marked with any important event—just plodding along over prairies, and occasionally a small grove or a larger body of timber. I don't think we passed through a town, not even a small village, between Paris and Springfield. If there were any towns between, our line of travel did not lead through them. Occasionally we would pass by a very fine farm, with tolerably good buildings, and there, like the rest of the way, movers could obtain food for themselves and teams, and shelter and hospitable treatment from those rugged, good-hearted farmers and their families. Not many orchards had begun to bear fruit, but sometimes we would see a few apples on small trees, which looked very tempting to us who had been used to having all the apples we wanted. But now we were in a country where we couldn't climb over the fence and take all the apples we wanted without anybody caring or thinking we were trespassing. That was in corn gathering time, and long rows of rail pens piled high with great ears of yellow corn were to be seen on every farm we passed, or when we stopped at one of those fine farms. They had corn and hay and bacon in abundance to sell to movers. That, I presume, was the way they disposed of their surplus crops. The road was literally lined with movers. I don't remember ever hearing of one of those farmers asking an exorbitant price for anything they had to sell, nor for the privilege of sleeping and cooking in their houses. Movers usually camped out, but if the weather was too inclement for camping, a family could have that privilege for twenty-five cents. That was the regular price all along the road. When I look now at the map of

Illinois I see the places where we plodded over that long stretch of sparsely-inhabited rich country, all checkered over with marks which represent railroads, and little rings which represent towns, crowding each other all over the map.

The next town we came to after leaving Springfield was Virginia. Virginia was a very small village, but the country about there was grand: sugar trees abounded, and that alone would hide a multitude of faults with me. A few miles east of Virginia was a very large frame house standing out on a bare prairie without a tree or shrub or vine to relieve the barrenness. It was just a great big unpainted, uninviting looking house. There was no swinging sign to tell of the fact, but we were informed that this imposing structure was known far and near as "Dutches Tavern," and the proprietor thereof owned many hundreds of acres surrounding that uninviting house. Since then a town has grown around that nucleus and is known as Ashland. In the little valley between those sand dunes a few miles east of Beardstown were groves of persimmon trees full of delicious ripe persimmons. They seemed to be public property, so we helped ourselves. We crossed the great sluggish Illinois River in a ferry-boat at Beardstown. That ferry-boat was propelled by an old blind horse, whose continuous tramping on a wheel placed at one side of the boat furnished the propelling power which moved that ponderous craft and carried us without accident across that mighty river. That, I think, might appropriately be termed a "one horse power." When I read of the "tread-mill" punishment inflicted on the once aesthetic Oscar Wilde,

I thought of that poor old blind horse rowing us over the Illinois River. Where we crossed, and as far up and down as we could see, that river was speckled with ducks. We camped that night near the river, four miles above Beardstown, and it was the same there, myriads of ducks. They seemed to be tame, for I saw men and boys out on the water in skiffs; the men would shoot, but their shooting hardly seemed to cause a ripple among the ducks. As I write I keep thinking what a bonanza a scene like that would be now to my neighbor, Dr. Clark, and to Dwight Jackson, Joe Stumps, Al. Mendenhall, Dr. Morgan, and many more of Oskaloosa's nimrods I could name, who come in with a look of triumph on their faces, after plodding all day down in Skunk River bottom, if they are fortunate enough to bring in three or four ducks apiece.

The country between Beardstown and Carthage was sparsely settled. We didn't see a comfortable-looking farm-house the whole way from Beardstown to Fort Madison. We passed through Rushville, which was a very small place, with a few frame houses, but the greater number were log cabins. I saw several log houses in Springfield. There was a beautiful creek which we crossed several times between Rushville and Carthage, along which was fine timber. We camped one night on that creek in a cluster of sugar trees, which made us think of home. There was one "mighty hunter" in our party who knew the signs and sounds of every wild thing in the woods, and was always looking out for game. That evening just as we stopped for the night he snatched up his gun, remarking, "I heard some turkeys back yon-

der." He hurried away and we presently heard the sound of his rifle. In a few minutes he came walking very leisurely toward the camp, holding a great big gobbler by the heels. To roast him was out of the question, but my mother and another lady in the company dressed him, cut him up and stewed him in a pot by the log-heap fire that night, and the next morning we all ate turkey for breakfast.

We heard many stories of highway robbery having been committed along that road, especially in that long stretch of almost uninhabited forest. It was said that a gang ot thieves infested the country, whose headquarters and hiding place was in the Mormon town of Nauvoo. We felt a little shaky that night, but no harm came to us. The day we left that camping place we went through Carthage. I went into a store in Carthage to make a small purchase, and that was the first time I heard twelve and a half cents called a "bit." I asked the clerk to explain to me what he meant by "bit." He looked disgusted at my ignorance, and laid a coin on the counter and asked me what I called *that*. I told him we sometimes called it a "levy," but the more proper name was twelve and a half cents. He ended the dialogue by saying, "I guess bit is about as proper as levy."

That day a gentleman overtook us who was driving a pair of handsome gray horses to a light wagon. He kept along with our party till night, and stopped at the same farm house. He, like nearly everybody else we chanced to meet, was sociable; inquired where we were "bound for" and where we came from. We told him who we were, and where we came from, and that we were

"bound for" Iowa. He told us his name was Isaac Frost and he lived in Iowa, near Fort Madison, and was well acquainted with our friends, the Newbys. Mr. Frost was an honest-looking, tall, manly-looking young man. The last day had come before reaching Iowa; the morning was fine, and the thought that we were going to see and cross the mighty Mississippi that day sent a thrill of joy through our hearts. Mr. Frost might have trotted off with his dashing horses and empty wagon, and left us far behind, but he kept along with us, and after we had gone some distance he said to me and another girl in our company: "Girls, won't you take a seat in my wagon? I want to show you the first glimpse of Iowa and the great 'Father of Waters.'" We accepted his kind offer, and were engaged in talking about Iowa, our old friends, a little sense and a good deal of nonsense, when suddenly Mr. Frost stopped his team, and pointing toward the west, exclaimed: "Girls, do you see that smoky streak away over yonder?" We said, "Yes; what is it?" He said, "That is Iowa." We wanted to know what made it look smoky. He replied: "I can't explain the phenomenon, but in this country, when you see a smoky line like that, you may know it means land beyond a river."

I presume Mr. Frost would have driven us all the way to the river, but we happened to have sense enough to suggest that he, perhaps, would like to travel a little faster than our teams did, and we would join our people, then he could go as fast as he liked. He was a great manly gentleman in the rough. He sprang out, then handed us out, and we thanked him for the kindness he

had shown us. He bowed and smiled, sprang to his seat, looked back and bowed again, cracked his whip and dashed off toward Iowa. I have never seen Mr. Frost since that day, but my friends, the Newbys, said he was just as nice as he seemed.

CHAPTER V.

What excitement there was among us young folks when the mighty Mississippi did at last come into view. I wondered what made the water seem to be higher than the ground where we were. We were all carried across in a steam ferry-boat, and the first Iowa soil we touched was that river brink at Fort Madison. That was on the 7th day of November, 1843. I was prepared to be pleased with everything in Iowa. The first building which loomed up in sight was the penitentiary, the most imposing structure in the village of Fort Madison; it was just a village then.

We drove about three miles up the river to our old friends', Gabriel and Rebecca Newby's home, in the Green Bay Bottom, where my schoolmate and dear friend, Mary, and I fell in each other's arms and wept for joy. Our mothers did the same. What a time we had that night talking about old times in Indiana, and we telling about all the old friends and neighbors we all knew so well. There were several other children in the family, but Mary was the oldest and my special friend,

though I loved all of them. We found our friends, the Newbys, living in a log house at the foot of the bluffs, their immense corn-fields stretching away off toward the great Mississippi. The bluffs were covered with a variety of trees, and in the bottom near the bluffs were great sugar trees, and oaks and elms as tall and majestic-looking as those we had left behind. Mr. Newby had been one of the rich men in Indiana. They lived in and owned the finest farm-house in all that region, and he owned several farms, a large flouring-mill, a store in town, the finest barn in the country, horses, carriages, and every kind of farming implement used in that day. Besides all that, their house was furnished with the most expensive furniture there was to be seen in that neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Newby were whole-souled, honorable people, and the children were "chips of the old block." The crisis of thirty-seven wrought his financial ruin, or nearly so. He managed to save enough out of the wreck to locate his family where land was cheap in the Green Bay Bottoms. A few articles of furniture that once adorned their elegant home could be seen in their log cabin of two rooms. They all were cheerful and in good spirits. Mary said to me: "Semira, you don't see us in as fine a home as you used to, but we are just as happy as we were there."

Those people were brave and full of pluck. Not only that, but they were endowed with bright minds. One of the daughters in after years was called a charming writer, and it was said of one of the sons, by a man who knew what he was talking about, "Tom wields a graceful pen." Every one of those children were en-

dowed with brains, honor and common sense. The father and mother and two of those gifted children sleep near the great Mississippi. The mighty pacific beating its rock-bound shores, sounds an eternal requium over the grave of sparkling, brilliant "Tom."

Mary, my schoolmate and best-beloved friend of my young girlhood, married one of God's noblemen, an intelligent Christian farmer. Mary has no daughters, but is mother of eight sons. Not only the proverbial seventh son is a doctor, but she has two doctors among her sons. Mary, like myself, I presume, regales her children and grandchildren with stories of spelling-schools, sugar-making, apple butter boiling and Hoshour's school.

In 1843 Fort Madison was new, but the little town, and as much of the country about as we had seen, especially the Green Bay Bottom, had a charming and go-ahead look, and there was the great Mississippi river and there were our old neighbors. I wanted to stop there, but it was ordered otherwise; there was another tearful parting, when the next morning we started for Salem. We thought then that we would visit and see each other often, but I never saw a member of that family for twenty years after that parting among the sugar trees in the Green Bay Bottom.

After climbing the long, high, steep Mississippi bluff and passing through some fine woods, we came out on the open prairie, and it was prairie almost without a tree, until we reached my uncle's house, a mile east of Salem. We passed by many fine farms, but small and uncomfortable-looking buildings. The day was cloudy and chilly

and a northeast wind was blowing. The roads were good and we were so elated with the prospect of seeing our kinfolks before night that we didn't mind the weather very much. I had come to Iowa full of buoyant spirits and prepared to like everything, but that day as we plodded along through some long stretches of prairie, without a house or tree, or anything to relieve the monotony, I couldn't help thinking they looked bleak and brown and bare. That was the 8th of November, and the greenness had all gone out of those otherwise beautiful, undulating native meadows.

There was a joyful meeting and a time of embracing when we reached my uncle's house. My mother and her sister had not met for many years, and I can see them yet, as they threw their arms around each other and shed tears of unfeigned joy. I had heard much about my uncle and aunt, Aaron and Delilah Cox, but had only seen them twice since I was old enough to remember them. They lived a long way from us in Indiana, and besides, they had been in Iowa several years. They had seven children: the oldest, Eliza Ann, was fifteen; Elizabeth was next, then William, then James, then Deborah, then Mary Ellen, then the baby, Edmond. Aunt Delilah was a Quaker, a concientious, Christian Quaker, and was not satisfied to live away from her kind of people. Uncle Aaron was not a member of any denomination, but was an honest, honorable, moral, kind-hearted man; kind to his wife and children and ready to do his duty as a citizen. I had always heard him spoken of as possessing all those qualities, and when I became better acquainted with him I had reason to know it was all true.

We had not been long in my uncle's house before we learned that they were going to move to the "New Purchase," about seventy-five miles northwest of Salem. We were much astonished and sorry, for we expected to locate near Salem. Uncle and aunt had just returned from a trip to the "New Purchase," where they had bought a claim and were going to move there in the Spring. We thought they had a fine location where they were; their house was on high ground overlooking Salem, their timber was not far away, and their prairie land was just rolling enough to be all right for cultivation. My uncle had bought a large tract of land there, but on a great portion of it the title was defective, and he had lost it, which had disgusted him with the place. The man he bought of was a scoundrel and not responsible.

This "New Purchase" had, they told us, on the first day of May last been opened up to settlers, and a number of first-class people had made claims and quite a number were already living on their claims. My aunt was a close observer and a good talker. She expatiated on the beauties of the country, especially on a place called "The Narrows," where the timbers bordering on the Des Moines and the timbers bordering on the Skunk rivers were not more than a mile apart. She went on to say: "The timber and prairie are more evenly divided, there are no great patches of scrubby oak and hazel brush between the prairies and the main timber, like there is here, but the clean prairie extends up to the big timber, and the trees stand out clear, like an orchard; there are many small streams and springs; they can have a good well by digging fifteen feet, and there is plenty of stone,

I have heard there is thought to be stone coal. There is already a small settlement of 'Friends,' and there is a prospect of more coming in. I like our claim: there is timber on the north and timber on the west. They say the reason there is so little brush along the edges of the timber is the Indians kept it burned off. The Indians have just left there. I saw Indian trails which looked like they had been used lately."

We rented a little cabin and spent the winter in Salem. Salem was not a very attractive place at that time, whatever it may have become since. It was located in a fine farming country, but the little town of Salem seemed to be built right down in the mud: it had a public square like nearly all other Iowa towns, and the two or three little stores, the tavern and several small dwelling houses were locacted immediately on that square, without a walk of any kind, not even a board laid down to prevent the mud being carried in the houses.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Salem and the country round about were either Quakers or Methodists. The Quakers had a log meeting-house where they held meeting regularly, though the house was cold and uncomfortable; that meeting-house was used as a school-house, too, when I was there. The Methodists held their meetings in private houses, not only prayer and class-meetings, but Sunday preaching. Those people did not seem to think it any hardship to hustle around of a Sunday morning and put their one room in order for meeting. What I mean by order was to get the beds made up and the dishes washed and seats fixed for the congregation; they

had some boards leaning against the back of the house which were kept for that express purpose. They borrowed chairs from their neighbors if they lacked. It was nothing unusual to see the dinner-pot by the fire with pork and turnips therein, cooking away while the meeting was going on. Brother Simpson or Brother Allen Johnson, one or the other, preached there nearly every Sunday. When the meeting would break up, the boards and other temporary seats would be taken out, and the woman of the house would spread her table as best she could with broken forks and any kind of odds and ends of old cracked plates and cups, make some coffee and biscuit, invite the preacher, and perhaps two or three others, to eat dinner with them.

Quakers predominated in and around Salem. Many of them owned large bodies of land and raised immense crops of corn. The tavern was owned and kept by a family of Quakers by the name of Pickering. The Pickerings were remarkably tall people and much above the average in intelligence. Aquilla, the son of that Salem tavern-keeper, was a young man then. I saw him frequently in the winter of '43 and '44, but never again until I saw him moving about in the throng in the Yearly Meeting grounds at Oskaloosa, soliciting patronage for the organ of the Friends' church, *The Christian Worker*, of which my brother was editor. If these lines are ever read by a Quaker, he or she will know who I am talking about. Aquilla Pickering was a very fine-looking man. When I saw him moving about in that vast multitude in the yearly meeting grounds, I thought of Saul, the son of Kish, for he was a head and shoulders above every

other man. Early in the Spring of 1844 my uncle and family moved to the "New Purchase," and we moved four miles north of Salem and not far from a beautiful rocky creek called Cedar. There were lots of sugar trees on Cedar. One day I went with some other young people to a sugar camp where a man was making sugar. He had some sugar about ready to "stir off" in a big iron kettle. It had that tempting, yellow, blubbering, puffing look which sugar always has when it is about done; the man had a great big ladle in his hand and was dipping up and down in that tempting-looking mass, and I thought he would surely offer us some of it, but we were doomed to disappointment. If he had been making soap he would not have been farther from asking us to taste it.

CHAPTER VI.

Paton Wilson was a prominent citizen of that neighborhood; in fact, he was well known through all that region. He owned a large scope of that country and was a member of the Territorial Legislature. I remember Mr. Wilson as a strong, robust man, not far from fifty years old, with a pleasant way of treating young people. He was easily approached, and at the same time one felt that he was a superior person and a leader among men. He and his wife were excellent neighbors, as we had reason to know. The Wilsons ministered to the sick and helped the less thrifty in various ways, without seeming to think they were doing anything unusual or remarkable. One evening soon after I went to that neighborhood one of the Wilson girls asked me to go with her to see a sick man who lived about a half a mile away. As we were about to start, Mrs. Wilson came out of the kitchen with a good-sized basket rounded up with something which we couldn't see, for a nice linen towel was spread over it and tied down with a string. As she handed it to us she said: "Girls, you may be needed there to

sit up, for Allen is very low. I have put some things in this basket for Celia and the children: if there is nobody else there you had better stay all night: you will find a dried apple-pie at the bottom, which you can eat if you get hungry in the night. Give the rest to Celia, and tell her when she needs anything to send me word. I don't think that poor man is going to live long."

Ursula Wilson and I went tripping across a field and over a little strip of prairie to the miserable little cabin where that poor man was dying. It was nearly dark, and when we entered we could hardly see the poor, forlorn-looking woman crouched down by the fireplace with a little child in her arms: another little pitiful-looking child about four years old was standing by her. Ursula sat the basket down and spoke to the woman, who seemed hardly to have life enough to notice us. The cabin was like many others thereabout. Only one room, a very small window in one side, a door on the other, a very much botched-up stone fireplace and chimney.

Ursula was one of the kind of girls who take in the situation, and didn't stand on ceremony. She threw off her bonnet and shawl, took up the wooden poker and stirred the dying chunks, and soon had a blaze which lighted that miserable hovel sufficiently to enable us to see in one corner a poor, scantily-furnished bed on which was lying a poor, emaciated creature with his knees drawn up with rheumatism, and set, so that he couldn't possibly straighten them down. Poor Allen was past taking nourishment. Though we offered it to him, he could do nothing but moan and motion it away. The

hearth was made of flat stones of irregular shape and very poorly put together. The floor was loose, and rattled as we walked over it. Another bed, like to the one on which the sick man lay, was in another corner; three or four splint-bottom chairs, a square rickety table, a few cooking utensils, and a very meager supply of dishes constituted the furnishings of that wretched abode. Ursula asked the woman if she expected any one there that night to sit up, to which she replied: "Wash. Lyon was here to-day and he said he would come to-night and stay awhile. Ursula took the towel off and laid the contents of the basket on the table—all except the dried apple pie; she spread the towel over that, and placed the basket on the shelf where the three or four plates and cups were kept. Ursula said not a word as she took from that basket a loaf of salt-rising bread, a piece of bacon, a roll of butter, a bowl of plum sauce, a package of sugar, another of coffee, and two tallow candles. When she was sure she had placed everything on the table her mother intended for Celia, she said: "Here are some things mother sent you, thinking perhaps you had very little time to do cooking, and these would help you a little." The poor woman may have felt grateful, but she didn't seem to know how to express her gratitude. We urged her to go to bed with her children; we would watch by her husband and call her if necessary. She acted on our advice, but before doing so she and her little girl each ate a big slice of that bread spread with butter and plum sauce.

I lighted one of the candles and looked around for a candle-stick, but finding none, I improvised by wrapping

a rag around the unlighted end and sticking it in the mouth of a jug which I found under the table. That night was not very cold, but too cold to do without fire. Ursula and I went out and looked for wood to replenish the fire. We found some scattered around but it was not very plentiful. Just as we were in the act of picking up that scanty supply of wood, a gentleman came walking toward us. Ursula introduced him to me as Mr. Lyon. The first thing Mr. Lyon did was to snatch up an axe and go to chopping on a log. We went in the house and presently Mr. Lyon came in with a tremendous armful of wood and deposited it in the corner of the fire-place, which was at least six feet wide. He laid two or three sticks on the fire, then went to the sick man. I will never forget the tenderness in his voice as he bent over that sick man and asked him if he knew him and wasn't there something he wanted? He tenderly adjusted the poor man's pillow and shabby quilt, then sat down by the fire and entered into a conversation with us. He had a pleasant, honest looking face, dark hair and eyes, was a little above medium height; altogether he was a manly looking man. He replenished the fire occasionally through the night, brought in a bucket of water, and some time during the night Ursula took down that dried apple pie and we three ate it.

That man Allen, like many others in that region, had come a few years before when land could be bought very low. He had a little money, bought a quarter section of unimproved land, built the cabin which I have described, broke some prairie, made rails and fenced a considerable field. He worked early and late, exposed to cold and

heat and rain and dew. Some men could have done all that and came out apparently sound, but Allen broke down, and when I first saw him he had been a whole year confined to his bed, and was dying amidst those wretched surroundings. His poor worn-out wife hardly had life enough left to feel sorrow or joy or gratitude.

A few days after that memorable night, I attended his burial. There was a kind of a crude carpenter and cabinet-maker not far away who had a shop in his home and made coffins. This cabinet-maker's name was Whitacre. I remember seeing he and his son bring in the coffin for Allen. It was a respectable looking coffin, but hardly deep enough to take in those poor bent knees, and they had to press them down to get the lid on. Mr. Whitacre then took a hammer and great big nails and fastened down the lid of that coffin. I had seen coffin-lids fastened down with screws and a screw driver, but never before nor since have I seen a poor dead body shut up in a way that looked and sounded so horrible to me as that did. I looked around and wondered how that poor wife must feel on hearing that cruel pounding on her husband's coffin. The poor, shabbily-dressed, forlorn-looking creature was sitting by the corner of the fire-place with tears streaming down her face, and her little frightened-looking children were crouching down by her. The Wilsons and Mr. Lyon were there, and several others, with wagons to go with them to the grave. Mr. Wilson furnished a wagon to take the corpse, and Mrs. Wilson brought a clean white sheet to spread over the coffin as it was being taken to the grave. Mr. Wilson's hired man drove the team and the Wilsons took the poor

woman in with them, and after the funeral they took them to their own home and kept them for days.

The people about there, even those who were called "well off," had very few of the comforts of life. Some had large bodies of land, big prairie plows, long strings of oxen, and thousands of bushels of corn. But only Mr. Wilson's and two other families that I became acquainted with had so much as a strip of rag carpet on their floors. Everybody cooked by a fire-place; not even the Wilsons had a cooking stove. There were ledges of stone along Cedar Creek that looked almost like they had been laid up by a mason, and they were so easily taken out that everybody had a stone chimney and a big stone hearth. Timber was plentiful along that creek, and everybody who owned a prairie farm also had a piece of timber on the creek. Skunk river was only a mile or two away.

I soon became quite well acquainted with Mr. Lyon, who knew the country and the people all over Henry County. When he learned that I had taught one term of school in Indiana, and would like to teach a school somewhere about there if I could get one, he offered to assist me. In a day or two after, he came to see me and said he thought he had found the place. Just north of Mt. Pleasant was a splendid neighborhood, where they wanted a teacher; there was a good school-house, and that was considered one of the best country schools he knew of. There were no public schools or school fund then, but the neighborhood had organized themselves into a school district and had appointed two prominent citizens

to act as directors, to examine and employ teachers. Mr. Lyon had seen those directors and talked with them about me: they told him to have me draw up an agreement and come to see them, bringing the article with me. Mr. Lyon proposed to go with me and introduce me to said directors. This was in March, 1844, and that was an early Spring. The prairies were green and trees beginning to put out in March. Mr. Lyon appointed a day to go, and I went to work to brush up in my grammar and geography. One of those directors was Esquire McMillen and the other Esquire Smith. Esquire McMillen was also called "Colonel." I felt a little afraid of those high-sounding titles, but kept my courage up as well as I could, and went on with my nouns and verbs and moods and tenses, &c. I felt pretty confident of my ability in the rudiments of arithmetic, and geography didn't worry me, for I had learned to sing my geography, and had every body of water, peninsula, cape, isthmus, mountain, island and capital in the known world at my tongue's end. I was not called upon to teach grammar in the school I taught in Indiana, but I didn't know what abstruse sentences those titled and supposed-to-be learned directors might call on me to parse.

When the morning came on which I was to start on that momentous trip, I was up bright and early, dressed myself to look as well as possible, then had a handsome black horse which we called "Coby" saddled. About the time I was ready to go Mr. Lyon came dashing up on a handsome bay. I was at home in the saddle in those days, and was not afraid to jump ditches nor any other thing that usually came in the way of horseback riders.

It was a bright Spring morning and the road was fine. Farmers were plowing and sowing oats, cattle were grazing on the prairies, and birds were singing. I was young and the world looked so bright, that I would have been very happy had it not been for the dread of the ordeal I thought I would have to go through in being examined by those august school directors. Mr. Lyon seemed to know every man, woman, and child along the road. He was a pleasant talker, and interested and amused me by telling their history and relating incidents and anecdotes of his own experience since coming to Iowa. I had never seen Skunk river, and when we came in sight of it I was surprised to see a river so wide and clear and shallow as that classic stream is in Henry county. The water was clear as crystal, running over a rocky and gravelly bed. It wasn't more than knee deep to our horses. There was a large mill just above the ford, and the water pouring over the dam made a sound I always like to hear. Mr. Lyon informed me that was "Wilson's Mill"; not Mr. Paton Wilson but another Wilson. After we crossed Skunk river our road led through some fine woods. We crossed a creek called Big creek which seemed to me was "big" enough to be called a river. After going through the woods bordering on Big creek we came out on the open prairie and in sight of Mt. Pleasant. The town stood out in bold relief, and the country all around looked charming. The prairies had been burned off, the grass was coming up, and it had the appearance of a great smooth-mown lawn. As we passed through the town I noticed a clean, respectable look all about the houses and streets. There were churches and many comfortable

looking dwellings. Everything I saw in or about Mt. Pleasant had to me the appearance of respectability and thrift.

After we had passed Mt. Pleasant and gone perhaps a mile, Mr. Lyon pointed to a farm-house a little way ahead, and remarked: "That is Colonel McMillen's." I felt that the time had come for me to brace up, and "put my best foot foremost." I had told Mr. Lyon on the way that I was afraid I would be so embarrassed when the Colonel began putting me through what I supposed would be a fearful ordeal that I wouldn't be able to tell the little I did know. We rode up to the gate, alighted from our horses, and as we started toward the door Mr. Lyon remarked: "Don't you worry; you will get along all right." His words gave me courage. We went into what seemed to be the sitting-room, met two ladies, one an elderly, pleasant-looking lady, whom Mr. Lyon introduced as Mrs. McMillen, and the young lady as Miss McMillen. They received us politely and asked us to be seated, but Mr. Lyon hastened to inform them that we wished to see the Colonel on business. The young lady ushered us into an adjoining room and into the presence of the Colonel, who was sitting by a table which was covered with papers and writing material. The Colonel being a justice of the peace, I took that to be his office. He was writing when we went in, but looked up, and recognizing Mr. Lyon, arose and shook his hand. Mr. Lyon then introduced me. I offered the Colonel my hand, which he grasped in a manner sufficiently cordial to dispel to some degree my fears. Colonel McMillen was a dignified, elderly gentleman, dark-complexioned, his hair

sprinkled with gray. After making a few remarks to Mr. Lyon about the weather, he addressed me in this wise: "Well, Miss Hobbs, you, I presume, are the young lady that Mr. Lyon has been telling me about, who would like to teach school for us?" I answered, "That is what I came to see you about, and if you think me capable, and we can agree on terms, I will be pleased to teach your school." I proceeded to show him the article I had drawn up. He adjusted his glasses, read it over carefully, then looking me straight in the face, said: "Young lady, did you write this?" I said, "Yes, sir, I wrote it." In my article I proposed to teach reading, spelling, writing, geography, arithmetic, and English grammar. He reached up to a shelf above his table and took down a book which I could see was a "Kirkham's grammar." He opened the book at the author's preface, handed it to me, and asked me to read. I read a few paragraphs, about half a page, when he remarked, "That will do." I handed the book to him. He took it, turned a few leaves, and then came the questioning, which I had been looking forward to with fear and trembling. I was pretty familiar with Kirkham's grammar and noticed that he opened the book at any easy place, and where the answers as well as the questions were before him. He kept his eyes on the book as he proceeded to propound the following questions: What is grammar? What is orthography? What is a noun? What is a verb? When I had answered the foregoing questions seemingly to the Colonel's satisfaction, he then proceeded to examine me in geography. His questions were as follows: What is the name of the country we live in? What is the capital of the United

States? What is the longest river in the United States? What is an island? He asked another question or two about as difficult, and then seemed to think he had gone far enough to satisfy himself that I was qualified to teach. He wrote a note and sealed it, directed to "Thomas Smith, Esq.," handed it to me and told me to give that to Esquire Smith. He further said: "The 'Squire's daughter, Miss Jane Smith, taught our school last summer and took her pay in farm produce, and if you will do the same, providing Esquire Smith is satisfied with your qualifications when you talk with him, I think we can give you a large school. Money is scarce and hard to obtain, and business is carried on here by exchanging one commodity for another. You can trade your produce to the merchants in Mt. Pleasant for dry goods. Every one of your patrons will agree to deliver the produce to any mercantile house you may designate in the town. There is plenty of farm produce but very little money in this region."

CHAPTER VII.

We took leave of the McMillens, and as we were leaving the house Mr. Lyon, in a low tone remarked to me: "That examination was a stunner, wasn't it?" We mounted our horses and dashed across the prairie about a mile, to the residence of Esquire Smith, which was a respectable-looking hewed log house. We found the 'Squire sitting by a cheerful log-heap fire. He met us with such cordial, smiling politeness that my fears were dispelled at once and I felt that he would be my friend. I handed him the letter I had brought from the Colonel, which he immediately proceeded to open and read. I watched the expression on his face as he read, and concluded it boded no ill to me. After he had finished reading the letter he bowed and smiled and went on to say: "The Colonel, I see, has examined you in the branches you propose to teach, and is satisfied that you are qualified to teach our school. I am willing to abide by his judgment, and don't think it necessary to question you farther. If you are willing to teach on the terms he suggested, we will consider the matter settled, and you may

begin teaching on the first day of April. I came to their terms, left the articles with Esquire Smith, and in a few days he sent me word that he had succeeded in getting twenty-eight scholars subscribed, and he thought several more would come in. I was to receive one dollar and fifty cents per scholar in produce. Esquire Smith thought the most of my patrons could pay in corn-meal at the market price in the town of Mt. Pleasant, and said patrons would deliver the same. In my talk with Esquire Smith he told me of a family living near the school-house who he felt sure would board me and take their pay in such things as I received for teaching. I was not well pleased with the kind of pay I was to receive, but having to make my own living I realized that I couldn't always have things just as I liked. I was glad to be employed to teach the school, even on those terms.

I was too young then to analyze my thoughts, ideas, and desires, but I know now—I was honest, proud, ambitious, energetic, and to make a dollar any way but in a straightforward and honorable manner never entered my mind. Young as I was I had observed that there were few occupations a woman who had to make her living could engage in and be respected. A girl in those days who was supposed to be well enough educated, and was employed to teach, was considered worthy of a higher place socially than one who spun and wove and cooked and washed for people out of her own home. She may not have been more worthy, but "public opinion" acted like she was. I was not afraid of spinning, nor cooking, nor washing, but I was afraid of that terrible tyrant, "public opinion." Of course I was greatly relieved and

pleased to have gone through that dreaded examination with so little trouble, but I can't say that it gave me a very exalted opinion of the erudition of those school directors. I think now they were about as much afraid of me as I was of them. Colonels and Esquires in those days were not always very scholarly. I was so glad it was all over that I went home with a light heart and kind feelings toward everybody. But on the way Mr. Lyon would look at me in a quizzical way and say: "What did you say a noun was?" or "What did you say the capital of the United States was?" And when we reached Skunk River and were standing in the river letting our horses drink, he looked up and down the stream, then remarked: "The river is pretty low now." I said, "yes, but don't it get pretty high sometimes?" "Yes," he said, "and I was just thinking that about the time your school will be out, the river in all probability will be up, and you can put all your farm produce on a flat-boat and send it down the river to New Orleans." I told him if he didn't stop making fun of me, as soon as we got to the top of the hill I would run off and leave him, for I knew my horse could outrun his. He replied: "I don't know about that, but our horses are tired, and I guess we had better not run a race until some other time, but I'll stop, if that is the way you take my suggestions."

We rode on, talking about the merits of our horses, the pleasant trip we had had, and the beauties of the country, until we arrived at my home, where Mr. Lyon sprang from his horse, led my horse up to a stump and assisted me to alight. I didn't need any assistance but it was considered the polite thing to do that way. I in-

vited him to come in and take supper with us, but he declined. We stood and talked for a moment and I thanked him for his kindness to me, for I did consider that he had been a friend and I felt grateful. He remarked that it had given him much pleasure and he had enjoyed the day, he thought, quite as much as I had. As he finished the last remark he sprang into his saddle and turned his horse's head as if to leave. I was just about starting to the house when he called me back, and with a very sober look said: "I have been thinking that the amount of truck you will have to dispose of will overstock the market in Mt. Pleasant, and you will be obliged to resort to the flat-boat, and in that case you will want a pilot, and I am the man." At that he gave his horse a cut with his whip and went dashing off. Before we retired that night I think I told my mother everything relating to that day's experience, not omitting the most trivial details. She was deeply interested, as she always was in everything which concerned me.

The next day I went over to Wilson's and told them about it. Mr. Wilson said, "I know all the men in that neighborhood and if you were to hunt Iowa over you couldn't find a better."

When the time came for me to begin my school, my friend Mr. Lyon proposed to go with me and see me safely landed at my boarding-place, Mr. Kesler's. I gladly accepted his kind offer, and we enjoyed another trip over prairies, woods, river, and creeks. He never once, the whole way, referred to "nouns", "capitals", nor "flat-boats". Esquire Smith had arranged everything in regard to my boarding. The Keslers received

me so kindly that I felt at home with them right away. Mrs. Kesler was a very energetic woman, a good housekeeper, and an excellent cook. She wanted to do much more for my comfort than I wanted her to do. Mr. Kesler was a gentle, quiet, unassuming man. He and his wife were both devout Methodists. The school-house was not more than forty rods from the Kesler home, and in one of the prettiest places I ever saw in Iowa. Just across the road was a camp-meeting ground in a beautiful grove of oak and hickory trees, and a gravelly, rocky little creek crossed the road only a few rods away. That place had been settled about ten years, and many of the first settlers were comfortably fixed for Iowa.

On Monday morning, the first day of April, 1844, I commenced my school. Mr. Kesler had made a fire in the stove, and when I went in I found a clean, pleasant looking school-house. It was a log house but was whitewashed and had good windows and door, and for that day, good writing-desks and seats. The outlook was charming. The grass was coming up all about, the trees were putting out, and that little brook so near that I could see it from the school-house door, and hear the water rippling over its gravelly bottom.

In a little while the scholars began to come in. I think there were thirty the first day, their ages ranging from five to twenty-two years; some of them several years older than myself. My eighteenth birthday occurred while I was teaching that school. I soon discovered that none of them were far enough advanced to give me any uneasiness. I went to work with the determination to do my very best to please the parents and instruct

their children. If they were not pleased with my work they never let me know it. In a small way I followed Mr. Hoshour's plan of teaching, which was to instruct my pupils correctly in the rudiments, but not confine myself to text-books alone. I knew very little of ancient or modern history, but the little I did know I gave them the benefit of, which in my crude judgment would instil in them a taste for reading and finding out things for themselves.

All the families in that neighborhood were orderly, respectable and moral: nearly all members of some religious denomination, and meetings were held nearly every Sunday in the school-house or at the camp-ground. That neighborhood was known far and near as the Brazelton neighborhood. The Brazeltons were the most prominent family therein, and seemed to be allied by blood or marriage to most of the elite of the town of Mt. Pleasant, the Wallaces, Sanderses, Porters and Paines. The Wallaces, Henderson and Frank, I was told, were brothers of Governor Wallace, who was the first governor I remember anything about in Indiana. They were tall, manly, distinguished-looking men. Henderson Wallace was a son-in-law of Colonel Samuel Brazelton. One of the Sanderses was a brother-in-law. Alvin Sanders was a young unmarried man then, and kept a store of general merchandise in Mt. Pleasant. He was afterward Governor of Nebraska, and has the distinction of being the father-in-law of Russell Harrison. Alvin Sanders was a fine-looking man and a gentleman in every sense of the word. The eldest daughter of the house of Brazelton was the wife of Asberry Porter, a lawyer and leading politician

in Henry County. Nearly all the men about Mt. Pleasant whom I have mentioned were politicians, and were "Whigs," and would have voted for Henry Clay if they had have had the chance. But Iowa was a Territory then. The Territorial Legislature and county offices engaged their attention at that time. I became acquainted with those people and many others at the homes of the Brazeltons and Keslers. Both families entertained hospitably. I remember well the big fire-place in the Brazelton kitchen, with crane and hooks of every necessary length. What a lot of pots and kettles could be hung on that long crane, and be swung out and back again over the fire at the cook's pleasure! What splendid biscuit, salt-rising and corn bread could be baked on that big hearth in skillets and ovens with coals placed underneath and on the lids! Great strong andirons to hold the wood in place. A strong pair of tongs and shovel stood against the jamb, and hooks for lifting pots, and hooks for lifting lids, hung on nails in convenient places. There were cooking stoves in that day, but I don't remember one in the Brazelton neighborhood.

Not only religious services were held in the schoolhouse, but every alternate Saturday afternoon a young gentleman by the name of Shadel taught a singing school which was patronized by all the young people about there. We sang what was called "patent notes" and used books called "Mason's Sacred Harp" and "Methodist Harmonist." Two of Mr. Shadel's sons, Horace and Henry, are musicians and well known, not only in Oskaloosa but many other towns. These young men have the reputa-

tion of being honorable men, and of possessing much musical talent.

I had no trouble with my scholars, and was treated with kindness by their parents and the young men and women of the neighborhood. I had what young people call a "good time," until one day about two weeks before my school closed I received a letter saying my mother was sick. I dismissed my school, borrowed a horse, and went to see her. I stayed with her three days, when she seemed so much better all thought she would be well in a few days. I went back and finished my school. A few of my patrons paid me in money, notwithstanding I had agreed to take all in "produce". One man I remember in particular, Mr. Heaton, who sent two lovely little girls, Sarah and Lottie, to my school. Mr. Heaton had a saw mill on Big Creek. He said: "I will pay you in money; I don't like to ask you to take lumber." With Mr. Kesler's kind assistance I managed to dispose of some of my assets in the shape of farm produce, but a considerable quantity was yet on my hands when my school closed. This residue consisted principally of corn meal. I was fortunate enough to trade it to Mr. Alvin Sanders for dry goods. I remember with what fear and trembling I approached Mr. Sanders when I went to his store to propose that exchange of commodities. When I had stated the amount of corn meal I wished to dispose of he looked a little surprised, hesitated at first, and intimated that he feared the amount of that commodity I wished to dispose of would more than meet the requirements of the citizens of Mt. Pleasant. I think he noticed my embarrassment, and the kindness of his heart prompted him to

take the whole of it and take the chances of disposing of it. I have always felt grateful to Mr. Sanders for that act of kindness. I was rejoiced and not at all surprised in after years to learn that he had "gone on to fortune and to fame."

CHAPTER VIII.

When I was about closing my school and other business, word came to me that my mother was *very* sick. I went to her as quick as I could and found her very sick indeed. The Wilsons, as was their true nature, were and had been doing all they could for her comfort. One day the end came. She died in peace, even though it was in a wretched log cabin on a bare prairie, her children standing around her, frantic with grief. I can never forget the heart-broken sobs of my little brothers, Calvin and William. How dreary the world seemed when a little procession of those neighbors in farm wagons followed her one morning to the Friends' burying-ground at Salem, where we stood by the grave until those kind people had thrown on the last spadeful of earth and shaped it into a mound over all that was mortal of our beloved mother. More than half a century the prairie grass has been growing, and the prairie winds have been singing a requiem over that humble grave. Generations have passed sway and other generations have come upon the scene and taken their places, since that day on which that

terrible truth, "My mother was dying!" flashed upon my mind; as the years go by, and that day in August which to me is apart from all other days in the year, I live over again that terrible experience. That sad scene with all its surroundings is photographed on my memory, and has never faded out in all the years that have come and gone; that cabin with its dingy walls, the white home made counterpane on my mother's bed, the locust tree before the door, with the breeze lifting up its leaves, my little brothers, helpless, weeping, and the faces of kind neighbors who wept with us, form a picture which time has not dimmed. My mother was a Christian and died rejoicing, though all around her were weeping. I am thirty years older than my mother was when the Lord took her to himself. I have read the writings of many authors who have given to the world what are supposed to be the best thoughts and ideas and teaching to young girls; have observed and thought much myself, but my mother's advice and counsel to me stands good to-day, and is what my best judgment approves. The principles she taught me are the principles which I try to instil into the mind of every young girl who comes under my influence. My mother was kind to the sick, and when she was sick and dying, kind people came to help and comfort her.

Paton and Hannah Wilson have long been sleeping under the sod. If these lines ever fall into the hands of any of their children, grand-children, or great-grand-children, I want them to know that there is one at least who has never ceased to be grateful for the help and kindness shown her and hers in that time of sorrow. The Wilsons stand prominently in my memory, but they are

not all the noble-hearted people who have a warm place in my heart. There was a lovely Christian Quaker lady, Rachel Bond, whose words of tender sympathy and kind acts I have not forgotten. And Mr. Lyon, true to his kindly instincts, was ready and willing to do anything in his power to lighten our grief. Mr. Lyon has always been held in grateful remembrance by me. The reader, if there ever is a reader of this story, may think there ought to be a sequel to Mr. Lyon's and my rather romantic acquaintance, but there is no sequel. My story is without a plot, and is only an attempt to tell a straightforward and true story of my recollections of long ago.

After my mother was gone I soon realized that I could not afford to sit down and nurse my grief and bemoan my bereavement; something practical had to be thought of. The Wilsons, as they had been doing all along, stood by us, and were planning a way to send me and my little brothers to our relatives in Indiana, when four days after my mother's death my uncle and aunt, Aaron and Delilah Cox, came. They had not heard of my mother's death until they reached that neighborhood. They had come with teams to take to the "New Purchase" a considerable portion of their household goods and other things, left when they moved in the Spring. They proposed different arrangements for us. That was before the days of telegraphy, and postal service was so poor and uncertain that to send a letter to the wilds of the "New Purchase" was a thing that one could have no assurance would ever reach its destination.

When my uncle and aunt took in the situation they both, with one accord, offered me a home in their family,

and said they were sure the people in their settlement would employ me to teach their children. At the same time it was arranged to send my little brothers to our relatives in Indiana. The parting from my little brothers added another pang to my great sorrow. I thought of course in some way I would see them again before a very great while; but when I saw them again they were young men and I was living in Oskaloosa, married, and had two little boys of my own. That good uncle and aunt did and said all they could to comfort me. They didn't seem to think they were making any sacrifice in taking me into their family, as one of their own children. I was too young and inexperienced in regard to the care of providing for a family to fully appreciate their great kindness. In after years, when I had seen and learned more of the world, I looked back to that act of pure-hearted kindness with wonder and gratitude.

My uncle had two wagns, one drawn by a pair of horses and the other by two yoke of oxen; both wagons were pretty well filled. The ox wagon was what was called an old Pennsylvania wagon, with long bed extending far out in front and back. That wagon was piled high with various things, among others a quantity of flax which had been broken in a flax-break, but not hacheled or swingled. Many families in that day raised flax; they broke it, swingled it, hacheled it, spun it and wove it by hand. In those days I was called a good spinner; I loved to spin flax and used to be an expert in spinning thread. They used to say that *my* verse in the Bible was a true proverb: "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."—Prov. xxxi, 19.

I never enjoyed any work more than spinning flax on one of those little wheels we sometimes see now placed in a parlor or elegant guest chamber as a choice ornament. I had the pleasure in the winter of '44 and '45 of helping my aunt spin the flax that was brought to the "New Purchase" on that big Pennsylvania wagon. My uncle had provided a comfortable place for my aunt and me in the other wagon, but after we had traveled one day and reached what was erroneously called the "edge of civilization," I obtained leave of my uncle to ride on that pile of flax. It was up high in air and I had a charming view of that wide expanse of unbroken, green, waving, undulating prairie. After we had left Fairfield and gone a few miles west we realized that we were in a place where, as far as we could see, no long string of oxen with massive plow had ever turned a furrow. The tall bluestem grass, the yellow and purple prairie blossoms were being swayed to and fro by the mild August breeze. We could see the Skunk River timber away off to the right of us, with now and then a point extending out toward that great mass of undisturbed grass and blossoms. The road had been traveled so little the grass was not worn out in it. Travelers had nothing to obstruct their way. They could drive just where they chose, though they kept along what was called "The Divide." By so doing they missed the few hills and hollows and sloughs they would have encountered near the timber. We traveled miles and miles without seeing any sign of a human habitation. After a while our road led us to one of those points of timber where was located a very poor looking log cabin and a few acres enclosed by a very poor fence.

About this cabin was a cluster of plum and crab apple trees which almost hid the cabin from view. I might say, "A rural cot embowered 'neath nature's primeval foliage" but anything so poetical and romantic would be misleading. It wouldn't give one the true picture of that poor, crude cabin built in the brush, where was just enough cut down to make a place for said cabin. The crab apple and plum trees were all right in their native state, but with dead brush and sticks and chips all around and under them, the sight was not very inviting. A very sour, unsociable looking woman was sitting before the cabin door, under one of those crab apple trees, spinning flax on a little wheel. My aunt and I walked up near her and spoke to her. She didn't stop spinning, just barely nodded to us. We asked her for water. Her only answer was, "You can get water over there in the slough," motioning with her head the direction. We noticed a dim path leading that way, followed it and directly came to the slough, where we found a hole dug in the side, full of not very good water. It slaked our thirst though, and we went back and thanked her. She just nodded a very slight nod with the same sour look on her face, her feet keeping the same vigorous motions on the pedal of her wheel and her hands manipulating the flax. We made no more efforts to be sociable but went back to our wagons, climbed in and journeyed on. That was late in the afternoon. When night came we had reached another point where we camped. That was the last night before reaching my uncle's home. That last camping place I afterward heard called "Waugh's Point". The next morning we were up and on our way a little after sunrise. I

climbed up on that big wagon, and from that elevated seat had an unobstructed view of that charming landscape; that undisturbed great native meadow. Some groves could be seen off toward the Skunk river, and away over toward the Des Moines. Not a human habitation was to be seen; not an animal, except occasionally in the distance we would see a deer or wolf scampering off toward one of those groves.

The last morning of that journey, which I little thought would result in events and circumstances of so much importance to me, was one of those delightfully cool mornings which sometimes occur in August. I was seated on my airy perch, taking in the never-tiring scene and breathing the fresh morning air, when suddenly a gentleman on horseback rode up beside the wagon. I recognized him in a moment as an acquaintance I had made while in the Brazelton neighborhood, Dr. Theodore Porter. I wondered if he wouldn't be amused at seeing me in so unromantic a situation. The doctor slackened his pace to suit the plodding gait of our oxen and kept by us for a mile or two, all the time treating me with as great deference as if I had been a princess mounted on a triumphal car. He told me he was going to locate in, or had located in the new town of Oskaloosa, and was surprised to see me on my way to that region. I asked him about the town and people, and in reply to my questions he said: "There are perhaps a dozen houses in the town, and as good a class of people coming in as you will find anywhere. There is a family named Seevers, a Mr. Williams, a gentleman by the name of Edmondson, all first-class people, and a family by the name of Phillips, who are all

singers. I never heard better vocal music than was made by the Phillips family." The doctor, after saying many more complimentary things about the people around Oskaloosa, and expatiating on the beauty and natural advantages of the country about the Narrows, and saying he would call on me in my new home in the near future, bade us good morning and started off on a brisk trot toward Oskaloosa.

Our oxen, patient and plodding, kept on in the even tenor of their way, occasionally reaching out and snatching a bite of blue-stem grass by the roadside. We came in sight of "White Oak Point," where my uncle said there were a few families settled; we couldn't see the houses, as we kept out on the "divide." When we were not far from White Oak Point I looked away toward the west, or a little north of west, and saw what seemed to be a narrow gap between two points of timber. I called my uncle's attention to the scene, and asked him what that place was. He replied: "I was wondering if you had noticed that. That is 'The Narrows,' you have heard so much about, and that 'gap,' as you call it, is where Oskaloosa is located, but the houses are so few and little and the grass so high, you will have to get a good deal nearer than this before you can see it. The timber you see on your right hand is Skunk River timber and that on the left is Des Moines River timber. After going through 'The Narrows' the prairie widens out again and is interspersed with groves, and the country above is just as beautiful as this which you have been carrying on so about."

When we were within three or four miles of my

uncle's place, he and my aunt began pointing out places which loomed up in sight, and telling me who owned and lived at different groves—nobody had ventured far out on the prairie at that time. Away off to the southwest a beautiful grove stood out conspicuously and could be seen a long way off. "That," my uncle said, "is one of the finest places on that side of the prairie and belongs to a man by the name of Lewis Rhinehart." Another place which stood out "high and dry" was called the "Parker grove." Now it is the McKinley farm. We left that main drive and turning to the right into a track much less traveled, were directly in a region of prairie all interspersed with the most beautiful groves of drooping elms and lind trees. They were all surrounded with a border of crab apple and plum trees. My uncle, pointing toward the north, said: "About two miles over in that direction is Skunk river, and on the bluff is an Indian village called 'Kishkekash.' There are no Indians there now, but some of their bark huts are still there, and a family of white people by the name of Bean own a claim there and are living in one of those 'wigwams'." Presently we began to see fields of corn and some very small and crude cabins tucked in the edges of the groves. My aunt remarked, "Now we are getting into *our* settlement and I will show thee where some of our neighbors live." Pointing to a grove to the east she said: "There is where Poultney Loughridge lives." Then pointing west she remarked: "Thee sees that big grove over there? That is where Thomas Stafford lives, and a little farther on his son Brantley lives. Brantley's wife, Rachel, is a relative of ours. Rachel's brother, Sammy Coffin, lives about

four miles west of our house. Our cousin, Dr. Seth Hobbs, lives about a mile and a half from our house, southwest." She kept on telling me about their neighbors until we came to a cornfield where the road was along the fence, and away at the end of the field and close to a body of timber was a cabin which we could plainly see as we drove along the fence. I asked her whose field it was. She replied, "This is our field and that is our house." "Well," I said, "Aunt Delilah, I think you have the prettiest place of all." It was a pretty place and seemed so nicely located. There was beautiful timber to the west and north of their house, and the cabin was just out from the edge of the timber. Their field of corn just in roasting ear lay off toward the south.

There was great joy in the family when we arrived. My cousins had seen us coming down the road and all came running to see their father and mother. They were surprised to see me, but welcomed me in a hearty, childlike way. But when Aunt Delilah said, "Aunt Mary is dead and Semira has come to live with us," joy was mixed with sorrow and tears came in our eyes. Uncle and aunt questioned the childreu about the way they had gotten along in their absence. They had all been well and nothing serious had happened. As we went toward the house we saw a young looking woman standing in the yard with a little child in her arms. My aunt shook hands with her and then introduced us in this wise: "Semira, this is our nearest neighbor, Amanda Martin; and Amanda, this is my niece, Semira Ann Hobbs." Aunt Delilah was a genuine Quaker of the old stamp and never said Mr., Mrs., nor Miss to anybody. I don't think Aunt Delilah ever

did but one thing in her life which was forbidden by the discipline of her church, and that was "to marry out of meeting." I don't think anybody ever blamed her for that. If she had had her pick and choice of all the young Quakers in the State of Indiana, she could not have found a more pure-minded and honorable man for a husband than Aaron Cox. Both my uncle and aunt were exceedingly conscientious, just and honest. I had a home in their family for more than a year and was never made to feel that I was not welcome. They were quite as well fixed for living as any family in that new settlement. Their cabin had but one room, but that room was larger than cabins generally were. I think now it was eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long. I know they had in it four ordinary sized beds, and a trundle-bed which was kept under one of the big beds in the day time and drawn out at night for the children. The style of bedstead used then was so high from the floor to the bed rail that there was ample room under a bed to store many trunks and chests and boxes and bundles. It was customary to hang a valance around which hid all these unsightly things. Women in that day and stage of the country's history learned how to manage and utilize room. My uncle's cabin had a very large fire-place, six feet wide at least. That fire-place was built up, back and jambs with stone and mud. The top of the chimney was of mud and split staves or sticks. The floor was puncheon and the roof clap-boards. There was a door in the south, a small window in the west end by the fire-place, and another small window in the north. My aunt had a loom and all other necessaries for making cloth. While the weather

was warm the loom was kept in a shed at the back of the house. That shed had a clap-board roof, and the floor was of elm tree bark laid flat on the ground with the rough side up. My uncle and aunt were both good managers and could make the best of their crude surroundings. They had plenty in the wilderness.

They had moved to this place in March and the time I am talking about was August. They had to go a long way to procure flour and corn-meal; I think the nearest mill was in Jefferson County. My uncle and aunt and every child that was old enough were workers, and had raised a splendid garden. That fresh, new, mellow soil without a single weed, would produce a crop without much tending; they had cabbage, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, and had the only sweet potatoes around there. All through the cornfield the ground was yellow with pumpkins; my aunt had not neglected to bring a supply of garden seeds when they came in the Spring. About a dozen rows of corn nearest the house were hanging full of beans of the "cut short" variety. Besides the necessary and useful, my cousins, Eliza Ann and Elizabeth, had a bed of old-fashioned flowers—marigolds, four-o'clocks, larkspurs, touch-me-nots, and some morning-glory vines running up strings by the cabin door. Fruit was the thing missed most, and if my aunt had not brought a quantity of dried apples we would have been without. Blackberries grew in the woods about there, but at the time I am talking about the blackberry season was over. Crab-apples were plenty, but sugar was a luxury both scarce and dear, and crab-apples even in that day were not greatly relished without being sweetened.

My aunt, and I presume most of her neighbors, had a little sugar carefully put away to be used only in emergencies, but we got along very well without sugar. My uncle kept four cows and we had more milk and butter than we could use. There was no market anywhere in reach, and what we couldn't use was given to the pigs. I remember how lavishly my aunt would put butter in everything she cooked, especially her roasting-ear puddings. One of Aunt Delilah's roasting-ear puddings, spread all over with the kind of butter she made, was a whole meal itself. We had one of those puddings every night for supper as long as the roasting-ears lasted.

My uncle, as I have said, was not a member of any religious denomination, but had a profound respect for sacred things, especially for my aunt's views and strict adherence to the customs of the church of which she was a member. We never sat down to our meals, no matter how plain, without observing the little spell of silent reverence practiced among Friends. I had been brought up among Friends, or Quakers, and knew all about their habits, but at that time and for a long time after, I had never heard a vocal grace at one of their tables. But all Friends who were worthy of the name observed the custom of bowing their heads in silent reverence and thanksgiving to God before partaking of their meals. No long and devout utterance of vocal prayer and thanksgiving at table ever seemed more solemn to me than the silent grace of the Quakers. When they buried their dead they stood solemnly around the grave, not shunning the heart-piercing sound of clods falling on the coffin-lid, but waiting until the last spadeful of earth was placed

and fashioned into a smooth, shapely mound by some kind and sympathetic neighbor who, when the last gentle pat was given, would quietly step back, and leaning on his spade, would wait with the others the few moments of reverent, solemn silence which always followed the burial of their dead.

The people in that neighborhood were nearly all members of some religious denomination, or had a membership before they came, but no church had been organized nor any religious meetings held. The Staffords, the Stanleys, the Arnolds, and my aunt Delilah, were Quakers. The Martins (H. P., usually called Patterson), and Silas, his brother, and their wives, were members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Poultney Loughridge and family were United Presbyterians. Several denominations were represented, but only a few represented any one. But however their religious tenets may have differed as neighbors, they dwelt together in harmony. They were kind and helpful to each other and hospitable to strangers. There seemed to be no such feeling as jealousy, nor any disposition to take advantage of each other. Every one of those families owned a good claim and had obtained them honestly.

CHAPTER IX.

A time was appointed, May 1st, 1843, when men were allowed to come in and select claims. One man might hold a claim embracing half a section. There were four men, Poultney Loughridge, John McAllister, Edwin and Robert Michell, all related either by blood or marriage, who came a little before the time, but made friends both with the Indians and dragoons. They selected four claims, without designating who should be the possessor of any particular one. All those claims had both timber and prairie and were thought by them to be about equal in value. When they were surreptitiously "spying out the land" they cut a set of house-logs; they did not go to sleep on the night of April 30th, in '43, but the moment the hands of somebody's watch pointed to the hour of twelve, they gathered up their stakes and torches and before daylight on the morning of the first of May their claims were all staked or blazed out. Then they drew lots and every man drew the very claim he wanted. That same day (May 1st, '43) they made of those logs so stealthily cut a cabin on Mr. Loughridge's claim, which

was said to be the first house ever built in Mahaska County. My uncle, in the fall of '43, bought Mr. John McAllister's claim, which had on it the cabin I have mentioned. The land on which that immense crop of pumpkins grew amidst a forest of corn was broken in '43. My uncle had broken another lot of ground in the spring which had produced a big crop of what was called "sod corn." And such a crop of turnips! big and juicy and tender and sweet. I wonder why we never have such turnips now? I came near forgetting to mention the melons. My uncle had a patch of watermelons, and muskmelons of the nutmeg variety. If one just threw the seed away on that rich, clean, mellow ground, a big crop would come of it. My uncle was a man who provided for his family, and my aunt was one of the women "who looked well to the ways of her household." They had an interesting family. Eliza Ann, the eldest, was a staid and steady girl, practical, and not given to joking. She was a blond, with an abundance of golden brown hair which laid in wavy ripples all over her head without the aid of any device in the way of crimping apparatus. Eliza Ann and I got on well together, were always good friends. She was a serious, matter-of-fact sort of a girl, the kind that the neighbors all have a word of praise for. Elizabeth was my bosom friend. Her faults were few and her virtues many. She was what in these days would be called a bright girl. She grew to be a bright woman, and to-day is one of the brightest women I know. To me she is a "joy forever."

In a short time I became acquainted with some of the neighbors. I soon became quite good friends with the

Martins—Patterson and Amanda, as we called them. They were young people then, had only been married two or three years, and had one baby, Mary, who is Mrs. Matt. Crozier and a grandmother now. Patterson and Amanda had come in the summer of '43. They had a claim adjoining my uncle's, and were living on that claim in a little cabin about a quarter of a mile north in the woods. They were very kind to me from the first. Many pleasant little visits I had with them in their humble cabin. I think it was the very first Sunday after I came to my uncle's that Patterson and Amanda came along in the early afternoon and told us that Mr. Loughridge had given out word among the neighbors that any who wished to do so could come to his house and hold some kind of religious meeting. I ran in, put on my straw bonnet, and joined the Martins. We walked across my uncle's field, climbed a staked and ridered fence, and then came into a dim road which led toward Mr. Loughridge's house, which was that "first cabin" and in appearance much like all other cabins about there. One room with all the appurtenances for cooking, eating, and sleeping, and arranged about as snugly as possible. When Mr. Martin introduced me, Mr. and Mrs. L. shook hands with me cordially, and made some pleasant remarks about my being a new addition to the community. We sat and waited awhile but nobody else came. Mr. Loughridge read a chapter from the Bible and Mrs. Loughridge had in her hand a book of Psalms. She led in singing, and as the Martins and myself were not familiar with their kind of singing, she and Mr. L. had it all to do. When they had sung, Mr. L. said, "Let us pray." We all knelt and Mr. L. prayed. They

sang another Psalm and then Mr. L. asked Mr. Martin to pray. Mr. Martin prayed, while we all knelt again. That ended the services.

Mr. Loughridge was a tall, broad-shouldered, manly, honest-looking man, with what is called red, or "sandy" complexion: Mrs. L's complexion was much like her husband's, but not quite so dark. All their children had complexions more or less like their parents. The Loughridges were worthy and substantial citizens. The children of these worthy people, some of them grand-parents long ago, have done honor to the covenenter stock from which they sprnag. Two of their sons are ministers. Albert, the baby, born in that crude and humble cabin, has spent years as a Christian missionary in India.

Not long after the time I have been telling about, two or three more families of Quakers settled in that neighborhood, and some time in the Autumn of '44 those Quakers met at the house of Thomas Stafford and organized themselves into a "meeting," and for many months met every Sunday at Thomas Stafford's house and held their meetings of silent worship. There was no minister among them. I often attended those meetings, where not a word was spoken, but all sat for one hour in silent meditation.

Thomas Stafford was the rich man of the neighorhood. I have heard it said, and presume it is true, that he was worth more money than any man in the county; that is, he had more actual cash. I was told by persons who were supposed to know, that he received eighteen thousand dollars in cash for his farm in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, and had all that money at his disposal

when he came to the "New Purchase" in '43. Eighteen thousand dollars seemed an immense sum then. It was a foundation for an immense fortune in a country of such possibilities as this country possessed at that time. Thomas Stafford and wife were elderly people then: their family of nine children were all grown and all married but two, William and Elam. William was married in the Spring of '45 to Eliza Stanley. Elam was the Dr. Stafford whom everybody in this country knows. He married Sallie Stanley, sister to Eliza, William's wife. Those Stanley girls were daughters of John Stanley, a Quaker, who owned and lived on a very fine farm, or claim, near the "deserted village" of Kishkekash, on the bluffs of Skunk River. Mr. Stanley had two other daughters, Edith and Ann, now Mrs. Conner and Mrs. Gray. Eliza died many years ago. Every one of them were excellent women.

I had been at my uncle's several days, and had not seen my other relatives, Dr. Seth Hobbs and his wife Elizabeth. The doctor had made, or bought a claim in '43, built a cabin, decided to make that his home, practice medicine, and at the same time improve his land. The doctor, in the Spring of '44, went back to his old home in Southern Indiana, married "the girl he left behind him," and brought her to his cabin in the wilderness.

Aunt Delilah and I decided one day to visit these relatives. We had a pleasant walk and a pleasant talk along the road. They called it a mile and a quarter. The road or path, part of the way, was along a ravine with woods on one side and a little prairie or glade on the other. Golden rod and thousands of other yellow blos-

soms lined the path. The path looked strange and I remarked to my aunt: "This is a funny road, so narrow and worn down so deep." Aunt Delilah laughed and said: "Why, child! I forgot to tell thee; we are in a regular Indian trail. This was their main trail from their village on Skunk river to another village on the Des Moines, and the reason the track is so narrow and worn is that they always ride their ponies single file, no matter how many they string out, one after another, and keep in the same track. This trail has been traveled by Indians nobody knows how long." When we started, aunt said, "Semira, we had better take a good-sized, strong stick, for we might come onto a rattlesnake; they are plentiful about here." We armed ourselves with sticks but had no occasion to use them, for we didn't see a snake the entire way. Our cousins lived in the woods but had a field cleared and fenced, wherein was growing a luxuriant crop of corn and vegetables. The doctor and his wife seemed overjoyed to see us—and how happy and contented they were! The doctor was a carpenter, along with his other accomplishments, and had made their cabin look very cozy and comfortable. The puncheon floor was fitted neatly at the joints; and on one side of the room was a lot of shelves, very neatly put up, and filled with the doctor's bottles and medicine jars. There were more little home-made, convenient things in that cabin than any I saw. The doctor's taste ran in that way and his wife was like him. They both had the faculty of making the most and best of everything about them. Elizabeth had a big pine box for a cooking table, placed in a way to use the inside for her cooking utensils; had a calico

curtain hung in front of said box; some shelves in a corner for her dishes; wooden hooks placed here and there on the wall and about the fire-place to hang things on. They had two beds, and like the others around there utilized the space underneath to stow away trunks, boxes, and bundles. The doctor had nearly all the practice for many miles around, for he was the only doctor there was in that region. There was a Dr. Boyer, who lived ten or twelve miles away on the Des Moines river, who doctored ague patients on that river, while Dr. Hobbs dosed out Peruvian bark to the ague afflicted on the Skunk. Dr. Porter had just come to the newly located county seat, Oskaloosa. Dr. Hobbs knew something about nearly everybody in the country. The doctor's wife and I planned to go on horseback some day to Oskaloosa. Toward evening aunt and I went home along the Indian trail, after having spent a pleasant day.

I hadn't been in that neighborhood long, when Uncle Aaron began talking to his neighbors about building a school-house and employing me to teach. Nearly every family anywhere near who had children old enough to go to school fell in with my uncle's proposition, which was to meet on an appointed day and build a cabin, similar to the other cabins about, and have me teach school in it.

My cousins, Dr. Hobbs and wife, made it so pleasant for me at their house that I visited them often. The doctor was an educated man and had a fund of general information. He attended medical lectures at Lexington, Ky. He knew Henry Clay and his family, and was often at their home, "Ashland." I used to make the doctor tell about their library, their dining-room, their grounds,

and just what kind of looking people Mr. and Mrs. Clay were. Henry Clay encouraged the young medical students to visit him. He would invite them into his library, and there set them at their ease by his tact and genuine good breeding. Then he would branch off on some subject both instructive and entertaining. One day when I was at the doctor's his wife, Elizabeth, and I made all our arrangements to visit the new county seat. The doctor had been there often, but his wife and I had never seen the town. My uncle had a handsome black horse called "Phillis" and Aunt Delilah was the possessor of a side-saddle. They gave me the privilege of using that horse and saddle as often as necessary.

On the appointed day, which was the 14th of September, 1844, I rode Phillis over to the doctor's. The doctor had a very good horse which he saddled for his wife. We dressed ourselves in pretty good style and early in the afternoon were ready to mount our steeds and be off. The doctor being a gallant gentleman, went out in front of the fence where a big stump stood handy and assisted us to mount. After we were seated in our saddles, the doctor seemed to think there might be something not altogether safe, so he took hold of my horse's bridle, examined the throat-latch, then examined the surcingle, thought it not quite tight enough and drew it up another notch; then, giving my horse a gentle stroke down his mane, and ending by stripping his foretop through his hand, he went over the same performance with his wife's horse. After the doctor had adjusted our surcingles and bridles to his satisfaction, he then proceeded to give us directions how to find Oskaloosa. He pointed to a dim

road which led out south a little way (we couldn't see far ahead in the timber) and then he began: "Now, girls, after you cross that slough turn to the right, follow along where you see the trees blazed, and pretty soon you will come to a road where people have been hauling rails and wood: keep on that road until you come to a creek, where you will see some logs lying lengthwise in the creek as a kind of bridge: go slow and you will get over all right: after you have crossed the creek (which is about dry now) keep straight on the plainest road you see, which will take you through timber a half a mile or so: when you have gotten to the top of the hill after crossing the creek, you can then begin to see the open prairie: just keep on until you come to a road which looks like it had been traveled a good deal: that road is right on the divide: when you come to that road turn to the right, and be sure you keep in the main track, and when you have gone about two miles you will have reached the town of Oskaloosa. You will find two stores in Oskaloosa. One has a red flannel cloth hanging out by the door, and the other has a sign on the top with the word 'Grocery' on it."

We followed the doctor's directions and found everything, trees blazed, logs thrown in the bottom of the creek which had very little water in it, and all just as he had told us. When we reached the prairie and that much-traveled road, and turned to the right, no town was in sight, so we rode on and talked, and admired the charming scenery all about us. I was looking at some beautiful groves over south, when my companion suddenly threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oskaloosa!"

We stopped, sat on our horses and gazed. I think we were near where Mr. William Burnside now lives when we made the discovery. I had seen many crude and insignificant-looking towns, but Oskaloosa was the crudest and the poorest looking town I ever saw. The country all around was all that could be desired in prairie, lying high and dry, tall grass waving, and the most beautiful groves here and there, looking like they were just inviting people to come and live in them. We saw one log house some little distance to the right of the road which we afterward learned was Mr. Alfred Seevers'. There was another log house over to the left which was daring enough to stand on the bare prairie without a single tree within a half mile. This place seemed to be about a mile from the little cluster of cabins called Oskaloosa. That, we were informed, was Mr. James Seevers' place. After we had discovered Oskaloosa we sat and gazed at it for perhaps five minutes. How squatty those little bits of cabins looked, with not a thing to relieve the barrenness except the tall blue-stem grass. From some of them could be seen smoke issuing from a joint of stovepipe protruding through a clapboard roof. The doctor had told us how we would know the business houses. He said: "You will, on first going into town, see a small log house with a red flannel cloth hanging out by the door. That is Smith & Cameron's store. A little farther over you will see a cabin with a sign on top, fastened to a weight-pole, on which is painted in large letters the word 'Grocery.' That establishment is owned by the Jones Brothers & Crossman."

As we sat gazing at the prospect before us, I counted

the houses. It wasn't hard to do, for every house stood out distinctly from every other house. There were just fifteen of those rude dwellings and business places on September 14, 1844. We came in town from a southeasterly direction and kept looking for that red flannel sign. Didn't see it at first, as we came in on the wrong side of the house. That house, Smith & Cameron's, was on lot one, block twenty-eight, old plat. Its front was toward the square, where there was a great log elevated on forks or posts, with many big wooden pegs driven into it in a convenient way for hitching horses. As we entered the town we saw no human being, man, woman, or child, but as we rode up to the store and just around the corner, where we could see that flaming scarlet sign, a gentleman came out of the store door. My first thought on seeing that gentleman was, "What a splendid looking man, and what a poor little town!" He was, I thought, as fine a looking specimen of young manhood as I had ever seen. He was tall, with stately bearing, handsome and distinguished looking. He came toward us, bowed and smiled, led our horses up to a big box of lime (I could see the lime through the cracks), assisted us to alight, and then invited us to walk into the store. He led our horses to that hitching place, threw the bridles over some of those pegs, and then hurried into the store. He was making an effort to display some of the wares offered for sale in the store, when another gentleman came in at the back door. The first gentleman immediately gave up his efforts to show goods and turned all over to the second gentleman, who we were soon made to understand was one of the proprietors. I bought a pair of shoes which

I thought would be the kind to walk over hazel stubs with, my companion made some purchases, and then we walked over to the other mercantile house with the sign of "Grocery" on top. That house stood on lot six, block twenty, old plat. Neither of those houses carried a very heavy stock of goods, but quite enough to supply the demand. We left the town without knowing the names of any of the three gentlemen we had met.

But when we told the doctor about our adventures and described the gentlemen to him, he could tell us just who they were. "That fine looking young man whom you met first is Micajah T. Williams: he is a lawyer and clerk of the court. The one you dealt with is Leper Smith, one of the proprietors: his family lives in one of those little cabins. The man you saw at the sign of 'Grocery' was Mr. A. D. Jones, another lawyer, not one of the proprietors, but another Jones altogether." We asked the doctor how those lawyers came to be clerking in those stores. "O," he said, "I can explain that easy enough. You see, they have come to Oskaloosa to locate, and the place is so new, and accommodations for any who have not come prepared to take care of themselves is so poor, they have to do any way they can. Those young lawyers make the stores their stopping places through the day. They get their meals and a place to sleep in some of those cabins amongst the families. They will all divide their last bit of corn bread with a young fellow who wants to locate in the town."

The doctor had bought some lots in the town and had been there often and knew nearly everybody. At the first sale of lots in Oskaloosa Dr. Hobbs bought lot 3,

block 28, o. p., which is on the south side of the square. He also bought lots 5 and 6, block 17, o. p., which is now the elegant home of Major McMullin

By the middle of September, 1844, there were a good many families settled about all through Mahaska County. Over on the Des Moines River and on the six mile prairie were the Boyers, the DeLashmutts, the Wilsons and the Nortons. Up north and west along the Skunk River timber were the Coffins, Samuel and John; the Troys, the Padgets, the Liters, and about the "centre," just north of Oskaloosa, were the Springers, the Bonds, the Rolands, the Ewings, and not far southeast of the centre was a numerous family by the name of McMurray. Mr. and Mrs. McMurray had five sons and three daughters, nearly all grown and none married. Different denominations were represented. The Cumberland Presbyterians seemed to predominate. The McMurrays were Cumberland Presbyterians. Smith & Cameron, of the store with the red flag, and several others in and around Oskaloosa were members of that church. The McMurrays had come from Illinois in '43, had lived in a little cabin like the others, but at the time I am speaking of had just finished a hewed log house, and while it was brand new and the weather was pleasant they proposed to hold an all-day meeting on Sunday, September 15th. They sent away down to Jefferson, or Van Buren County, for a noted minister whom they called "Uncle Johnny Berry." The McMurrays managed to send word to all parts of the county that there would be meeting at their house on that day. My friends, Patterson and Amanda Martin, invited me to go with them to that meeting. They were

going in an ox-wagon, and if I would accept a seat in that humble vehicle they would be happy to have me do so. I gladly accepted their kind offer, and when Patterson and Amanda and little "Mary" came along that Sunday morning they found me dressed in my black silk dress, straw bonnet and long black lace veil.

I supposed I would see the greater part of the inhabitants of Mahaska County there that day, and for that reason I wanted to make as good an appearance as possible. I wondered if the people generally would go in ox wagons. I thought a good many would, as people rode about in this new place in any kind of rig they happened to have. They were not very particular about the kind of a team they drove, or vehicle they rode in. If the team was gentle and the wagon strong, that was all they required. Those clumsy wagons and ox teams were indispensable in opening up a new country. I think very few of those men and women who had come with the purpose of making homes in the wilderness, came with any thought of being dissatisfied, disgusted, or surprised at the most commonplace and crude way of living and traveling about. It seemed to be the natural order of things; the people accepted it and went on. I don't think Patterson, Amanda, little Mary or I felt any twinges of pride worry us, or thought seriously of the fitness or unfitness of things as we sat in those splint-bottom, straight-backed chairs in that long wagon bed.

As we slowly moved along near that Indian trail through groves and glades and little native meadows, our thoughts were of the great number of strange people we were likely to see at that meeting. We hoped also to

enjoy the preaching, singing, and praying. The Martins had not had any such privilege of worship for months. I was glad of any kind of a meeting to go to. Though our oxen were of the patient, well behaved kind, they would, as we passed through masses of yellow and purple blossoms and long stemmed grass, reach out and snatch a mouthful of the tempting stuff occasionally, in spite of Mr. Martin's gentle taps with the ox-gad and his "wo haw, Buck!" and "gee, Brin!" The distance was not great, only two and one-half miles, and we were among the first to arrive. The McMurrays, who had a house full of grown sons, and who were polite and accommodating, took us in the new log house and gave Amanda and I some very comfortable seats. They had provided seats for a large number of people. There were two beds in the room and a table for the minister with a Bible and Hymn Book on. The balance of the space in the new log house was filled with benches made of puncheons. The one Amanda and I occupied was placed along the side of a bed, which made a comfortable back to lean against, and besides that, was so placed that we could see every one who came in without more than turning our heads a little. The people kept coming in, and in a few minutes the house was about full. I could see that the yard was full. Among the early comers who procured a seat in the house was Micajah Williams, the distinguished looking young man whom I had seen the day before, and who had treated the other young lady and myself with such Chesterfieldian politeness. Mr. Williams brought with him a young lady whom I had not seen. She, I thought, was one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. Her complexion

was fair as fair could be, with just enough pink in her cheeks. Her eyes were blue, her hair a light brown, and her mouth was simply perfect, while her form was lithe and willowy. Persons who read this may think I am exaggerating, but if anybody who knew Micajah Williams and Virginia Seevers in '44 ever reads this, they will say, "She is telling the truth." I sat there and wondered how two such elegant and charming looking young people ever happened to find each other out in this almost unbroken wilderness.

Presently another person of somewhat striking appearance stepped in the door and stood a few moments as if looking for a seat, when some one made room for him just by the door. As he stood in the door I glanced him up and down, and in much less time than it takes me to write it, I decided in my mind that he was a young man of the sort which suited my taste. He was a little less than six feet high, well formed, symmetrically built, and graceful in his movements. Had dark brown hair, a little inclined to curl, large gray eyes, an honest and fearless expression about his face. He was what I thought a manly looking young man.

In the meantime the ministers and others were preparing to begin the services. The McMurray boys were all members of the church, and were prominent singers in meetings like that. They gathered about the preachers, who were on the other side of the room from where I sat, and watched the people come in. Directly they began singing that good old hymn, "Coronation," and were making it fairly ring. My attention at first was attracted to their singing, but hearing the most charming, soft,

mellow bass I had ever heard. I looked around and perceived that those mellow tones were made by the voice of my gray-eyed champion. There was more singing and more listening by me to that mellow bass; more admiring beautiful Virginia Seevers and that young "Apollo," Micajah Williams.

There was a very respectable looking congregation. They seemed to have gone down into their boxes and chests and drawn out their old-fashioned finery, shaken it, brushed it, and donned it for the occasion. Mr. Berry preached, Mr. Jolly prayed, and the congregation sang, led by the McMurrays. The forenoon services were ended, and a recess of two hours was announced, the congregation being dismissed with an earnest invitation to attend the afternoon meeting. The McMurrays invited Mr. and Mrs. Martin and myself to take dinner with them and we accepted the kind invitation. As soon as the meeting was out I walked out in the yard, and was surprised to see so many people all through the grove. Horses and oxen were hitched everywhere, and there were a great many heavy lumber wagons. I had expected to see a good many people, but not quite such a crowd. They soon began to disperse. Among others, I saw that young "Apollo" and the beautiful Virginia mount their steeds and go flying off over the prairie toward Oskaloosa. I met my old acquaintance, Dr. Porter, and had a friendly interview with him. He seemed to know a good many of the people. I asked him who that beautiful young lady was with Mr. Williams. He said, "She is Miss Seevers, daughter of Mr. James Seevers, who lives about a mile southeast of town. I have not made her acquaintance,

but she is a beauty, isn't she?" I asked who that young gentleman was, designating the one with the fine bass voice. "Oh!" he said, "Do you remember the Phillips family I told you about the morning I overtook you away down the road?" "Yes, I remember." "Well," he went on to say, "That is Mr. Gorrell Phillips, the eldest son of A. G. Phillips. The family live adjoining town, or where we expect to have a town. They are all singers, and we think are about right generally." In walking about the grounds surrounding the McMurray home, I met a handsome, well dressed young woman with a baby in her arms. Se had beautiful yellow hair, brown eyes, a clear complexion, and was nice looking generally. I went up to her and engaged in conversation. We were all sociable and didn't stand on ceremony then, and I told her who I was and she told me that she was Mrs. John White, and lived about a mile north of Oskaloosa. Her baby's name, she said, was "Anestatia." She invited me to visit her. I thanked her and assured her that I would do so if the opportunity ever came.

The cabin which had formerly been the sole residence of the McMurray family was near the hewed-log house, and was used now as kitchen and dining room. It had, like others of its kind, a very wide fire-place, where the cooking was done. Sarah McMurray was the young lady of the family and was a "host within herself." That day, with very little assistance, she prepared and served an excellent dinner to at least twenty persons besides their own family. I wondered then, and have wondered ever since, at the grace and ease with which she fed that multitude. To watch her seat one table full after another,

and bring on such bountiful supplies of good, wholesome food, one would have thought there was no end to her resources. Cooking for a multitude by a log heap fire in one of those wide fire-places may now, I think, be reckoned one of the "lost arts." That was my first acquaintance with Sarah McMurray, but not by any means the last. I knew her well for many years. She was as capable of entertaining a room-full at repartee as she was of serving a dinner to a multitude under difficulties, and as ready to minister to the sick with fevers as she was to indulge in repartee. She not only relieved her mother of all household cares and made all her own handsome dresses (she did have handsome, nice-fitting dresses even then), but prepared dainties, cleaned up the cabins, cut, made, and mended the clothes for the children of sick mothers down on the Skunk river bottom.

The afternoon meeting at McMurrays was not so well attended as that in the morning, but there was a good audience of quiet, earnest, well-behaved people. Mr. Jolly preached, and one good old Christian lady whom the McMurrays called "Aunt Polly Mathews," became so happy during the meeting she shouted for joy. When that meeting ended, we again seated ourselves in our splint-bottomed chairs in that long wagon, after having bidden good-bye and thanked the McMurrays for their kind and hospitable treatment. "Buck" and "Brin," those patient yoke-fellows, seemed to have spent the day in quiet contentment, chained to a sapling, in the shade near the outskirts of the grove. They had not, while the rest of us were feasting, been allowed to fast, for soon after our arrival Mr. Martin had placed at their disposal

a shock of new mown grass procured from a slough near by. Evidently the supply of grass had more than met the demands of hunger, for while "Buck" was patiently standing holding up his end of the yoke, "Brin" had lain down on the remainder of that nutritious provender and was quietly chewing his cud. Mr. Martin, after unfastening the chain from the sapling, took his gad, gave a gentle tap or two, spoke a few words which these docile animals seemed to understand, for they leisurely came up and took their respective places by the wagon tongue. Mr. Martin hooked one end of the chain in the yoke, fastened the other to the houms, then climbed in, seated himself, and gave the signal to "Buck" and "Brin" which started us back through groves and glades, tall trees and yellow blossoms, to our homes, where we arrived just as the sun was going down on that eventful and pleasant September day. That evening I related to my uncle and aunt and cousins all incidents of the meeting and trip, which amused and interested them. Dear Aunt Delilah was interested in all my affairs, and I confided all my little joys and sorrows to her as I used to do to my mother. She was like a mother to me and gave me her counsel and sympathy. The next morning I was to begin teaching "Mahaska's first school."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Effie Hoffman Rogers was county superintendent of schools in Mahaska County in 1893. One day she came to my house and informed me that she was going to ask me to do something, and would not take "No" for an answer. I wondered what it could be. She proceeded to tell me of a scheme she had originated; she went on to say: "I am going to hold Normal in Penn College, which will begin in three weeks. I am going to request three Oskaloosa ladies, on different days of the session, to give a talk to the teachers and students, each on a different subject. The ladies that I have chosen are Mrs. Judge Blanchard, Miss Mary Loring, and yourself. What I want you to talk about is Mahaska's first school, and the progress made since in schools, facilities for teaching, and educational work generally in Mahaska County. You taught the first school and you are the one to tell about it. You are supposed to know the facts and to be able to tell them more correctly than any other person. Mrs. Blanchard and Miss Loring have consented and I am not going to let you go until you consent." I told

her I never could do that in the world. If I should undertake to make a speech before the talent and brains assembled in an institution like that, I would blunder and stammer and make such a failure that she and all the rest would be sorry I had undertaken it. She kept on urging me until the thought came to me, "I might write it up and read my story, if that would do." I told her my thought and she said, "That will do." I promised to do the best I could and she went away. In a few days the program was out with my name down for a "talk". I felt that I couldn't back out after that. So I wrote the story of "Mahaska's first school" as well and as truthfully as I could do it now, and will in this story give it just as I read it to that assembly in Penn College on June 27, 1893:

MAHASKA'S FIRST SCHOOL.

Fifty years sounds like a long time to the young: 1843 seems to young people of to-day like a time away in the dim past. It don't seem so long ago to those who were young men and young women then. In 1843 a considerable tract of as fine land as the eye of man ever beheld (of which Mahaska County was a part) had been purchased by the United States from the Indians. The Indians having on the first day of May of that year peaceably retired to lands further west, this charming region was open to settlement by civilized white people. A number of families from the settlements near the Mississippi river took advantage of this opportunity to make for themselves homes. That was before the day of the telegraph. There was not a railroad within hundreds of miles of this grand region. Yet somehow its fame had reached the ears of men and women away in the eastern

states and in the middle states, whose hearts were brave, fortunes small, and children many. Some of those honest, courageous, intelligent sons and daughters of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia packed their few household goods into wagons, bade farewell to the scenes of their childhood, the old familiar meeting house, the school house, and with horses or ox teams slowly wended their way toward this lovely but uncultivated garden. Some of these men left their families in the inhabited portions of the territory whilst they staked out their claims and built log cabins. One room sufficed for a family, small or large. Some of these families even lived for a while in bark huts which had been left by the Indians, where beads were lying about in such quantities that children picked them up by the pint.

Kishkekosh is not found on the map of Mahaska County to-day. But that "deserted village" once had an existence on the bluffs overlooking the classic Skunk. Near the deserted village was a deserted burying ground, where in shallow graves in a sitting posture were found skeletons of Indians of long ago. The young doctor of the settlement, being archeologically inclined, helped himself to one of these skeletons; his purpose, no doubt, being the advancement of science. To the south and west of this village lay a stretch of country, prairie, interspersed with groves, the beauty of which in its primitive state no pen can truly describe. These groves of lind and drooping elms, bordered with a fringe of crab apple and plum trees, just as God planted them, had a beauty all their own. This charming place chanced to be discovered by some of God's noblemen—brave,

broad-shouldered, manly men. The wives of these men were brave, too. The most of these pioneer men and women had been accustomed to the ordinary comforts of life, but they accepted the situation cheerfully. The men staked out their claims, built rude log cabins, broke their ground, made rails and fenced their fields, planted their crops, and went to work to establish homes and provide for their families. These families brought their religion with them. In nearly every one of these rude cabins was erected an altar to the living God. When they gathered around their tables scantily supplied with coarse food, they bowed their heads and gave thanks. There were no houses of worship except "God's first temples," these beautiful groves. Nor was there on September 1, 1844, a school-house in all this region called Mahaska County.

Sometime in August of that year a young lady came to accept the offered shelter of a home in the family of a relative who had settled in that neighborhood. This young lady had taught two terms of school. Said young lady had ciphered as far as the single rule of three, knew a little about Kirkham's grammar, something about geography, could write a fair hand, had been first choice at spelling schools, and had been known to spell down a whole school. Heads of families in this primitive settlement straightway set about devising means whereby they might avail themselves of the service of the learned young woman as instructor to their children. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to erect a school-house. Although the official surveyors had not as yet designated the section lines, those men had guessed

about where they were, and had staked off their claims accordingly. Each sixteenth section having been donated by the government to the public for school purposes, was in this case taken advantage of. This sixteenth section was covered mostly with timber—oak, elm, and lind, with lind predominating. Lind trees are not only beautiful to look upon, but easy to chop and split. One man who particularly felt an interest in having a school-house, and in this young girl also, went around and invited five or six others to join him in the enterprise. They readily acquiesced, set a day to commence, repaired to the woods on the border of the sixteenth section, taking with them axes, mauls, wedges, froes, augers, saws, and broad axes. They then proceeded to chop down some lind trees, not taking time to hew them, but built a cabin of round logs, leaving the bark on. They rived out boards of oak to cover it, putting weight-poles on to hold the boards in place. The floor, benches, and writing desk were made of puncheon. Puncheons are made of logs, split and made smooth on one side by hewing with a broad axe. Some of these early settlers had become experts in hewing puncheons and riving clap-boards. This "temple of learning" was supplied with a sod chimney, a hearth long and wide; not made with stone or brick, but with rich, black loam. A log was sawed out of one side of the house, leaving a space eight or ten feet long, for the purpose of admitting light. One of these primitive carpenters, with a pocket knife, whittled out sticks the proper length, then placed them in an upright position at regular distances apart along this opening. Glass being a luxury not easily obtained, oiled foolscap paper was pasted over

this improvised window sash. In laying the foundation of this edifice the architects were particular to observe the points of the compass. A door was made by sawing out logs to the proper heighth and width. No shutter was provided, only an opening looking toward the south. When the sun shone there was no trouble in telling when noon came.

In order that things might be done in a business-like manner, an article of agreement was drawn up which read something like the following:

"Articles of agreement made and entered into this, the ninth day of September, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-four, between Semira A. Hobbs of the first part, and the undersigned subscribers of the second part, for the consideration of the compensation hereinafter named, the party of the first part agrees to teach a term of school embracing thirteen weeks, beginning on Monday, September sixteenth, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-four. The party of the first part further agrees to keep good order to the best of her ability, and teach the following branches, namely: spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar, for the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per scholar. The party of the second part, for the faithful performance of the above promises, agree to pay the above named sum, to-wit: one dollar and twenty-five cents, for as many as are attached to our names.

"Aaron Cox, 6.
"Nathan Coontz, 3.
"Brantley Stafford, 1.
"Poultney Loughridge, 5.
"John Cunningham, 3."

The 16th was ushered in with a charming morning. The sun rose bright and clear. Everything looked auspicious—even the corn blades and pumpkin vines looked glad. There was a hurrying and scurrying among the girls and boys to find their books and slates, which had so long been unused. Then this young girl teacher with six pupils, all members of the same family, with a basket of corn bread, some dried apple pie and a bottle of milk, went tripping over prairie and through groves to the new school-house a mile and a quarter away. How clean and white that puncheon floor looked, how mellow the light through that oiled paper window, how clean of any speck of ashes or soot that sod fire-place. Directly there could be seen coming from different directions, bearing their dinner baskets and books, groups of bright, healthy, happy-looking children. These children came supplied with such books as happened to be in their home: several kinds of spellers, almost as many kinds of readers as there were children who could read. One of the larger girls brought an Olney's geography and atlas. That atlas had a map in it called the "Map of the United States," but on that map was no Minnesota, no Dakota, no Nebraska, no Kansas, no New Mexico, nor Colorado, nor Wyoming, nor Idaho, nor Montana, nor Utah, nor Nevada, nor Arizona, nor any State called Washington or California. This map was kind of three-cornered: at the upper left hand corner, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, was a rather narrow looking strip called Oregon Territory. Between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was a great almost blank space designated "uninhabited," and supposed to be uninhabitable. That

young girl teacher with those crude facilities did her best to instruct those boys and girls in the rudiments of what is called a "common school" education. . Every one of them were well-behaved, obedient children, tried hard to learn and made creditable advancement. That was one of Iowa's typical Falls. The prairies and sloughs were covered with yellow and purple blossoms. The groves with their borders of sumach and hazel were aglow with all the shades of green and red and yellow and brown. Deer and rabbits scamper over prairie and slough, then darting into the thick groves were soon out of sight. Those pioneers were good marksmen, and along with their corn bread had venison and prairie chicken in abundance. One evening on returning from school the teacher was informed that the head of the family had k'lled a bear.

The warm, hazy Indian Summer days lasted till away toward the last of November. But there came a time eventually when the sky was leaden and the northeast winds brought flakes of snow, which would sift through the chinks in the roof and walls, would scurry around and find their way in through that open door. When the cold became severe one of the kind, thoughtful mothers sent a coverlet to hang over the door. There was no lack of fuel, as there were great big chips, the result of that puncheon hewing, and plenty of dry sticks lying all about which made splendid fires. That big dirt hearth, by much tramping of little feet, in course of time became sunken to the depth of eight or ten inches below the level of the floor, the edge of which made a convenient seat, where the scholars could keep their feet warm and

at the same time study their lessons. The teacher occupied a more dignified seat, as a straight-backed splint-bottomed chair had been provided for her.

The last two or three of the thirteen weeks seemed to drag along pretty slow, but teacher nor scholars ever hinted at such a thing as giving up. These boys and girls had pluck. They kept warm if they could, but did not whine if they were a little cold. They were used to cold houses, with only a fireplace, where the face would burn while the back would freeze. That was the order of things generally. There was not a stove of any kind in the whole community. The corn bread was baked in skillets with coals underneath and coals on the lid. The meat and turnips were boiled in pots set on the fire. The hospitality extended to strangers in those little log cabins would amaze the dwellers in Oskaloosa's homes today. Some of the boys and girls who were a part of that little group which composed that humble school, have joined the great majority. They who remain are old people now—some are grandfathers and grandmothers. All are useful and respectable members of society, the kind we call the bone and sinew of the country. Great things have often grown from very humble beginnings. That crude log cabin school-house with its oiled paper windows, puncheon floor and sod chimney, its little band of scholars and undeveloped teacher formed the nucleus around which have grown substantial school-houses with all the facilities for teaching on nearly every section of land in Mahaska County. Not only the country district school, but high schools with scholarly teachers, and colleges with a corps of professors of which Oskaloosa may

justly be proud. That first school was a small affair, but was in keeping with other things. Things generally were small and crude and humble.

About two and a half miles to the west of the spot whereon was located this much mentioned school, there was a very diminutive village. This village did as other villages are said to have done. It nestled, not in mountain nooks, by babbling brooks, but in the prairie grass. Each one of the fifteen log cabins seemed to be cuddled down in a nest of its own trying to hide in a species of grass known as "blue stem." This village, when first seen by that much mentioned teacher, on Saturday before the opening of that school, was only three months old, but had been christened "Oskaloosa." These first impressions of Oskaloosa were made from a view, taken when half a mile or more away. On coming into the town there was found to be in one of these little log cabins a store of general merchandise with a piece of red flannel hung out by the door to designate the kind of business carried on within. When Oskaloosa was visited a month later, dozens of frame houses had been built and occupied. Charles Purvine had built and was keeping a tavern (they did not call them hotels then) where the Downing House is now. A. J. Davis, the Montana millionaire, had a store on the north side of the square. Wm. B. Street had a store on the west side. There were two blacksmith shops and one tailor shop. All this in October, 1844. The people who founded Oskaloosa were rustlers. Most of the men and women who first occupied those little log cabins were intelligent, high-souled, and full of pluck. Oskaloosa's daughters of to-day may be more scholarly,

but no more honorable and modest than her girls of '44. The young men who came with little money but lots of brains, have made their way to fortune and to fame. Some of the children and grandchildren of those early log cabin dwellers are to-day among Oskaloosa's most respected and influential citizens.

CHAPTER XI.

In the summer of 1844, when I was teaching school in the Brazelton neighborhood near Mt. Pleasant, one evening just as I was leaving the school-house for my boarding place, two women came along on horseback. Each had a pair of saddle-bags thrown across her horse, and a bag or bundle hanging on the horn of the saddle. They halted a little and spoke to me. I immediately became interested in them and we entered into conversation. They informed me that they were trying to reach Trenton that evening; had come from somewhere in Illinois that day, and had crossed the Mississippi at Burlington. I asked them where they lived. One of them said, "We are sisters and live away up in the New Purchase." We became more interested in each other when I told them about my relatives who were also living in the New Purchase. They were well acquainted with my relatives, and as I walked along the road and talked with them they told me about their husbands and children, and how they came to go back to Illinois where they moved from to Iowa. Business and pleasure combined had taken

them back to the old neighborhood after living a year in the wilds of the New Purchase. Their husbands had to take care of their claims and crops, and they were brave enough to make the journey alone and on horseback. One of those ladies was Mrs. Newton Seevers, who said she had two daughters old enough to keep house for their father in her absence. The other lady was Mrs. John W. Cunningham. She lived nearer my uncle's and could tell me much about them. Those women had a genuine, respectable, kindly appearance which drew me toward them, and made an impression on me at once which has lasted through all these years. There seemed to be little prospect at that time of my ever seeing them again, though Mrs. Cunningham remarked when we parted, "I wish you would come up to the New Purchase and teach school, for I have a boy and two little girls that I would like to send to school to you." We bade each other good-bye, all expressing the pleasure it had given us to have met in so unlooked-for a way, and hoped that we would meet again.

Circumstances which I have already related brought me to the New Purchase, and not long after my arrival I became well acquainted with the Cunningham family. A warm friendship was established between that family and myself which has lasted until the present day. The boy, Joseph, and his sisters, Lizzie and Ella, were among my pupils in "Mahaska's first school." Mr. Cunningham was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was much better informed than the average pioneer settler. The whole family had gentle manners, and dispensed so hospitably their plain new country fare that it was a solid

pleasure to visit them. Mr. Cunningham had a fine claim situated about two miles east of Oskaloosa. Mr. Charles Chick owns and lives on that place now. Joseph Cunningham died in early manhood. Lizzie and Ella grew to be lovely and handsome women. Lizzie married a gentlemen by the name of Barr and lives in Illinois. Ella married Dr. J. F. Smith, a Virginian, a successful business man and an honorable gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham have long since been gathered to their fathers. I have seen the fourth generation of that family, and all are a credit to their worthy ancestors.

Mrs. Seevers has been a widow for many years. She is now well on toward ninety, but quite well preserved, both physically and mentally. Her home is with her son Thomas Seevers, who is one of Oskaloosa's most prosperous business men. Thomas Seevers owns and lives in one of the most beautiful homes in the city.

There were three families of Seeverses who came to Mahaska County and made and located on claims near Oskaloosa in 1843. Newton Seevers, the father of Thomas, whom I have mentioned, and James Seevers, his brother. Newton's claim was less than a mile directly east of the town, while James owned and lived on a fine claim about a mile southeast. Alfred Seevers, a cousin of Newton and James, was located on a fine claim east of Newton's. George Seevers, brother to Alfred, was unmarried when he came, but soon went back to Ohio and married a splendid girl. He brought her to Iowa and settled on his claim, part of which is now known as Park Place. James and Newton were from Virginia, but Alfred and George were from Ohio. Those Seevers brothers paid much

attention to fruit raising. I think they had the first apples of anybody in the county. Some two or three years after the first settling of the country about Oskaloosa, Robert Seevers, a brother to Alfred and George, came with his family from Ohio, and bought a beautiful place a mile or so from town to the southwest, where he and his wife are living to-day. Robert Seevers, as well as his brothers, has paid much attention to fruit growing, and has always been authority on apples.

When Robert Seevers and his wife came to Mahaska County they were the proud parents of three sons, very small boys then, but now are middle aged men and all prominent citizens of Oskaloosa. George, the eldest, is a prominent attorney; Byron, the second, is called "the scholar," and Will, the third, is called one of Oskaloosa's best business men. These scions of the house of Seevers must be possessed of judgment, personal attractions, luck, or something, for every last one of them married splendid women. Robert Seevers is over ninety years old, but is still vigorous both in body and mind. These Seeverses, James, Newton, Alfred, George and Robert, were the old set, who were men of families, and among the first settlers about Oskaloosa. Like others that I have mentioned, they lived in log cabins and patiently and honestly endured the hardships and privations attending the settling of this part of Iowa. The wives of those Seeverses were not lacking in judgment, patient endurance and helpfulness—the qualities necessary to enable their husbands to succeed in opening up a new country. I was acquainted with every one of them and know what I am talking about. While the Seevers men

were breaking prairie, splitting rails and planting out orchards, the Seevers women were not only cooking, washing and mending, but were planting gardens and raising chickens. Besides what was absolutely necessary, they whitewashed their cabin walls, planted and cultivated the old-fashioned flowers and trained morning-glory vines about their cabin doors, which gave to their rustic homes a look of sweetness and attractiveness often lacking in moden and expensive homes. Those Seevers men were fine-looking, manly men, honorable and high-spirited, intelligent and honest. The kind of men who give credit to any community. With their other commendable qualities they happened to have the good sense to choose superior women for their wives. If any of the present generation of the Seevers family should become unworthy citizens, they can't blame it to the example of those worthy ancestors.

I have known five generations of the Seevers family. Mr. Henry Seevers, the father of James and Newton, came here and spent the summer of 1846 with his sons. He was from Winchester, Virginia, and was a typical Virginia gentleman. He wore a black broadcloth swallow-tailed coat, silk hat, and carried a gold-headed cane. He must have been well advanced in years, but was erect and walked with a firm step. He was tall and distinguished looking, affable, friendly, with the most gentle manners. I met him frequently, and used to think his children and grandchildren must feel very proud of him. He went with the rest of the men in this region on the 4th of July to Fairfield to attend the land sales, where I think the Seeverses all entered the claims they occupied at the first.

James Seevers and Rebecca, his wife, had six sons and one daughter. William H., the eldest, was a bright young man; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in an early day. He rose step by step in his profession until he reached a place on the Supreme Bench of Iowa. Three years ago he died, honored and lamented, not only by the whole community in which he had lived, but by the State. In early life he married Miss Caroline Lee, a young lady of more than ordinary intelligence, and possessing many noble traits of character. She survives him, and also five of their children, who are prosperous and respected members of society.

As one drives about the town of Oskaloosa, ever and anon they pass an elegant home owned and occupied by some member of the Seevers family. I have known the Seeverses in their rude and rustic cabins, and have lived to see many of them living in luxury and elegance; but whether they dwell in mansion or log cabin, their dignity and self respect has always commanded the respect of their neighbors. The character which riches and honors do not puff up, nor poverty degrade.

Mr. James Seevers' beautiful daughter, Virginia, in September, 1845, was married to Micajah T. Williams, whom I have before mentioned as the first man I saw in Oskaloosa. I think they were the handsomest couple I ever saw. The little frame house where they first went to housekeeping stands there yet, looking small, shabby, and dilapidated; but I remember well a time when we young folks all thought it nice indeed. I don't think there were more than half a dozen frame dwelling houses in Oskaloosa when Micajah and Virginia went to house-

keeping in that little frame house of two rooms. How sweet and cozy and comfortable that little home looked, with its new rag carpet, and bed so nicely made up with a pretty patch-work quilt and snowy pillows! The little new cooking stove with its bright tin furniture—every piece placed in just what seemed exactly the right place. Talk about "high art." Some of those women who helped to found the town of Oskaloosa, away back in the forties, were artists without knowing it. How plain I can see everything in the unpretentious home of that handsome young couple! though to see it I must look back with the mind's eye over more than half a century. They lived in that cottage several years, but not without making several small additions to the same, which rendered it what was thought comfortable and convenient in that early day. Their two charming daughters were born in that cottage, but before they became young ladies their parents had purchased and occupied what was at that time one of the most imposing and substantial houses in Oskaloosa. There the daughters, Alice and Beulah Joselle, the pride of their parents and of Oskaloosa, grew to charming, accomplished, and beautiful womanhood. They were daintily brought up, and had every advantage of education by schools and travel, with the inheritance of beauty, grace, and good sense from their parents. They were not spoiled by high social position and flattering attention.

Alice, when quite young, married Mr. George Bennett, a talented young man of good family. Alice has been a widow many years. George, the husband of her youth, like many another bright young man from Iowa,

sleeps his last sleep on the shore of the mighty Pacific. Beulah, their only daughter and only child, is a young lady now and is endowed with a fine mind and many noble traits of character. Beulah Joselle, "Jo," as we always called her, beautiful, queenly Jo, whose manners were dignified, though kind, gentle, though affable toward all, with never an unkind word for any. A queen among Oskaloosa's many lovely daughters, she married Judge L. C. Blanchard, one of Oskaloosa's most prominent citizens; a statesman, a successful business man and an honored member of society. Judge Blanchard made for his charming wife an elegant home, but after a few years of happy wedded life that beautiful and peaceful home was broken into by that relentless reaper who is no respecter of homes nor individuals. The honored, the respected, the idolized Jo was by a weeping multitude followed to the city of the dead. In that same silent city, under a spreading oak, with a great boulder at their feet, lie side by side, Micajah and Virginia Williams. On that great boulder is chiseled the name, "Micajah T. Williams."

John White was one of the men who staked off his claim before daylight on the morning of May 1st, 1843, adjoining what was afterward the county seat, Oskaloosa. John White, John Montgomery, Felix Gesford, D. W. Canfield and others had stealthily spied out the ground and had agreed upon their respective claims. They were not afraid of each other infringing, but of unknown parties who might be hidden around like themselves. Those men staked out their claims peaceably. John White's claim lay immediately north of what was chosen as the

"town quarter." The U. S. government reserves the privilege of choosing a quarter section of land anywhere on the public domain to locate a county seat upon. John Montgomery happened to select and stake out the very quarter the commissioners wanted afterward for the county seat. Mr. Montgomery had to give up his favorite piece of land and take claims elsewhere. Mr. M. was nicely fixed in the way of land, about which I will have more to say after a while.

John White built a cabin on his claim, said cabin being located about a mile directly north of the public square in Oskaloosa. There he brought his family—wife and two children—early in the Spring of 1844. Not long after, a little girl was born to them whom they named "Anestatia." I presume Anestatia was the first white child born anywhere around here. Anestatia died when she was six or seven years old. Mr. and Mrs. White had a son Edmond and a daughter Mary when they came to Mahaska County. John White was an energetic and shrewd business man. His prosperity soon began to be talked about through the country. I often heard the remark, "How well John White is getting along," or "If John White keeps on as he is going he will soon be the richest man in the county." Their prophecies and surmises turned out to be true, for John White, when he died, December 24th, 1870, was by far the wealthiest man in the county. The Whites didn't get rich by pinching and saving. They always, from the very first, had the best the country could afford. Mrs. White's neatness and cleanliness became a proverb throughout this region. The first time I ever was in her house I was overwhelmed

with the supreme cleanliness of everything in that log cabin. I just stood and stared. I had seen many cozy, clean cabins, but had never seen anything that equaled that. The walls and joists and boards overhead were whitewashed as white as snow; the two beds were dressed in counterpanes as white as white could be, and the pillow cases were snowy white and looked like they were just from under the iron. Every piece of tinware shone like silver, and her brass kettle like burnished gold; the andirons in the wide fireplace were polished, the ashes taken up clean and the hearth swept to perfection; there were two or three strips of rag carpet on the floor, but a considerable space was bare, but those bare puncheons were scoured until they were in a state of cleanliness not often witnessed.

Mrs. White's morning work was not entirely completed when I arrived that morning, so she went on and finished her dishes; and just as she put the last plate in the cupboard, she brought out a pan full of broken sandstone, remarking as she showed it to me: "John was down on the creek yesterday and he came across this fine, soft sandstone, and thinking it would be just the thing to scour with, he brought a lot of it home." She then proceeded to pound up a lot of that sandstone until it assumed the consistency of fine sand. Then she gathered up every tin pan, bucket, coffee pot, and tin cup in the house, and went to work on them with that sand. She finished the tin things, and then the brass kettle was made to take on a polish not often seen outside of Mrs. White's kitchen. After all that she tackled the wooden bread bowl and gave it a thorough scouring. I sat and gazed

with admiration and amazement. I thought everything in that cabin was as clean and shining as it could be before she began. I said, "Mrs. White, I think you excel any woman I ever saw in making things shine." "Oh!" she said, "If you think I am a good housekeeper, you ought to have seen my mother's housekeeping. She kept her shovel and tongs and tea-kettle handle polished like silver all the time." Mrs. White didn't limit her beautifying of things to the inside of her cabin, but kept a nicely swept door-yard, trained morning glories and cypress vines about her windows, and out in front she cultivated a great billowy mass of pinks and bachelor buttons, and marigolds and four o'clocks, of every shade and color. Mrs. White could make of a cabin in the wilderness a veritable bower of beauty.

The Whites were not like many others who came in the very early days, poor and barely able to exist, but were quite well-to-do when they lived in Jefferson County. Mr. White once told me that he was worth four thousand dollars in money and other property when he came to Mahaska County. If he did outstrip his fellows in the race for wealth, he had a better start than almost any man I knew of the early settlers. As I said before, they didn't get rich by scrimping and denying themselves the ordinary comforts of life. Mr. White, from the beginning, provided bountifully for his family. If the necessaries in the way of food were not to be obtained around here, he went off somewhere else and got them. They entertained hospitably and bountifully. Mrs. White was not only the best of housekeepers as regards carefulness and cleanliness, but was an exquisite cook. The day I

went there and she amazed me so with her neatness and shiningness of everything, I stayed and took dinner with them. Her dinner was served with a taste and skill as unusual as were her other housekeeping performances. The snowy, home made linen table cloth, with every crease made by the iron distinctly marked. The delicious great big slices of fried ham, placed in the platter in a way to look the most tempting, with cream gravy poured over. A dish heaped up with mashed potatoes, with a hollow place on top wherein was a big lump of butter. Biscuit tender, white, and puffy, the making of which, I think, is a lost art. A great roll of golden butter—not a little thin slice but a big roll, so artistically printed it seemed a pity to cut into it. Old-fashioned Java coffee, the kind which has gone clear out of fashion. If we had the same kind of coffee to-day, I don't think my "French chef" could excel in making coffee such as Mrs. White served at that unpretentious dinner in her log cabin. I have visited Mrs. White in her elegant home, furnished with every luxury of modern times; have dined at her board, glittering with cut glass and burnished silver; but none of it impressed me like the exquisite taste and skill displayed in beautifying her cabin home, and the superb cooking she did by that old-fashioned fire-place.

Many years ago Mr. White built an elegant home on the spot where their log cabin stood, and furnished it with everything beautiful from garret to cellar. As they went from room to room in that splendid home they went with sad hearts. A long row of little graves in the Old Cemetery tells the story. Their elegant home, broad acres, stocks, bonds, silver and gold were no bar against

that relentless reaper who claimed one after another of those lovely children, sparing none but baby Jennie. I remember a conversation I once had with Mrs. White when Jennie was a baby in her arms, and she only had one other child left, Iowa, who was a young, bright, happy-looking girl. Mrs. White had a settled sadness in her face as she talked of one child after another that had been taken. To divert her mind from her bereavement I commenced talking about her home and complimenting her on her beautiful surroundings. She looked around with a sigh, and replied: "O, yes; I have everything I desire in house and furniture and husband, but my children have been taken one by one, until I only have these two left, and I am looking for them to be taken from me as all the rest have been." Happy Iowa was snatched away in her youth, and the sorrowing parents saw another mound of earth added to the already numerous group. But Jennie, the baby, was spared.

John White was a good-looking man, a little less than six feet high, was active and quick in his movements; his hair was dark brown, his eyes blue-gray; he was a kind and obliging neighbor, was without affectation and the patronizing airs some men assume when they have outstripped their fellows in the race for wealth. There is an addition to Oskaloosa, laid out by John White, and called "White's Addition."

Mr. White was always prosperous, and sound financially. At the time of his death he was successfully carrying on the banking business. About the time of Mr. White's death, two young men, brothers, Israel and Ernest Gibbs, came from New England to Oskaloosa and

established themselves in the business of banking. They were not only fine business men, but handsome and distinguished-looking. Israel married one of Oskaloosa's fairest daughters, Miss Lucy Dodge, who is not only fair, but lovely in character. When John White died, Jennie, his little daughter, was hardly beyond childhood. When she became a young lady, her manners were pleasing, her face was fair, and she married Mr. Ernest Gibbs, who is and always has been a successful business man.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs have one daughter, Nellie, a bright and sparkling girl; she is handsome, like her grandmother once was. Mr. Ernest Gibbs has done much for the improvement of Oskaloosa; he has built many substantial business houses and numerous handsome dwellings. The poor of Oskaloosa and vicinity have reason to bless Ernest and Jennie Gibbs, for they have been fed and clothed and sheltered and warmed by these kind-hearted and benevolent citizens.

CHAPTER XII.

When I began my story, my purpose was to relate my recollections of the *early* settlers, their heroism in battling with the hardships and privations they were compelled to meet in converting the wilderness into the grand and glorious land we see to-day. My idea was to give to the present generation a plain and true account of the way things appeared to me in that long ago time. But I find myself continually wanting to tell about the children and grandchildren of those honest pioneers who have done and are still doing honor to themselves and to their worthy ancestors.

This part of Iowa did not have for its first white settlers a lot of thieves and schemers. There may have been a few of that sort, but if there were I can't think of any just now. All that I knew, and I knew a good many, were honest and obliging, willing that their neighbors should enjoy all the rights they claimed for themselves. They were generally God-fearing, Christian people, and had faith in God and in one another. The first settlers in the town of Oskaloosa, and the country

immediately surrounding it, were the people I knew most about in the pioneer days. There were little groups of settlers here and there all over the county. I knew the reputation of almost all, and was personally acquainted with many of those who were among the first to make homes in the wilderness. There was Dr. Warren, who lived in the extreme western part of the county; he practiced medicine, and was well spoken of as a physician, and was a grand, good man. He was a devout Methodist, and would go a long way to attend a religious meeting, especially Methodist. He was a licensed preacher, but did not take a regular circuit.

In 1845, when there was not a meeting-house in Mahaska County, the first court-house was built at the northwest corner of the public square in Oskaloosa, on what was called the "eye-tooth lot." Not long after it was finished, the Methodists held quarterly meeting therein. As is the custom among Methodists, they held what is called an experience, or speaking meeting. In that day it was their habit at those meetings to testify, or relate their religious experience, especially their conversion and the circumstances leading up to the same. There were Methodists here and there all over the county, or wherever there were a few families living near enough together to call each other neighbors. The Methodist folks from those remote settlements, as well as those near by, were at that meeting. Those people — strangers one to another – had come from different States and different localties; many of them had not had a privilege like that for months. I saw many faces there I had never seen before; many were shabbily dressed,

women came with sunbonnets on, and some with little babies in their arms; men in threadbare old-fashioned clothes. But honesty and earnestness of purpose were plain to be seen in their faces, though brown with exposure to sun and prairie winds. I can see them yet, though more than half a hundred years have come and gone since I sat with tears in my eyes and listened to the artless stories, told with simple eloquence, of the time, place and circumstances which led to their giving their hearts to the Lord and finding peace to their souls. I remember one young woman in particular. I didn't know who she was then, and I don't know yet, but in my mind I see her as she stood up in that meeting with a calico sunbonnet on and a little baby in her arms, and with tears streaming down her face, told about giving her heart to God at a camp-meeting back in Indiana, and that He had kept her in peace, though far from her old home and from meeting, living with only her husband and baby in a cabin a long way from neighbors. She went on to say: "If it was not for my faith in God I don't know what I would do. Wolves howl around my house and rattlesnakes crawl in my yard. Often when my husband is away from morning till night, breaking prairie or making rails, I am compelled to leave my baby and go away off to a slough to get water. When I start I lift my heart to God and say, 'Lord, please to take care of my baby,' and the Lord has always taken care of me and my baby. I have suffered no harm, though I have met many a rattlesnake on my way to the slough." When that woman had ceased speaking I saw tears in the eyes of many a rugged, sun-burned man.

After many others had testified, Dr. Warren rose up and made a speech which I have not forgotten; neither have I forgotten the way he appeared to me that day. He was near six feet high, with dark brown hair, and gray eyes with a tenderness in their expression. There was a look about him of chivalrous manliness that women are not afraid to meet, though they were alone in a wilderness. His voice and look were the kind that children instinctively take to; but what he said was this:

"My Christian friends, brothers and sisters, I find myself a stranger in a company who seem to be strangers to each other; many of us never saw each other's faces until we came to this meeting. We seem to have come to this meeting with a common purpose—that of worshiping the God and Father of us all, and of having our spiritual strength renewed. We have come to this new country from various States and various localities; the places of our nativity are widely separated from each other; there are scarcely two families from the same neighborhood. I have listened with much interest to the stories told by one and another, of your conversion, faith and Christian experience. As you talked, this thought came to me. No matter how diversified our homes and surroundings, whether among the tall poplars and clear, gravelly streams of Ohio and Indiana, the blue grass meadows of Kentucky, the wide prairies of Illinois, the hills and springs of Tennessee, or the New Purchase of Iowa, the religion of Jesus Christ is the same. Forsaking sin, resolving deep down in the heart to serve God, and trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ are followed by the same results, no matter where. I will go from this meet-

ing with my heart full of thankfulness. May the Lord continue to bless and keep you all."

Dr. Warren was an educated Christian gentleman; he went, after a long and useful life, to an honored grave. Some of his children and grandchildren are citizens of Mahaska County to-day, and are valuable members of society. Dr. Warren's son, Robert Warren, is now a citizen of Des Moines, but his boyhood, his young manhood, and his mature manhood days, clear on to the days when men arrive at the place where they begin to go down the hill of life, were spent in Mahaska County. Robert Warren has been a member of the State Legislature, and in many ways honored with the confidence of Mahaska's citizens. Robert Warren is a man amongst men; he is a fine-looking man, rather tall and well-proportioned, and like his father, at first sight one would feel that he was a man to be trusted.

Not long after coming to Mahaska County I heard that the Rev. Allen Johnson was in this region, and about two weeks after I began teaching that first school, I was told that Bro. Johnson was going to preach in Oskaloosa. I borrowed my uncle's black horse, Phillis, and came on a new road to Oskaloosa. Bro. Johnson preached in an unfinished and unoccupied log house. There was no floor, but the walls were up, a clapboard roof on, and a door sawed out. From somewhere, I presume away down in Jefferson or Van Buren County, Mr. Canfield, the owner of said house, must have gotten the plank of which some seats were improvised, and a sort of raised platform at one end. I have learned since that the first court ever held in the county was held in that

house, and that platform was the judge's bench. Rev. Johnson preached from that rostrum that day to an audience of perhaps thirty persons. He told us he would preach two weeks from that day at the house of Dr. Weatherford, where he proposed to organize a Methodist society, or class. The house where Bro. Johnson preached on that 29th of September, 1844, stood on Lot 5, Block 20, o. p., Oskaloosa. Dr. Weatherford's house was on Lot 7, Block 19, o. p., Oskaloosa. When that meeting was out and I had gone out of the house, I met my old acquaintance, Dr. Porter, who was very polite and proposed to assist me in mounting my horse, which was hitched up by Smith & Cameron's store. The doctor had much to tell me as we walked along toward Phillis, about Oskaloosa's prospects and possibilities. I remember with what pride he pointed to a pile of lumber on the east side of the public square, saying, "We are going to have a tavern. Mr. Charles Purvine is going to build right away, and won't that be a Godsend to we young fellows? And not only to us, but to the people we have been sponging on?" "I guess you have not been sponging very bad," I replied. "I don't know what else to call it," he said, "for here are Cage Williams, A. D. Jones, Esquire Edmundson and myself without a roof to cover our heads. If the people in these little cabins you see around here didn't shelter us and feed us and let us have a place to hang around in we would have to leave, or camp out on the prairie and go hungry. Of course, we try to compensate them, but we all feel like we are contracting a bigger debt of gratitude than we can ever pay." "That seems to be the natural order of things,"

I replied, "my uncle and aunt take in everybody that come along, make beds on the floor, feed them and their teams, and I never hear them say anything about debts of gratitude." "Well," said the doctor, "if there are not a whole-souled lot of people around here, I don't know where you would go to find them."

I climbed on a box, the doctor led Phillis up beside it, I took my seat in the saddle and joined my friend, Patterson Martin. He had found a much shorter road to Oskaloosa than the one the doctor's wife and I traveled on our first visit.

I never think of those early times without remembering the unfeigned friendship and kindness of Patterson and Amanda Martin. Little Mary, who was a baby when I first knew them, is the wife of Mat Crozier, one of Mahaska's prosperous farmers, and has a house full of sons and daughters of her own. John N. Martin, the second child of Patterson and Amanda Martin, Captain Martin now, served his country through the war of the rebellion, and is a respected citizen of Oskaloosa. Patterson Martin sleeps in Forest Cemetery. His devoted wife had a handsome monument erected to his memory, and his children plant flowers on his grave. His widow, Amanda, owns and occupies with her son Byron a valuable little farm and a comfortable and pretty cottage, not far from the place where they built their first cabin.

Amanda Martin, one of the very few of we old settlers who are left to tell the story of the early days, is bent with age and broken in health, but she, by great effort, comes to see me often. I am always glad to see her, and every time we meet we have a talk about the

people and the things of long ago. In all the fifty-five years that she has gone in and out among the people of this region, no one can truthfully say a word of harm of Amanda Martin. She was a self-sacrificing wife and mother, a kind and obliging neighbor, an humble Christian. Her children have reason to be proud of the mother who has lived in one neighborhood more than half a century, and all that time had the confidence and respect of her neighbors.

Amanda Martin came with her husband and baby to the New Purchase in 1843, lived in the crudest of crude cabins, and endured all the hardships of first settlers. At first their shanty was hardly a bar against the wolves that made night hideous with their howling. Deer were so plentiful they were often seen near their house; in those days deer were sometimes run down by dogs. One day Mr. Martin's dogs ran two deer close to their house; they were so near worried out that Mr. Martin killed them with an ax. That was late in the Autumn of 1844. I remember how excited he was when he came to my uncle's house, bringing a great big piece of venison and relating his adventures. We were surprised, for that was an unusual feat, even in that time of plenty, in the way of game.

There was a family by the name of Coontz, living not far from my uncle's. Their children all went to my school. One day, not far from the time Mr. Martin had slaughtered the two deer, Mrs. Coontz came running with all her might, bare-headed and screaming:

"Mr. Cox; a bear! Mr. Cox; a bear!"

Uncle Aaron, as soon as he caught her meaning,

snatched his rifle from its wooden hooks above the cabin door, slung on his powder horn and proceeded to follow Mrs. Coontz. She managed to tell him on the way that she had heard a pig squealing down by the cornfield fence, and on investigation found one of their shoats in the grasp of a bear. She called Mr. Coontz, who came with his gun and two dogs, at sight of which the bear ran up a tree. Uncle and Mrs. Coontz hurried to the scene, found Mr. Coontz with gun in hand, but afraid to shoot lest he should miss the bear and be attacked himself by that ferocious beast. Uncle Aaron was a sure shot. The dogs were making a big fuss, and the bear was away up on a limb of a dead tree, quietly watching things down below. Uncle took aim, fired, and brought the bear down, wounded. Both dogs jumped on the bear, which was not too badly wounded to make resistance. Mr. Coontz, to help the dogs out, seized a club to facilitate matters, but in his excitement struck one of his dogs the blow intended for the bear, which laid the dog out for a while. My uncle in the meantime had loaded his gun again, and the second shot put a quietus on the bear. Uncle was a modest man, never taking any glory to himself, and when he was sure the bear was dead he walked off home, leaving the Coontzes in undisputed possession. But the next morning Mr. Coontz came over, bringing a great big roast out of that bear's shoulder. It wasn't a large bear, but was fat. In that day bear's oil was thought to be an excellent oil for the hair. My cousins, Eliza Ann and Elizabeth, and myself cut a lot of fat off of that roast and rendered it out. We girls put the oil in a bottle and held it in common.

While I am talking about game I want to tell about the prairie chickens. My uncle had some shock corn out in the Winter of '44 and '45, and thousands of prairie chickens would light in that field. My cousins, William and James, made traps and caught hundreds of them. Prairie chicken is splendid meat, and nothing can excel the gravy on corn-bread, but we realized that Winter that there was such a thing as having too much of a good thing. How well I remember how pleased and triumphant those boys used to look as they came from their traps with both hands full of chickens.

In the Autumn of '44, when I was teaching that first school, and the Winter following, I went to Oskaloosa as often as I had opportunity and could find an excuse for going. That good uncle would let me ride Phillis when I didn't go in a wagon or sled with the Martins. My third trip was to the meeting given out by Bro. Johnson as the time and place he expected to organize a class, or society of Methodists. I had learned the way and was not afraid. That Sabbath morning, October 13th, 1844, I mounted Phillis and went alone through woods and sloughs and glades and across Spring Creek. I had learned to watch out for blazed trees. For fear the young generation will not know what "blazed" means in the way we used the word, I will explain. It was chopping out a big chip, or peeling bark off of trees along a dim road.

When in 1894 the fiftieth anniversary of that first organization of the Methodist Church had rolled around, the Methodist people of Oskaloosa proposed to and did hold a jubilee celebration lasting eight days. They gath-

ered all the history relating to the church, both ancient and modern, which they could depend upon as being correct, and produced the same in one way or another at that meeting. Letters were received and reminiscences related. Rev. E. H. Waring, once pastor of the church in Oskaloosa, but now retired, was one of the prime movers in getting up that jubilee celebration. He came one day to see me and told me about it and requested me to write an account of the first organization of the Methodist Church in Oskaloosa, and read it on anniversary day. I knew I was the only person in all this country who was there and witnessed that crude and humble beginning. I remembered well the day, and almost all the people, and nearly every circumstance connected with it. I promised Mr. Waring to write as true an account as I could, and read it on the day designated. I give here just what I read on that fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Methodist Church in Oskaloosa.

Reminiscences of the Early Days.

[BY MRS. T. G. PHILLIPS.]

Some of us who have arrived at the age of three score years can, by turning our thoughts back to childhood and early youth, see with the mind's eye a plain, unpretentious home where dwelt our parents, brothers and sisters. We remember with what pure delight we slaked our thirst at the spring which bubbled out of the hillside, forming a little brook which wandered off through the meadow, its banks lined with mint and rushes. The orchard with big apple trees whose limbs were bending down with great red apples: the great, tall poplar trees

looking so grand and holding their heads clear above the beech and sugar trees: the old meeting-house where we were wont to assemble on Sunday: the school-house where we were taught "the three R's," and besides "the three R's," a little of English Grammar and Geography.

About 1837 we began to hear a country talked of west of the Mississippi River called "Blackhawk's Purchase." A little later on we heard it called Iowa Territory. We heard wondrous stories of its broad prairies, rich soil and beautiful rivers. About that time there occurred a great financial crisis which led to the breaking of many home ties. Young men with small fortunes, besides health and pluck, bade farewell to parents and sweetheart: older men with families, whose earthly possessions, great or small, had been partially or wholly swept away by the panic, by one means or another made their way to Iowa Territory. Some of us remember a time in the early forties, when our household goods were piled into big wagons, the neighbors coming to bid us good-bye, the four horses or long string of oxen hitched to the wagon, the tearful parting with relatives and neighbors, the last look at the old home, the crack of the driver's whip, when we began to journey toward what seemed to us a far-off country.

The journey to some of us was delightful. The warm, happy, Indian Summer days: the mellow nights, just cool enough to make camping out pleasant: the poplars and beech and sugar trees arrayed in all the gorgeous coloring which a typical October can give in Ohio and Indiana: the crossing of big prairies in Illinois; the sluggish Illinois River, where were thousands upon thou-

sands of ducks, and finally the great "Father of Waters," are things which do not fade out of the minds of people of ordinary intelligence. The bluffs along the west bank of the great river were covered with oak, elm, hickory, and many other kind of trees and shrubs. To the west were great prairies, interspersed with groves and traversed by creeks and rivers whose banks were lined with various kinds of trees, festooned with vines whose grace of foliage cannot be described with pen or portrayed with artist's brush. The newcomer found everything here to make a prosperous, rich and beautiful country. Farms were opened, towns sprang up near the Mississippi, and before long the pioneer was found building his cabin and turning over the prairie sod as much as fifty miles west of the great river. In 1843 another purchase of lands was made by the United States government from the Indians. This purchase embraced, among others, what is now Mahaska County. While the Indians were still here, hunters and other adventurers had discovered a grand region lying between the Des Moines and Skunk Rivers. In journeying up through this region they beheld all about them a most charming prospect. Up the divide a vast native meadow, with tall grass waving and flowers blooming, groves to the right of them, groves to the left of them, a vista of green sward in front of them. Looking to the northwest could be seen what seemed to be the timbers bordering the Des Moines and the timbers bordering the Skunk, each reaching out an arm as if trying to clasp hands across the billowy mass of green. It was found that the Des Moines and Skunk Rivers drew nearer each other at this place than in all their meandering

course toward the great Father of Waters. Those early discoverers thought "Narrows" an appropriate name, so they called this place "The Narrows."

On the 1st day of May, 1843, white people were given the privilege of coming into this charming place and selecting claims whereon to make homes for themselves. There was not quite such a rush to get in here as there was to enter the Cherokee Strip, but there was something of a rush. Men staked out their claims by torchlight, and when daylight came on the first day of May all the land around and about The Narrows was claimed by somebody. Many families came and settled about through the country in '43. Some lived in tents, some in rudely-constructed log cabins, and some even lived for a time in the bark huts left by the Indians. The people who first located on the "Six Mile" prairie thought, and with reason, that they had found the very garden spot of the country. There were several Methodist families among the first who settled on the Six Mile prairie, and it is said that the very first sermon ever preached in Mahaska County was by a young Methodist preacher named Lewis, in somebody's cabin on the Six Mile prairie.

Those early settlers soon began to speculate and maneuver about the location of the county seat. The geographical center of what is now Mahaska County is about two miles north of the place then called The Narrows. The Six Mile prairie people wanted the county seat, the Center people wanted it, and the Narrows people wanted it. The Narrows could boast of having one residence and one other small cabin, with a sign on top on which was painted in large letters the word, "Grocery."

The residence was occupied by Perry Crossman and wife, Mrs. Jones, who was Mr. Crossman's mother-in-law (a lady possessing much native wit and shrewdness), and her two sons, George W. and John W. Jones. Mrs. Jones also had a handsome young daughter, Sarah, who is now Mrs. McWilliams, and a citizen of Oskaloosa. The Commercial House, with the sign of grocery on top, was not a wholesale establishment, but did a retail business, not only in groceries, but in what is called "general merchandise." Mr. Crossman and the Jones brothers were sole owners and proprietors, and enjoyed without competition the entire trade of The Narrows. When the commissioners who were appointed to locate the county seat came in the Spring of '44 they found hospitable entertainment at the Crossman-Jones residence. There they made their headquarters while examining the different points claiming to be the best locations.

That was an early Spring, and by the first of May the groves and prairies looked lovely. The commissioners looked at Six Mile; they looked at the Center, and were rather favorably impressed with that place, not only on account of its being the geographical center of the county, but on account of the many beautiful groves. Among those groves were a number of slight depressions which we called "sloughs." At that time they were all clothed in green and looking their best. After examining all points they assembled at the Crossman-Jones residence to talk it over and make their decision. Mrs. Jones was present during their deliberations and eagerly listening to their remarks, heard one gentleman say: "The Center is a desirable location on account of those

groves being clustered in there so nicely. Why, the Center has seven groves." Mrs. Jones, on hearing this remark, took the liberty of making the following speech: "Gentlemen, you say the Center has seven groves: well, sure enough it has seven groves: but did you notice that mixed up with those seven groves are ten sloughs?" One of the commissioners remarked: "Mrs. Jones is about right." The others thought so, too, and that is the way the county seat came to be located at The Narrows. This was on Saturday, the 11th day of May, 1844.

The new county seat was named "Oskaloosa." A quarter section of land was selected, surveyed and laid off into town lots; these lots were offered for sale to the highest bidder. Several were sold, but bids were so low the sale was stopped for a while. Very soon some log houses were commenced. The first court was held in an unfinished log house. On September 14th, 1844, there were just fifteen little log cabins in Oskaloosa. The first sermon preached by a Methodist in Oskaloosa was on Sunday, September 29th, 1844. Allen Johnson was the preacher. He announced at that meeting that he would on October 13th, hold a meeting at the home of Dr. Weatherford, at which meeting he proposed to organize a class, or society. He requested all who held letters of membership in the M. E. Church to take them with them. By that time several Methodist families had located in Oskaloosa. Dr. Weatherford's house was a log cabin of one room about 15 by 18 feet in size, and was located on Lot 7, Block 19, in the town of Oskaloosa. The weather generally was lovely that fall, but that particular Sunday was cloudy. There was a chilliness in the air which

made one think all the time that it was going to snow; but it didn't snow. Dr. Weatherford and his wife made their one room as comfortable as they could for the meeting; some fifteen or twenty persons had gathered there by eleven o'clock. The doctor was only a brother-in-law to the church, but he had skirmished around among the neighbors and borrowed chairs enough to almost seat the entire congregation; as many as could, sat on the bed. In the wide fireplace a heap of logs were blazing which sent a glow of warmth over the faces of that little group. The coffee-pot and sauce-pans hung on the wall; the water-bucket with gourd dipper sat on a box; some blue-edged plates ornamented a shelf on the wall. That state of things seems amusing to people of to-day, but that earnest group of worshipers never thought of being amused. Brother Johnson came in, warmed his hands, took off his overcoat, seated himself by the little table where a Bible and hymn-book had been placed, sat in silence a few moments, then proceeded to open the meeting by reading a hymn. He informed the congregation that the hymn would be sung in common meter, and would some brother please lead in singing? We will sing without lining.

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

Brother William G. Lee led the singing. There were good singers in Oskaloosa, even then. The whole congregation knelt while Bro. Johnson prayed; he preached, then invited all who wished to join by letter or by giving him their hand to come forward. Some twelve or fourteen persons then formed the little band which consti-

tuted the beginning of the Methodist Church in Oskaloosa. Among those who that day gave their letter or their hands to Bro. Johnson, were Dr. William G. Lee and wife, Samuel Gossage and wife, George Jennison and wife, Mrs. Mary Weatherford, Mrs. Hannah Phillips, and the writer of this, who was then Semira A. Hobbs. The others I cannot recall. After that little organization, meetings were held regularly in one little cabin and another until the court house was built, which was the next year, 1845.

In these days of fine churches, with cushioned pews or opera chairs, carpets, pipe organs and electric lights, young people smile at the idea of holding meetings in little log cabins lighted with a tallow candle or a grease lamp made in a piepan; but we who lived here fifty years ago and helped to lay the foundation of Iowa's present greatness, saw nothing ludicrous in those crude and humble beginnings. Heavenly meetings were held in those little cabins. For a Methodist preacher, in those days, training in a Theological school was not thought to be necessary, but to be soundly converted, feel a call to preach, and have a tolerable education were the main requirements. Some of that class found their way into the wilds of the New Purchase fifty years ago, and with an eloquence born of faith and an earnest desire to serve God and save souls, stirred and melted the hearts of their hearers. Souls were converted and shouts of joy were heard. Prayers and old-fashioned Methodist songs and love feast meetings, where the brethren and sisters would meet and relate their Christian experiences, made those little log cabins seem "Heavenly places."

All the good people who first came and helped to make this country great and prosperous were not Methodists, though a considerable portion of them were Methodists of the old stamp. The first church erected in Oskaloosa was by the Cumberland Presbyterians. In the very early days they were more numerous than any other denomination. They built their church in 1846, and at that time had a large membership, but in 1849 so many of them went to California their church here was almost broken up. Other branches of the Presbyterian Church were represented by good and substantial families, whose children and grandchildren are among Mahaska's best citizens to-day. There were a few Baptists here, and in the Spring of 1845 there was a society organized in Smith & Cameron's new frame store building, on Lot 1, Block 28, o. p., Oskaloosa. Mr. Post was the minister.

The red man's bark huts were still standing in Kishkekosh, and his footprints scarcely washed out by the rain, when a little colony of Quakers appeared on the scene and located on one of the most beautiful and fertile spots to be found in Mahaska County. Quakers are and always have been Orthodox in principle, devout in their allegiance to Christ. Quakers were first to discover that women had brains; the first to emancipate women from church slavery and place them side by side with men in the ministry and all affairs of church. Among their fundamental principles are freedom and justice. Quakers make good citizens. They establish and carry on good schools, and add to the prosperity of any community wherein they establish themselves in any considerable numbers. They never permitted their members

to buy and sell men and women. No denomination has done more to enhance business, prosperity, education and moral culture in Mahaska County than the Quakers.

Much is said in these days about the sacrifices made by the families of early settlers. They did break sod, make rails, cook, eat and sleep all in one room; they sometimes went many miles in order to procure corn meal to make bread, which things were somewhat inconvenient, but there was very little sacrifice about it. If we who were the actors on that early stage were making sacrifices, we were not conscious of it. Not many of us had been accustomed to luxuries before we came. Those who had been accustomed to better things before they came, seemed to accept the situation cheerfully. I don't remember of hearing any talk of "sacrifice" in the early days. We had many things which in these days are called luxuries; we had wild turkey and quail, and venison and prairie chicken; we had blackberries and wild gooseberries and strawberries, and an endless variety of plums. There was very little suffering for want of food.

The more I think about the pioneer men and women the more I admire their character. I can hardly recall a man or woman among them who was not honest, honorable, brave, hospitable, high-souled. The most of them have joined the great majority, but if we look about us we will see some of Mahaska's best citizens among their descendants.

Saturday, October 13, 1894.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next time I went to Oskaloosa was some time toward the last of November. There was going to be meeting in Purvine's tavern, held by the Cumberland Presbyterians. The Martins being members of that church, and as was their custom, informed me of the meeting and proposed going; but when the Sunday morning came, Patterson came by my uncle's and informed us that something had happened which prevented Amanda from going, but he had decided to walk, and knew a nearer cut to town than any we had gone before. Phillis was at my disposal, as usual, so I mounted Phillis, and Patterson walked ahead, along that newly-blazed path I followed. We crossed Spring Creek near the place where the bridge on the road to Carbonado is now. We came through timber the most of the way. On reaching the open prairie the most charming view opened out to my vision that I had seen in Mahaska County, and I had seen a good many. Just after leaving the main timber our road led between two small groves. The leaves had fallen—every tree stood out clear of any undergrowth of

hazel or other bushes. There was none of that kind of small growth around there, and I thought of what my Aunt Delilah had said about that particular feature of the New Purchase, when we first came to Iowa. Just after passing those groves we were out on the broad open prairie. One of those groves was long known as "Picnic Grove." The one just west of it has been known to Oskaloosa people by different names: "The Phillips Grove," "The Hawkins Grove," and so forth, and now an ugly coal shaft disfigures the spot once so beautiful. A little way to the southwest the little village of Oskaloosa loomed up, not as I had seen it a few weeks before, but instead of only a few log cabins there seemed to be dozens of frame houses, all painted white. Off to the north was that most beautiful of all places around Oskaloosa, when in its native state. Gently sloping to the east, a background to the north of fine timber, at the foot of the slope to the west ran a babbling little brook, whose banks were lined with willows and other trees which delight the eye. That spot which looked so charming to me on that November Indian Summer day, afterwards was the first home of myself and the husband of my youth. I had no idea who the owner was when I first saw it, but the place had a fascination, and I just gazed and thought "How beautiful!" No wonder I had some cloudy foresight into the future, for there my young husband and I went to housekeeping; there my two sons were born; there sleep my precious dead, and there I expect to sleep my last, long sleep. Although nearly fifty-five years have come and gone, I remember all that scene of charming landscape, and my thoughts as it broke upon my vision, as

clearly as if it was yesterday. The way Mr. Martin looked as he walked along ahead. Mr. Martin was a small man, but he walked with a quick, elastic step. Very little had been said as we wended our way along that blazed path, as he was generally a rod or two ahead, but when that scene and the town loomed up in plain sight, he turned around and remarked, with a look of pride in his face: "Oskaloosa is beginning to look like a town, ain't it?"

When we came into the town we saw that a number of houses had been built around the public square. On the north side of the square was what seemed a very long store building with a store already in it; how fine it looked. That store was owned by A. J. Davis, the man over whose millions there has been so much litigation in Montana. George Jennison and a boy named Frank Reeves had charge of the store. Another frame building which was painted white had just been built on the west side of the square was owned and occupied as a store of general merchandise by Wm. B. Street. Of course I didn't see those people and their stocks of goods that Sunday, but afterwards.

Mr. Charles Purvine had his tavern up on the east side of the square and there was where the meeting was held. The house was only weatherboarded and covered; there was no floor, and only studding where the partitions were going to be. The workmen's benches were in and shavings about on the ground. That was an old-fashioned frame with hewed sills and posts, and the joists or sleepers were not in for the floor. The ground was bare all inside of the house; seats were improvised of

blocks with planks laid on them. A row of young men sat on a carpenter's work-bench, with shavings thick around their feet. John W. Jones was among those who sat on the work-bench. The house was full of people and they had come from far and near. A number were there from Six Mile, as a funeral sermon in memory of a Mr. Wilson, who had died several months before on Six Mile, was to be preached by Rev. Baxter Bonham.

It seems to have been thought by some ministers in that day, that to cause violent weeping and wailing among the audience, especially the friends of the dead, was the proper thing to do in preaching a funeral sermon. Mr. Bonham seems to have been of the class who entertained this idea. He came to that meeting prepared to operate on the tender sympathies of his audience. His supply of touching incidents was great; his emotional eloquence not only set his audience to weeping, but set him to weeping himself, and he fell into such a fit of weeping that he was compelled to stop talking and just stand there and weep. The situation became embarrassing, so much so that after a few moments he apologized to the audience, informing them that his love for the deceased was so great and his grief so intense that he could not restrain his tears.

By the time winter had fairly set in, Mr. Purvine had his tavern in running order, and was prepared to entertain the traveling public and all those doctors and lawyers who were homeless. That tavern was a story and a half with four good-sized rooms on the first floor and one big room up stairs with six beds in it. Mr. Purvine's was the first tavern built in Oskaloosa, though Mr. Can-

field did keep what was called a tavern a little while. The Canfields kept the judge and lawyers who held court the Summer before. Many funny incidents used to be related of the Canfields' tribulations in trying to provide for that functon. Mr. Purvine kept that tavern only a few months, when in the Summer of 1845 he sold out to Jerry Brown and Thomas J. Willis. Mr. Willis was not married, but held a valuable claim some three or four miles east of town, which he traded to Mr. Purvine in that tavern deal. When I first came to Mahaska County Mr. Willis and Mr. Wm. B. Campbell were keeping bachelors' hall jointly, both improving claims. If they were not adjoining, they were very near together. Mr. Campbell is one of the few who live where they first settled. He married Miss Sarah Lucetta Dunbar in 1847. They have always been respected and useful members of society. Their son, Walter Campbell, is an honorable and prosperous business man and a respected citizen of Oskaloosa. Walter Campbell's wife, who was Miss Mollie Moreland, is one of Oskaloosa's brightest women.

Mrs. Jerry Brown, wife of Mr. Willis' partner, died soon after moving into the tavern. Mr. Willis went to the Galena lead mines, where his health failed and he died in 1846. The Purvine tavern was on the ground where the Downing House now stands, Lot 5, Block 19, o. p. That hostelry changed owners frequently in the first few years of its existence. In 1852 Mr. J. M. White purchased it and for a while it was kept by Mr. Hugh McNeely, who, in partnership with John R. Needham, in 1850 printed the first newspaper ever printed in Oskaloosa. That was the beginning of *The Oskaloosa Herald*.

I read the first issue of that paper and have read nearly every one since. That first issue of *The Herald* was a small affair, but fully up to other things in that early day. I remember well how eagerly I seized that little sheet and I never stopped until I had read every advertisement and everything else on it. I was so proud to know that Oskaloosa could afford a newspaper. In these days when newspapers are lying about in heaps and piles in almost every house, my thoughts go back to a time when we hardly ever saw a newspaper: when by any chance one would fall into my hands I would read it over and over again. Though some of the articles therein were too deep for my comprehension I would read them any way.

In the Autumn of 1844, when I was teaching that first school, Tom Springer sent me a periodical called *The Illuminated Magazine*, and published in London. Mr. Springer was the eldest son of Matthew Springer, one of the men who located a claim at Mahaska Center in 1843, thinking the county seat would be located there. The Springers were people of more than ordinary intelligence, not satisfied with the commonplace, and possessed of force of character. Matthew Springer was an entertaining talker, an unselfish, kind-hearted man. His children were bright, intelligent and respectable. Tom, when a young man, learned the printing trade in Indiana. I was not very well acquainted with him personally, but used to hear people speak of him as a talented young man, and when he was kind enough to send me that magagine, no wonder I was pleased and felt flattered. I kept that magazine for years laid away among my few sacred keepsakes, but finally some ruthless hand de-

stroyed it. That brings to my mind an incident which happened years ago. I had carefully saved for years every number of a literary paper which I prized very much for the short articles therein, written by Henry Ward Beecher, Fanny Fern, and other spicy writers. I contemplated, when I should find a convenient season, cutting out those gems of wit and wisdom and placing them in a scrap-book. I had folded them and arranged them in regular order, tied them securely in bundles and put them away on a shelf in a closet up-stairs. I had placed them in perfectly even layers, wrapped a string around the short way and then around the long way and tied it good and tight, for I had a vague idea that there were persons even in this intelligent region who didn't value one old newspaper more than another. I felt that I had guarded my treasure safely against any such unappreciative creatures. But, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. One day I had a Negro man and his wife cleaning my upper rooms. After leaving them alone several hours I went up-stairs to see how they were getting along. I found them busily engaged in polishing windows, and my treasured papers all over the floor in torn piles and wads, a ruined mass. I could have cried with vexation, and when I tried to explain to them the ruin they had wrought, they gazed at me in blank astonishment, and all they had to say was: "Why, Missus, we nevah knowed dem dah ole papahs wuz any 'count only ter rub winders!" Tom Springer's *Illuminated Magazine* went something in the same way.

The articles in that magazine were on subjects entirely too abstruse to be understood by a mind so crude

as mine was then, though I remember one article in which the writer commented very satirically on the ceremony which had just occurred at the christening of one of the little princes, son of Queen Victoria. He told of the fabulous sums expended on that infant's honiton lace robes which had been prepared expressly for that occasion, in which his sponsors renounced the world, the flesh and the devil. The writer seemed to think that honiton lace robes costing thousands of pounds was a pretty expensive outfit in which to renounce the world.

Tom Springer went to California in the early time of gold excitement, was editor and proprietor of a paper there, and at one time was State printer. I knew Matthew Springer in Indiana when I was a little girl. The Springers were descendants of the "whale fishers" of Nantucket, the Coffins, Macys, and so forth. Persons versed in the history of the early settling of America know what manner of people those Nantucket whale fishers were—enterprising, fearless, brave and honest. "A law unto themselves." Matthew Springer was born in the 18th century, was married three times and had three sets of children. Not long ago I had the pleasure of meeting the son of his old age, Matthew, Jr., and his charming wife. I could see in Matthew, Jr., the looks and the tastes of the old stock.

Mrs. Sarah Boswell, an aged lady whom everybody loves and calls "Aunt Sade," a niece of Matthew Springer Sr., has for more than forty-eight years been an honored citizen of Oskaloosa. A pillar in the Methodist Church and truly a "Mother in Israel." Mrs. Boswell is the daughter of Job Springer, who was sheriff of Jasper

County, Iowa, in the early days. Mrs. David Evans, another daughter of Job Springer, lives in Newton now and is a lovely lady. "Aunt Sade" has never been blessed with a child of her very own, but has nursed, brought up, cared for and loved more orphaned brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews than any woman I ever knew. Her house has been a refuge for the homeless, whether of her own kin or not. Her hands, her voice, her means have been employed in words of comfort and acts of benevolence. Aunt Sade is a woman of many gifts; she is many sided, and can adapt herself to almost any circumstance. She is at home with the cultured, the wealthy, the learned, and can, if occasion requires, mingle with the lowly and destitute, and even the criminal without at all losing her self-respect or self-possession. Her husband, Isaac Boswell, has been sleeping many years in Forest Cemetery. I remember well when they came to Oskaloosa, a young and handsome couple, full of life and hope and honest purpose. They lived and worked together in harmony. Aunt Sade has endured her lonely widowhood with patience, courage and Christian resignation. She is away past three score and ten, and is just waiting for the Lord to take her where we think she will find treasure upon treasure.

In the Fall of 1843 Mr. A. G. Phillips, of Morgan County, Illinois; having heard much of the beauty and natural advantages of the New Purchase, decided to come and see for himself if the glowing stories he had heard were true. When he came he found an old acquaintance in the person of Felix Gessford the possessor of a very fine claim, which he proposed to sell, and Mr. Phillips

bought it. That claim embraced a half section, which was the amount of land one man was allowed to hold as a claim. By some means he procured eighty acres more adjoining which he held for his oldest son until the son would be of age, which would be on February 18th, 1844. Mr. Phillips' claim embraced much of what is thought to be the most beautiful part of Oskaloosa—the southeastern, eastern and northeastern portion: it also included what is now Forest Cemetery. In the early Spring of '44 Mr. Phillips and wife, with their family of four sons and three daughters, came in wagons to Iowa Territory, arriving at the place called The Narrows, on April 22nd. There was just one house then on the spot where Oskaloosa now stands. One of their wagons was drawn by four yoke of oxen, the other by two horses. The horse wagon carried the tent, bed, cooking utensils, and in which the family rode when they desired to do so. They drove some loose cattle through, and had some extra horses on which the children rode when they chose to. The ox wagon, which would hold almost as much as a railroad car, contained their household furniture, farming implements, and as they supposed, enough provisions to last the family until they could raise a crop. Mr. Phillips had lain in a large supply of breadstuff, bacon and dried apples, bushels of corn meal and six barrels of flour, all six barrels being intact when they ended their journey and called out "whoa" to that long string of oxen, on the spot where Oskaloosa's park, or public square, now is.

There were a number of families living within two or three miles in different directions, who it seems had all heard that the Phillipses were coming, and had bread, or

the material to make bread. Those families had come the year before and many of them were out of bread. The Phillips boys had hardly gotten their oxen unhitched and turned out to graze when their father called them to come and unload a barrel of flour and knock in the head, for people were standing around waiting for flour, or meal, or something to make bread of, with pans, buckets and pillow cases. When they had deposited the barrel on the fresh, clean grass, Watson, one of the sons, took an axe, broke in the head, and laid that white, tempting mass open to their view. One tall, slim fellow from "Hoosier Bend," exclaimed: "Jeemeses River! that makes my mouth water. I haint tasted a biscuit for six months!"

Mr. Phillips, as he stood by enjoying the scene and the remarks made by one and another, said: "Now, Wat, get something to dip this out with, and gentlemen, come on and be helped." Wat went to the wagon and got a half-gallon tin cup and commenced dipping into that flour and pouring into their various receptacles. They kept on coming and Wat kept on dipping until that barrel was empty. Mr. Phillips asked no question in regard to name or location, but permitted each man to take as much as he wanted. Nobody counted the tinfuls nor said anything about weighing, but just put flour into their pans, buckets and sacks until they said enough. I have heard the Phillipses say that they believe every ounce of that flour was returned, though some of it was a long time coming. A year and a half after that flour episode a man came one day to the Phillips home, bringing about a gallon of flour in a pillow case. They had no recollection of the man, but he informed them that he was one of

the persons who had borrowed flour of them on the day of their arrival, and this was the first opportunity they had had of returning it, and he was much obliged to them. The Phillipses lived in their tent and wagons a few days, while the boys repaired to the timber down on Spring Creek and cut and hewed a set of house-logs.

When it was known that they were ready to raise their house nearly all the men in the country volunteered to help them, and stood by them until the house was ready to live in. Their first floor was of bark peeled off of big elm trees in great big strips and laid flat on the ground with the rough side up. That was rather a poor floor, but was better than the bare ground. The Phillipses brought a large cooking-stove with them, which was placed in that cabin. The pipe was not very safely fixed in the clapboard roof, and one day the stovepipe became overheated and set the roof on fire, which threatened to render the family roofless, but they were fortunate enough to extinguish the fire before any great damage was done. I have heard it said that was the first cooking-stove brought to Oskaloosa.

There was no Oskaloosa then, but the town was located soon after the Phillips family came, which was a source of great rejoicing, not only to that family, but to everybody who owned claims round about The Narrows. When Mr. James Seevers heard that the commissioners had selected this spot he threw up his hat and exclaimed: "Proud Mahaska!" and that is the way Proud Mahaska originated. Mr. Seevers was a quiet, undemonstrative man, but that was an occasion on which he felt called upon to do something a little out of the usual way.

Mr. Phillips first built his house in one of those groves, the one I went into ecstacies over on that Sunday morning when Mr. Martin was piloting me over that new road to Oskaloosa. Early in the Fall after the town was located and a road was laid out leading east from the town, called the Fairfield road, and running through Mr. Phillips' land, he moved his house nearer town and on that road. His land did not quite touch the original town quarter, but was not far from it. The place where he placed his house was what is now the intersection of Sixth Street and Second Avenue. He added another log house to it with a covered entry between; the family were then the proud possessors of a double log house. I can't think of another family in all this region who had two rooms at that time, except the McMurrays.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and some of the other families around felt that their children ought to be having the advantages of a school. So the Phillipses permitted the east room of that house to be used for that purpose, and in the winter of '44 and '45 a gentleman by the name of Caldwell taught in that room the very first school ever taught on the ground where the town of Oskaloosa now stands. In the Summer of 1845 James Johnson, a brother of Allen Johnson, the minister, taught a school in an unfinished frame house belonging to Levi Smith. That house was located on Lot 2, Block 28, o. p., or more definitely speaking, on the lot where Howard's grocery and the Blue Front are. In 1845 I taught a school in the same house I taught the first school in. I began on the first Monday in April and taught three months on the same terms I taught the first. Several families had

moved in that Spring and my school was increased in numbers.

In the Winter of '44 and '45 the government surveyors used that school-house for a camp. I don't think they asked anybody's permission, but just took possession. I don't know how they managed to sleep in that cold place, but they did sleep there and cook by that sod fireplace. When I went back to teach in the Spring there were many evidences of the house having been inhabited. There were streaks of tallow on the walls, the drippings from candles which had been fastened there with jack-knife or forked stick. Evidently they had used my writing-desk for a kitchen table, for those puncheons once so clean and white I found all covered with spots of grease. Their ruthlessness, or the wintry blasts, had played havoc with my oiled paper windows. Not a pane was left intact. Only a few fluttering strips of greasy paper were left clinging to that ingeniously-constructed window sash.

On my visits to Oskaloosa I had become acquainted with nearly all the first settlers in the town and all around. It wasn't much trouble to get acquainted then. Folks didn't stand on ceremony, but were glad to get acquainted any way they could. I don't mean to convey the idea that there was no discriminating between respectability and disregard for the decencies of life, but no one was shunned on account of poverty or for having little book learning. The greater number of the first settlers were poor and became poorer as regards food and raiment before they began to reap the fruits of their early struggles. The most of them were fairly well educated for that day,

but occasionally could be found men and women of real worth who could neither read nor write.

There were no beggars here in early days. People would borrow of their neighbors and return the things borrowed, but to beg was a thing too degrading to be thought of. To offer a family food or clothing as a gift because they were thought to be too poor to provide for themselves would have been considered an offense. They were too high-spirited to be counted objects of benevolence. They would rather have worn patches and lived on corn bread and turnips. When Oskaloosa had four or five hundred inhabitants and two taverns, the landlady of one was talking to another lady about the great waste of food in her house. She said, "In my pantry is nearly a barrel of bread, not mouldy, only dry; we can't use it and it seems too good to feed to pigs." The other lady said, "Can't you give it to somebody?." The landlady replied, "I would be glad to give it away, but I don't know a family in this town I would dare to offer it to." I had read and heard of beggars, but I had kept house for twenty-five years before there ever was a beggar came to my door, with the exception of a few straggling Indians.

There were no mills in this region for a year or two after the country began to be settled, and when the people began to run out of bread somebody would go with a big ox wagon away down toward the Mississippi river and bring back a big lot of corn meal and perhaps a small quantity of flour. In that way they supplied a whole neighborhood, and when the supply would run low again somebody else would go. By the time the second crop of corn was raised there were two mills on Skunk

river, each about four miles from Oskaloosa. One was built by a man by the name of Duncan and the other by a man named Comstock. Mr. Comstock's son, Captain Comstock, lives now near the place where that mill was built. A few years ago Captain Comstock laid out and improved a beautiful park along the river, and called it "Riverside Park." He made circuitous drives, had boats on the river, built a boat-house and pavilions, and did many other things for the accommodation and pleasure of his patrons.

The Mr. Bonham whom I have mentioned as the man who delivered that memorable funeral oration was a son-in-law of John Cameron, who was a prominent minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Mr. Cameron and his numerous family came to Oskaloosa in 1845. He had ten daughters and one son. That son, Thomas Cameron, was one of the proprietors of the firm of Smith & Cameron, who established one of the first stores; some say the first. Others have told me that the Jones Brothers were the first. I know that on my first visit to Oskaloosa both of these mercantile houses were among the fifteen cabins which I counted. Mrs. Cameron's daughters were nearly all married. The whole set, sons-in-law and all, came to Oskaloosa in the course of a year or two after the first settlement. Mrs. Purvine, wife of the first tavern keeper, was Mrs. Cameron's daughter. The whole Cameron family without a single exception, sons-in-law and daughter-in-law, were members of the same church. Mr. Berry, one of the sons-in-law, built the front part of the house where Dr. Wiley lived; which was one of the first, if not the first, brick house built in Oska-

loosa. They all came here with the purpose of locating permanently, but in 1848 gold was discovered in California. In that gold excitement, with others, the whole Cameron family except one daughter, Mrs. Lister, sold out and in 1849 went across the plains to California.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was strong for so new a county. They had the only church building in Oskaloosa, and when the Cameron family all went off at once it came near breaking up the society. That church was located on Lots 5 and 6, Block 36, O. P. Patterson Martin and his brother, Silas, furnished the timber, hewed the sills, and hauled and placed them on the ground for that church. I remember seeing them in the summer of 1846 hauling those long sills from what was called "Skunk river timber." Dr. Hugg owns that house now and has converted it into a pretty and comfortable dwelling. The members of that church were ambitious enough to want a bell, and a bell was procured in Keokuk and hauled from there in a two-horse wagon, and it was so arranged on a frame that it rang all the way from Keokuk to Oskaloosa. We heard the bell ringing as it came up the lane just east of town. We all went out to the fence to see what it meant, and I well remember the look of pride on that driver's face as he passed the gazing group.

One of the prominent families among the first inhabitants was the Jones family. Mrs. Jones, an elderly lady, was a widow with an unmarried son and a daughter. John W. Jones was a handsome young man; tall and straight, with dark hair and eyes. His eyes always had a twinkle, for he was brim-full of mischief and humor and always had a joke ready. The Joneses were all tall

and straight and handsome, with dark hair and eyes and fine complexions. George W. Jones was married before he came and his wife was a handsome woman. These brothers were together in business and were successful merchants in Oskaloosa for many years. John W. was elected state treasurer during the war of the rebellion. For many years the homes of these brothers were in Des Moines, where both died a few years ago. Mrs. Jones, their mother, died in Oskaloosa in the Autumn of 1845. Sarah, the daughter, was a young girl when they came here. She was as fair as a lily, and as witty and possessed of as much genuine, solid humor as her brother John. She married Mr. Samuel McWilliams. Mrs. McWilliams has been a widow many years, but is blessed with three charming daughters and a son, Gus McWilliams, a talented young business man, who recently resigned a lucrative position in an honorable and responsible business to enlist in one of Uncle Sam's fighting squadrons. Mrs. McWilliams has reason to be proud of her daughters, who were all wise enough to choose fine business men for husbands. Two of them are engaged in raising citrons and other fruits near Tampa, Florida. Mrs. McWilliams' eldest daughter, Ellen, was one of the bright girls of Oskaloosa College in its palmiest days. Her school days were hardly over when she was married to Mr. Chamberlain, who was not only possessed of wealth as regards this world's goods, but is endowed with honor and every other quality which goes to make a manly man. They are a broad minded pair and have traveled much. Mrs. Chamberlain, as I said before, was a bright girl in school; but when she laid aside her school

books and united her life and future prospects with that excellent man, Mr. Chamberlain, mental culture with her had only fairly begun. She has gone on from one degree of development to another until we find her at what is termed "middle age" a spicy writer, and a brilliant talker before audiences of brilliant men and women. Mrs. McWilliams, though well advanced in years, is a stately looking woman, and can relate more incidents of the early days than anybody I know: especially if there was a ludicrous side to the event she relates it in an amusing style.

There were a great many families came and settled in Oskaloosa in 1845. The Hetheringtons: Dr. Owen, who was a practicing physican here for forty years; Geo. Baer and family, whose son John Baer is a citizen of Oskaloosa to-day. George Baer was a tailor by trade, and built and occupied a small frame shop on the west side of the square. That shop was burned in the first fire which ever occurred in the town. The Roops also came in '45. Benjamin Roop and wife came here with a family of five daughters and one son. David Roop was the son. Mary, the eldest daughter, married R. R. Harbour, a mechanic, a bricklayer by occupation. It was soon discovered that Mr. Harbour was a young man of more than ordinary mental ability. He was elected to the State Senate soon after Iowa became a State. One of Mr. Harbour's sons, whom we all called "Jeff" when a boy, is now on the editorial staff of the "Youth's Companion" and resides in Boston. Another son of the Harbours is a member of the Senate in Utah. The Harbour children are all bright.

Benjamin Roop and family came from Ohio, and it is said they only had a few dollars when they landed in Oskaloosa. Mr. Roop was an energetic and shrewd business man, and in a very few years had erected and was running a large distillery and flouring mill. The distillery has long since gone into oblivion, but the flouring mill stands there yet grinding wheat for the multitude, and is now known as "Siebel's Mill." Mr. Roop in the late forties built what was thought then to be a fine two-story and basement frame dwelling on North A street. That house is now owned and occupied by a family by the name of Avey. Mr. Roop flourished and grew rich so fast that in two or three years after he built near his mill a very large and commodious brick dwelling house. That house was built in the early fifties, and was at that time supposed to be one of the finest private residences in Iowa. It has changed owners many times, and has been occupied by many different parties as a hotel. Mr. Roop's daughters were every one practical, sensible, splendid women.

In 1845 Orson Kinsman built a two-story frame on the southwest corner of the square (Lot 8, Block 20) for a tavern, and called it "The Oskaloosa House." Mr. Kinsman kept that house about a year and then sold it in the Spring of '46 to Wm. Dart, from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Mr. Dart kept a drug store in one room of that hotel, which was the first drug store in Oskaloosa. Before that the doctors kept a stock of medicine by them. Mr. Dart sold that hostelry in a year or so to Mr. John N. Kinsman, a brother to Orson. Property changed hands frequently in those days. If anybody wanted to sell there

was no trouble in finding a purchaser. John N. Kinsman's full name was John Newton Kinsman, and he was one of the commissioners that located the town of Newton, county seat of Jasper County, and Newton was named after Mr. Kinsman. Mr. and Mrs. John N. Kinsman were excellent people, honored and beloved by all who knew them: they sleep side by side in White Oak cemetery.

Mr. A. S. Nichols came in 1844 and built a dwelling house and blacksmith shop on West High avenue. He worked at his trade in the early days and made money. Mrs. Nichols' sister, Mrs. Shepherd, a handsome young widow, came to Oskaloosa in the early times. She and her two little boys had a home with the Nicholses. Mrs. Shepherd married Dr. Porter, and they both died many years ago. One of Mrs. Shepherd's sons, Will Shepherd, has long been a resident of San Buena Ventura, California. He is a lawyer and was once in partnership with Hon. John F. Lacey, and has several times been in the newspaper business. Mrs. Shepherd, who was Miss Theodocia Hall, daughter of Judge Hall, a prominent man in Iowa years ago, but who has long since passed away. Mrs. Shepherd is a niece of Mrs. Judge Seevers, and is a florist of national reputation: notices of her work, her bulbs and flowers, are frequently to be seen in the newspapers. Time brings about strange revolutions in families and communities as well as nations. The Roops who did so much in the early days to build up Oskaloosa are scattered here and there, and not one of the original family are citizens of Oskaloosa to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Roop and some of their children sleep their last sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the early summer of 1845, when I had finished my second term of school in that much mentioned first schoolhouse and collected a few dollars, I made a visit to Oskaloosa; my main object being to invest these few dollars in dry goods for my own personal use and adornment. A good plain road had been cleared out by that time and the distance shortened, so that it was a small matter to walk to town, which I did with ease. I was then staying with my cousins, Dr. Hobbs and wife. Their home was on what is known as the "Wing farm" now, and a part of the Carbonado coal lands. When I started on that trip to town it was a perfect summer morning. The birds were singing as I tripped through the woods and crossed that little babbling brook called Spring Creek. When I had climbed the hill, there I was, with Oskaloosa spread out in full view. Oskaloosa had spread out and looked like a pretty big town. The Smiths, the Camerons, the Weatherfords, the Joneses, the Purvines, and others had treated me with great kindness and had invited me time and again to visit them. About the first person I met on

reaching the square was Dr. Weatherford, who gave me such a cordial invitation that I went home with him. Mrs. Weatherford was a lovely lady, full of genuine hospitality. They had just moved into their new frame house on the west side of the square. The house had three rooms and was on the ground where the Golden Eagle clothing store now is. After dinner I visited A. J. Davis' store, bought two calico dresses and a pair of picnic mits. Then I visited Mr. James Johnson's school, which was kept in an unfinished dwelling-house on the south side of the public square. Mr. Johnson's school was composed of about twenty scholars. At that school I met Rachel Phillips, a young girl about thirteen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Phillips. I had become a little acquainted with Rachel and her older sister, Martha, on my previous visits to Oskaloosa. Rachel asked me how long I was going to be in town. I told her I was going home the next morning, and she exacted of me a promise to call at their house, as my road led by it. I had met so many pleasant people and had such a pleasant time, that when I started out the next morning I had forgotten my promise to Rachel until I was just by the house. When it came to my mind I turned about and started toward the house, where I met Mr. Phillips just coming out. He met me in the most friendly manner, shook hands, led me in and introduced me to his wife, who was friendly like the rest. Martha and Rachel, their father and mother all joined in an urgent invitation to stay and take dinner with them and not go home until late in the afternoon. Martha and Rachel, before I had entirely decided to stay, commenced relieving me of my

wraps and bundles, and as a further inducement told me that Mary Mosier was coming to spend the afternoon and help them quilt, and we would have a splendid time. The quilt was hanging in the frames, and I thought I was a good quilter, and liked to quilt, so I stayed. The Phillipses were originally from Kentucky, and had lived in a neighborhood of Kentuckians in Illinois. They were possessed of the typical Kentucky hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were not old people, though they had grown-up children. They both were between forty and fifty.

Musical instruments such as are seen in almost every house now were unknown to the "New Purchase" folks then, but people could sing without instruments. Mr. Phillips was one of the old-time singing teachers. He was a good singer and all his family could sing. At the time I am speaking of he was leader of a society of young people who met every Friday evening at the court house to practice singing, and that was the young people's chief means of entertainment. I hadn't been there long that day when Mr. Phillips broughts out a pile of music books and proposed that we have some singing. He told one of the girls to go and tell her brothers to come in. Those brothers were young men. The elder, Thomas Gorrell, was called "Gorrell," and the other, John Watson, was never called anything but "Wat" in the family. I had seen those young men at church but had not become acquainted with them more than just to speak. Gorrell was the young man whose voice had attracted my attention at the McMurray meeting the year before. Those young men were engaged in walling a

well with rock a little way from the house. Rachel came back and reported that the boys demurred; said their clothes were all covered with mud, and they were not in a suitable plight to meet a strange young lady. Their father said, "Tell them to come along and never mind the mud." I thought it my time to say something, so I said: "Rachel, tell your brothers not to mind me; I don't expect men to be dressed in their Sunday clothes when they are walling wells." They came in then and we all sang. The young men seemed a little ill at ease on account of their muddy clothes, and after we had sung a few pieces they hitched up a team and went to Skunk river for more rock.

After dinner Mary Mosier came and we four girls gathered around that quilt; we laughed and talked and quilted. Mary Mosier was rather a bright girl, and the daughter of a widow who owned and lived on a claim just south of town. Their house was on the hill just southeast of "South Spring Mill." There was no mill there then, but the big spring was there. Mary Mosier married M. T. Peters, a young lawyer located in Oskaloosa. Mr. Peters was an industrious and smart young attorney, and was making a good start in his profession; but when gold was discovered in California he was siezed with the gold fever, packed up, and with his wife and baby crossed the plains to California.

The day which I have been telling about and its seeming trivial occurrences which I have related, lead to things of much more importance to me and many others than I ever dreamed of when I called at the Phillips home that summer morning. After we had talked a

while, and sang a while, and the boys had gone to Skunk river for stone. Mr. Phillips asked me if I would like to teach a school in Oskaloosa. I replied, "If I could get a school and a place to teach, I would be glad to do so." He said, "There will be no trouble about that. I know of a house which is unoccupied, the Methodist parsonage; I will furnish five pupils, which will be a good beginning, and there are several families who will patronize your school. If you say you will teach, I will get the house and the scholars." I had never had things in that line made quite so easy. Before I left that afternoon things were all arranged. I was to come to their house the next Friday, have my article ready, go to the singing at the court house with the family, stay all night, and Saturday all the arrangements for my school would be made. I told Mr. Phillips I felt under obligations to him and was thankful for his kindness, when he replied: "I don't want you to think I am doing this disinterestedly. I feel that you will be doing me as great a favor in teaching my children as I am doing you in assisting you to get the school." When I mentioned a boarding-place, they all said I should board there: that their family was pretty large, but one more wouldn't make much difference. When I started home late in the afternoon the girls went with me nearly a mile. We sat down on the grass and talked a while, and in that talk it was agreed that when I came up on Friday, Martha and I would spend the afternoon with Mary Mosier and go from there to the singing society in the court house.

I went on home with my mind full of the day's events. I was charmed with the Phillips family; their

genuine whole-souled sociability and hospitality just suited me. I saw so little of the young men that day that I didn't think much about them. But the father, mother, and daughters! In fact, when I went that morning the young men in the family never entered my mind: I only thought of the girls. When I told the doctor and his wife of my adventure, they were pleased and congratulated me. The next day I went over to my uncle's and told them all about it and they were pleased, too.

I wrote my article of agreement, placing my price at two dollars per scholar, as Mr. Phillips had advised me to do, made one of my calico dresses, and when the next Friday morning came, donned that new calico dress and hied me away to Oskaloosa where I found the Phillips family expecting me and ready to greet me with a cordial welcome. Mr. Phillips took my article, went out in town and in an hour or two came back with nine scholars subscribed besides his own. John White, Stephen Gessford, Henry Blackburn, D. S. Canfield and Leper Smith had signed the article. Then I took it and went to Esquire Edmundson and Dr. Weatherford, who both became my patrons, and I had the promise in "black and white" of seventeen scholars. Some others declined to sign the article, but said they would send their children to school and I could keep an account of the time. I don't know how that Methodist parsonage came to be vacated, but it was and I taught that school in it free of rent. I suppose it was considered common property. It was a good deal better than the first school-house: it had one glass window, a very good door, and a fireplace lined with stone and a stone hearth. Mr. Phillips had some

benches put in and a slanting shelf for a writing-desk placed along the side of the window ways. That little log house was about fifteen feet square, the logs were hewed and the puncheon floor was quite nicely fitted down. The Methodist folks had taken pains to make their minister's home as nice as any cabin in the country. There was a well near the door, too, which everybody didn't have then. That building was located on the northeast corner of the intersection of A Avenue and Third Street. Dr. Beaudry's elegant home is located on the spot where that cabin stood.

The families who lived nearest the school were the Hetheringtons, who lived in a log house at the intersection of A Avenue and Third Street, and the Edmundson family who lived on the lot where the Catholic Church is located, Lots 7 and 8, Block 18, o. p., Oskaloosa. The Edmundsons lived in a cabin with wide fireplace, lined with stone. The chimney from the fireplace up was made of mud and sticks. I was taken into the Phillips family to board, and everything being satisfactorily arranged I began my school on Monday, September 8th, 1845. There were five of the Phillips children in my school. There were Martha, Rachel, Sam, Joan and James, usually called "Jim." Everybody knows where the John White place is. Well, Edmond and Mary White were there promptly every morning, coming diagonally across hills and hollows about a mile. Edmond died at twenty-five, and Mary was thirteen when she died. Two of the Canfield children, Ellen and Oscar, Henry Blackburn's two little girls, Hettie and Cassie, Leper Smith's daughter Euphemia, three of the Gessford children, Dr.

Weatherford's daughter Mary and son Willie, some of the Hetherington children and the Camerons dropped in occasionally, but the little Edmundson boys, Jimmie and Willie, were there every day. Their father, William Edmundson, Esquire Edmundson as he was called, was one of the best known and most respected of Mahaska's first settlers. He was appointed justice of the peace in the beginning of things here, and was elected Mahaska's first sheriff. I heard Mr. Edmundson spoken of often before I ever saw him, and everybody seemed to have a word of praise for him who mentioned his name.

While I was teaching that school I became quite well acquainted with the whole family. It consisted of Matthew and William Edmundson, who were both widowers; their mother, Mrs. Edmundson, who was a very aged lady, or at least we young folks thought her quite aged. We thought everybody old if they were past fifty. Most people called her "Grandmother Edmundson" when speaking of her, and when addressing her called her "grandmother." I don't think I assumed that liberty, but when I had occasion to address her I let "Mrs. Edmundson" suffice. Then there were Mrs. Edmundson's unmarried daughter, Margaret; Matthew's daughter, Mary, a girl some twelve or thirteen years old; and William's two little boys, Jimmie and Willie. The Edmundson home being on my road to school and also on my way to town, I often called in and had many a pleasant and profitable visit with Mrs. Edmundson and her daughter. Mrs. Edmundson was one of the brightest and most interesting old ladies I ever met. She had had a wonderful and varied experience which she would relate in an

entertaining manner. She was born in Greenbriar County, Virginia, in 1768. She went to Kentucky when a girl and rode all the way on horseback. I have heard her tell of the hardships they endured in the first settling of Kentucky, where they were weeks without bread, and lived in a state of terror for fear of being devoured by wild beasts or massacred by the Indians. Mrs. Edmundson was well on toward eighty when I first became acquainted with her, but showed no sign of imbecility. She had fed her mind and taken an interest in young people and the things which were happening in the world, and by so doing had retained her mental faculties. I used to tell her that her grandsons were among the nicest behaved boys I ever saw, and that I never had occasion to reprove them in school. She would reply, "Well, they ought to be good boys, for they had as nice a mother as boys ever had, but they were so young when she died that they will not rember much about her."

The mother of these little boys was a Miss Depew, sister of Wesley Depew, who in the early days was a citizen of Oskaloosa. Another Depew, brother to Wesley and Mrs. Edmundson, married a sister of Micajah Williams. He made a claim immediately north of the original "town quarter." That Mr. Depew died in the early days and never improved any part of his land. It was owned by his heirs a great many years, and went by the name of the "Depew eighty." The children, Jimmie and Willie, must have been very young when their mother died, for she died before their father came to Mahaska County in 1843.

William Edmundson was rather tall, slender, and

straight. His complexion was neither light nor dark; his manners were gentle, never loud nor boisterous, dignified yet easily approached; he was well informed, an interesting talker but a good listener, and was witty without being sarcastic. When another was talking, he didn't interrupt him or her in the middle of a sentence, but politely waited until they were through. He was generous and obliging, and was the owner of the only buggy in Oskaloosa at the time of which I am writing. He would lend it to the young fellows to take their girls driving, and when Micajah T. Williams and Virginia Seevers were married they made their bridal trip to Mt. Pleasant in that buggy.

Mr. Edmundson was a Kentuckian, with the characteristics attributed to the gentlemen of the "Blue grass region." He was polite and courteous to laidies, but paid no special attention to any; yet he was ready to render any little kindness to his young men friends who did. I have heard it said that he was the possessor of the only respectable overcoat in the town in the winter of '44 and '45, and would lend it around among his less fortunate young friends. The young men of the town were in the habit of congregating in A. J. Davis' store on winter evenings, and when Mr. Edmundson would come in from his official trips around and through the country he was sure to find some young fellow there who wanted to go to see his girl, waiting for that overcoat. He became so accustomed to supplying that particular want that immediately upon entering that resort he, without any ceremony, would smilingly doff that useful article of wearing apparel and hand it over to the one

whose turn it seemed to be to wear it. Frank Reeves, a handsome, bright and witty boy, some eighteen or nineteen years old, was a clerk in Mr. Davis' store. Frank was a general favorite and was permitted to say about what he pleased. When one of those young fellows on a winter evening would walk into the store and look about and seem to be restless, Frank was apt to remark: "Be patient, Mr. ——, I think the Squire will be in soon. I am expecting him every minute."

The Edmundson family stands out conspicuously among my recollections of the days when Oskaloosa was an infant. Matthew was quiet in his ways, but was an intelligent Christian gentleman. His daughter Mary married Mr. Frank Alumbaugh, who it was said could repeat volumes of poetry from memory, and was a poet himself. I once went to hear John G. Saxe read some of his own productions. Mr. Alumbaugh was in the audience, and after Mr. Saxe had finished his proposed readings Mr. Alumbaugh requested him to recite his "Proud Miss McBride." Mr. Saxe remarked: "To please the gentleman I will try it, though it has been so long since I thought of that particular effort I am not sure that I can repeat the lines correctly, but feeling confident that I understand the author's meaning, I will make the effort." He did make the effort, but after reciting a verse or two he halted; he had forgotten his lines. Mr. Alumbaugh came to the rescue and kindly prompted him. Then without another failure he finished "Proud Miss McBride."

Mrs. Edmundson, mother of Matthew and William, died in her ninety-fifth year. She was not only an inter-

esting talker, but was endowed with great good sense. She was a devout member of the Christian Church. I presume she had much to do with shaping the characters of her grandsons, James and William, who have done honor to their ancestors. James is and has for many years been one of Council Bluffs' most prominent and successful citizens; he is a man of pleasing manners, fine taste and highly cultivated mind. He and his charming wife are enjoying the historic scenes and wonders on the other side of the Atlantic, and at the present writing (June 29, 1898), are somewhere in Europe, Asia or Africa. I received a paper from him the other day printed in Rome. William chose the science of medicine as a profession, and I understand that he is a successful practitioner in Denver, Colorado. I never think or hear of their success without a feeling of pride. I don't take to myself the credit of having done much toward shaping the characters of these Edmundson brothers, but when anybody speaks of them in my presence I am pretty apt to mention their once having gone to school to me. James and William are all that are left of that interesting family. When I drive about the winding ways of Forest Cemetery, the spot so sacred and so dear to many of us, I see on its eastern slope, neath the shade of native oaks and elms, a massive gray stone, beautifully carved. On every side are beautifully-polished panels, whereon are engraved letters and figures telling the passers-by the names, the dates of birth, and the dates of death of various members of the Edmundson family.

CHAPTER XV.

The Majors family came in 1844 from Morgan County, Ills., near the place where the Phillipses came from, and made a large claim in the extreme west part of Mahaska County. Mr. Majors died soon after they came, leaving a widow and a large family of children. Their two sons, Jacob and John P., were men. Their widowed daughter, Mrs. Louisa Majors Lyons, came with them. There was another daughter, Nancy, a young lady. There were two sons and two daughters not grown.

The Phillips family and the Majors family were friends in Illinois, and after coming to the "New Purchase" their friendly relations continued. The young people sometimes visited each other, though the Majorses lived some fourteen miles west of Oskaloosa. They didn't have carriages and buggies then, but almost every young man owned a good horse, saddle, and bridle. The girls thought nothing of mounting a spirited horse and cantering off fourteen or fifteen miles over the prairies. After I had taught a week of that school, and it was Saturday, Sept 13th, the Phillips young people, or Gorrell

and Martha, proposed to visit the Majorses and invited me to go with them. I was anxious enough to go, but felt a little reluctance in thrusting myself on entire strangers. I mentioned that fact, but they assured me that any friend of theirs would be more than welcome at the Majors home. It was soon settled, for I was very glad of a chance to go; and another thing was, I had begun to think that Gorrell Phillips was a pretty nice young man. After the matter of my going had been settled, Gorrell said, "I will go and see Johnson Edgar, as he has been wanting to make the acquaintance of Nancy Majors, and I will invite him to go with us." Gorrell flew off up town and was back in a little bit. Johnson was more than pleased and would be ready to join us when the time came to go. Johnson Edgar was a nice young man, a carpenter by trade; was a brother to Mrs. A. S. Nichols and an uncle to Rev. Snowden—a man well known in Iowa, and highly esteemed as a minister in the Congregational Church. Mr. Snowden looks much like his uncle, Johnson Edgar.

Mr. Phillips owned several good horses. Among them was a high-headed, spirited bay which they called "Bill," which Mr. Phillips offered to me. I said, "Perhaps Martha will want Bill." Bill was my choice, but I didn't want to seem anxious about it. "Oh, no," said Mr. Phillips, "Martha claims 'Kit' and wouldn't ride any other." "Kit" was a fine sorrel mare with a heavy foretop which always seemed to be hanging over her eyes. I asked Gorrell one day why he didn't trim Kit's foretop; it looked like it was in the way of her seeing. "Oh, no," he said, "That would spoil her looks. It always parts in

the right place and don't interfere with her seeing." Gorrell's horse was a fiery young chestnut sorrel named "Tinker." Tinker had never had harness on, and was only used as a saddle horse. He was young and wild and tricky, and was hard to mount, but Gorrell was a fine horseman and felt safe enough when once on his back, though as soon as he struck the saddle Tinker would rear and pitch and jump and look like he was going to do something terrible, but never succeeded in unseating his rider. When the time came for us to start on that wild ride, Mr. Johnson Edgar was there on a handsome black horse with more gentle manners than Tinker, but full of life and ready enough to go.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we all mounted our horses, the family all standing out by the fence to see us off. While Tinker was getting over his tantrum, Mr. Phillips came and examined our girths and surcingles to be sure that all was safe, then said, "Now, girls, when you get out of town you needn't be afraid to let your horses go; you can't hurt them." We didn't need encouragement to let our horses go, but I suppose Mr. Phillips wanted to let us know that he didn't care how fast we ran his horses. When Tinker had settled down to a respectabe gait, Gorrell and I took the lead. Bill bowed his neck, held his head high in the air, and assumed a stately step; but with all his airs, wasn't dangerous.

Our horses were all on their mettle, but we managed to keep them at a moderate gait as we rode along Main Street on the south side of the public square where several of our young men friends were sitting in front of the stores. The town of Oskaloosa at that time was of such

narrow limits that a thing of so much importance as that equestrian excursion was very soon known by the most remote inhabitant. We were not at all surprised—in fact, we expected to see men, women and children out to see the procession. Our spirits were so buoyant and we were on such excellent terms with ourselves, and were expecting such a good time that we imagined everybody, especially those young men in front of the stores, were looking on us with eyes of envy. After leaving the town we only passed two houses before reaching the Majors place. One was Judge White's, about a mile out southwest, on the place which has since become a coal mining town called Acme, and a little cabin in a grove about five miles out, a little south of west. The road wound about on the high ground and was one unbroken stretch of prairie all that fourteen miles. The little cabin which we saw was some distance from the road and we could just see its clapboard roof above the bushes. I never knew who lived there. There was a plain road all the way, though it had not been traveled sufficiently to wear out the grass entirely. The sloughs were not washed into deep gutters then, but were covered with sod; there was not a field nor fence between Judge White's farm and the Majors place, but one unbroken stretch of undulating prairie. People had their choice of ground to travel on.

There was quite a settlement about where the Majors lived—not near neighbors, but in that region. On that September day the weather was all that could be desired, and the road was splendid all the way. Occasionally we would come to a long piece of level road, then we would give our horses a tap with the whip and away we would

go on a full runfor perhaps a mile: then we would slow up for a little while until we came to another level stretch and off we would go again. With all that dashing and running, no accident happened to us. We never raised the sweat on our horses, nor did they seem tired when we reached the Majors farm, which we did a long time before night. We dashed over that fourteen miles of charming prairie solitude without meeting a single human being, nor even any tame animal. Once we saw two deer scampering over toward the Des Moines river timber, and a gray wolf jumped out of the grass a little way ahead of us and went loping over toward the north. Gorrell said, "If I was out here alone on Tinker, with a good club, I would run that wolf down and kill it." I remarked to him: "I think that would be something of a feat to run a wolf down with a horse." "Oh!" he said, "That has been done often: I killed one that way myself. I was down toward White Oak grove on Tinker one morning hunting our oxen. I had an ox-whip with a long lash and a short club of a handle, when a wolf jumped up just in front of me and started out on the prairie on a long lope. I let Tinker out and he fairly flew after that wolf. I wound that whip-lash around my arm and siezed that club of a handle in my hand. We soon began to gain on that wolf, and when we had run about a mile we were right on him. Tinker struck him with his fore-feet and the wolf commenced snapping at the horse's legs. I reached down and struck him a blow on the head with that club which stunned him; then Tinker and I soon finished him."

The Majorses were not expecting us, but received us with all the demonstrations of hospitality and smiling

friendliness that was possible to show visitors. Mrs. Majors, with her sons and daughters, all came out to meet us, and when Mr. Edgar and I were introduced, received us like we had been their dearest friends. If I had had any misgivings about being an intruder they would have been dispelled at once. The Majors family were the most comfortably fixed for living of any family I had yet seen in this wild, new country. There was a look of comfort and restfulness all about the place. They had a great big house with one immense room down stairs, and some kind of arrangement for sleeping above. That big room had in it four beds all made up nicely with snowy pillows and clean patchwork quilts. The walls were whitewashed as white as snow; there was no carpet on the floor, but the puncheons were scrubbed as clean as a floor could be made. There were plenty of old-fashioned splint-bottomed chairs, a shelf on the wall with a looking-glass above it; a Bible and some other books were on the shelf. Under the shelf was a table with a clean white cloth spread on it, where was a glass pitcher in which was placed an immense boquet of old-fashioned flowers intermingled with sprigs of asparagus. I glanced about that room and thought, "how clean and fresh and comfortable everything looks." A little way from that big log house was another of less pretentions which was used as a kitchen and dining-room; there was the big wide fireplace with crane and hooks, and when we were all invited out to supper we were seated at a long table with snowy cloth and a supper good enough for a king. The Majors home outside and in was a scene of rustic beauty. The masses of morning-glories and cypress

vines and flower beans climbed and wound themselves in fantastic shapes about the windows and clear up to the eaves.

The Majors women, like the most of farmers' wives and daughters in that day, spun and wove. The old-fashioned loom was a rather unsightly piece of furniture, but seemed to be indispensable in a well regulated farmer's home. I had seen many a loom-house, but never one quite so unique as the Majors'. Just a roof was built out from the kitchen, and in place of the sides being enclosed with lumber or any other solid kind of wall, morning-glory vines were trained all around except an opening for a door. Instead of an unsightly shed, that loom-house was made a bower of rustic beauty. I think I never saw anywhere but in the Majors garden so many of the old-fashioned flowers. There hadn't been frost enough to kill them, though it was near the middle of September. The Majors men took as much pride and pains to make that rustic home attractive as did the women. The men did not neglect the more substantial things pertaining to farming. Their immense fields of big, tall corn, with long ears hanging, and yellow pumpkins almost covering the ground, gave evidence that something had been done besides raising flowers. It was easy to raise corn and pumpkins and morning-glories in that day, for the ground was new and rich and mellow, without a single weed to be seen anywhere.

Gorrell, Martha, and I enjoyed ourselves amazingly, but Mr. Edgar's visit was somewhat interfered with by Miss Nancy Majors having to divide her attentions between himself and another young gentleman who seemed

to have gone there with the self-same purpose. The other gentleman, whose name was Clark, was a very fine looking young man; was tall and straight, with dark hair and eyes; was dressed in a nicely fitting and handsome suit of black broadcloth. I thought him a handsome man. Mr. Clark lived somewhere in that region and perhaps lives there yet, with that nice dark hair all turned white. For all I know his children and grandchildren may be living about him, and he with spectacles on may be spending these summer mornings in an easy chair on his porch, reading about Cervera's awful defeat and Hawaii's annexation. I have never seen Mr. Clark from that day to this, and I don't think Mr. Edgar made any more visits to the Majors place, but married another girl. He has long been sleeping with his fathers.

We young folks spent the evening out in the yard and among the flowers, talking nonsense which we imagined was the most brilliant repartee. When the time came to retire, we were taken into that big room which we found all partitioned off with white curtains. Each one of those four beds was in a cozy little room all to itself. The Majors women seemed to be equal to any emergency. I never go into a sleeping car without being reminded of that night at the Majors place. Sometimes my young lady friends get me to telling about the way people lived and managed in those days of crudeness, when men and women and children all lived and slept in a single room. I tell them that the people who first settled this part of Iowa had good sense, good principles, and lots of tact, and could adapt themselves to circumstances. Women whose circumstances made it necessary for them to live in

a cabin of one room were as modest and self-respecting as they are to-day in elegant homes where every individual member of a household has his or her own room. In those pioneer times when people did as they could and not as they would, men were imbued with the kind of chivalry which forbids the thought of taking advantage of circumstances such as I have reference to. The chivalry which shields and protects women: the chivalry that women admire in men.

The government surveyors were encamped in the Majors neighborhood at the time we were there. A young man belonging to the surveying party was taken sick and was brought to the Majors home and Dr. Warren sent for. I have not forgotten Dr. Warren's kind voice and gentle ways as he bent over and talked to that sick young man; nor those Majors men's tenderness toward him. Mrs. Majors had him placed in one of her snowy soft feather beds, and she and her daughters brought dainty things to tempt his appetite. After spending a day and a night at that charming and hospitable home, we again mounted our steeds and had another wild and daring ride back to Oskaloosa.

The reason we saw so few people and habitations on that long ride was, our road was out on the open prairie. In that early day, people settled in or near the timber; no one ventured far out on the prairie. They knew the land was all right, but in winter prairies were bleak, and the northwest winds were piercing where there was not a tree to break their force. The first settlers were obliged to build their houses of logs, use wood for fuel and make rails to fence their farms. They had to build strong

staked and ridered fences. Many of the early settlers had long strings of oxen to break the sod; those oxen were turned loose when not at work, to get their living wherever the prairie grass suited them best; it took a mighty strong fence to keep those oxen out of a corn-field. There were no laws then to prevent stock of all kinds from running at large. All that could be done on that line was to make their fences as high and strong as they could; under those circumstances the nearer they were to timber the better. No matter how beautiful the prairie looked, how rich the soil, or how well the land lay for cultivation, to live in a little cabin away out where there was not a tree to break the force of wintry storms nor shade one from Summer's scorching heat, was not a situation to be desired. But little by little, settlers ventured out on that charming expanse of rolling prairie and in a few years, from the Des Moines timber to the Skunk, the country was dotted over with houses and fields and tiny groves. It don't take long for trees to grow big enough to shade a house in this country. If we should start out one of these Summer mornings to drive to what was once the Majors place, it would be through lanes bordering a paradise of farms, with not only comfortable homes, but homes of architectural beauty, surrounded by grassy lawns, kept like velvet, with borders and beds of flowers all about, and graceful vines trained over shady, cozy verandas. Orchards of big, thrifty apple trees, full of apples, with not a dead limb nor caterpillar's nest to be seen in them; great fields of clover, red and fragrant; immense fields of waving corn just "laid by," when if you look as far as you can see be-

tween the rows—just from under the plow - not a weed to be seen, only the fresh, clean, mellow soil. There are fields of wheat, and fields of oats, and fields of potatoes, and pastures with herds of Jersey cows, some busily nipping grass, others lazily chewing their cuds under clumps of trees. There are great pens of black hogs looking so much alike one can't tell them apart. Great big substantial barns and every kind of an out-house which it is possible to want. And besides all that, you would hardly think you were in a prairie country, trees are so numerous. This state of bounteous thrift does not alone abound on the way to the place once the Majors home, but in every direction; no matter which way you go you can see the same evidences of prosperity. A state of beauty, comfort and luxury the first inhabitants never dreamed of.

But I must go back to my school in that little cabin, the Methodist Parsonage, in September, 1845. The first great event after beginning that school was our first visit to the Majors place; the next was Oskaloosa's first fire. On Wednesday, September 17th, as I was going to my dinner, and had just reached the stile at the Phillips home, I heard a commotion up in town, and on looking around I saw flames leaping up from a house on the west side of the square. I called to the folks in the house and told them a house was on fire. I didn't go in, but went up town as fast as I could go, and found Dr. Weatherford's house all in flames and their household goods piled and scattered about on the ground, the clock all broken to pieces. The nearest well was on the lot where the Merchants House now is (Lot 8, Block 21, o. p., city

of Oskaloosa.) Men were running here and there in a state of frenzy: some ran to the stores and siezed all the buckets they could find, and commenced carrying water from that well: the ground was clear between the burning burning and the well I have mentioned. The first house south of the fire was Wm. B. Street's store, a small frame building: they kept throwing water on it and by hard work saved it. The house just north was George Baer's tailor shop, which was quite close: it took fire and was soon past saving. The house just north of the tailor shop was a cabinet shop, built of logs, and owned by a man named Parish Ellis. That was also entirely consumed. George W. and John W. Jones had a long frame store on the corner where Baldauf's store is now: that was scorched and began to blaze, but was saved with little damage. When I got to the fire I siezed a bucket and carried water as fast as I could. I was running with a bucket of water when I met John Jones who snatched it out of my hand. I saw him run and dash it on their store just as the weatherboarding began to blaze. The Jones store was saved. John used to tell Gorrell that my bucket of water saved it. I don't deserve that credit, but John's gallantry was great. Just before that fire a Mrs. Wright had bought that house of Dr. Weatherford, and I think they had some litigation over it.

Mrs. Wright at the time owned and lived in a one-story frame house just back of Pickett's drug store. That same house is there to-day. She was a widow with two daughters—Anna and Levy. Perhaps her name was "Olivia," but I never heard her called anything but Levy. After that fire had subsided I noticed Anna

Wright looking at the ruins as complacently as if nothing serious had happened. She had a book under her arm. I went up to her and asked her what she was reading; she handed me the book and I saw it was "The Wandering Jew," a book much talked of then. Anna married Henry Temple, a young lawyer of Oskaloosa, and Levy married Isaac Dickerson, a merchant. They all left Oskaloosa long ago, and when I last heard of them they were citizens of Atlantic, Iowa.

As I was going home from that fire I met Virginia Seevers and her cousin, Miss Anna Wilkins, who had seen the fire from their home a mile away and had come to see the ruins. The next morning Gorrell came in with an excited look and exclaimed:

"What do you think! Cage and Virginia were married this morning and have gone to Mt. Pleasant!" A wedding in those days was not attended with much ceremony.

My school went along smoothly. We young folks assembled every Friday morning at the court-house and Mr. Phillips led us in singing. We attended meeting every Sunday, as there were services held by one denomination or another regularly in the court-house, which was the only public building of any kind in the town until the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was built, which was in 1846. Young men displayed their gallantry by escorting the girls to and from those singing schools. Gorrell and I soon become quite good friends, and he never let me lack for an escort. Our friendship before a great while culminated into something more serious, and before that school closed we were engaged to be married.

When my school closed I went back to the home of my relatives, where I made my simple and unpretentious wedding outfit, and on Sunday night, January 18th, 1846, we were married by the Rev. Thomas Kirkpatrick, a Methodist minister who was holding a two days' meeting in that court-house. No invitations were issued to that wedding. We just went in, walked up toward the rostrum, where the minister met us, and the marriage ceremony was performed before the religious services began. I think I could tell this story better if it was about some one else.

Gorrell's father and mother received me into their family just like one of their very own children, and we lived with them until the next October. My mother-in-law was one of the loveliest women I ever knew; she was gentle, kind and unselfish, a Methodist of the old stamp. Her maiden name was Hannah Sinclair. The Sinclairs were all Methodists from away back. Her brother John Sinclair was a pioneer Methodist preacher in Illinois along with Peter Cartwright, Peter Acres, and others whose trials and hardships and eccentric preaching are matters of history, and no doubt had much to do in making Illinois the great State it is to-day and her people the great people they are to-day. Through fire and flood, cold and hunger and self-denial, they sowed the seeds of righteous heroism which no doubt to-day is bearing fruit a hundred fold.

CHAPTER XVI.

So many things which I want to tell happened in that year (1846) I can hardly decide on the thing to tell first. The Mexican war began, but no volunteers were called for in this region. Facilities for getting news were so poor that we didn't hear of a battle until it had been over for days. My father-in-law was quite well informed for that day, and something of a politician; he would get hold of a newspaper occasionally, and we all would gather around him eager to hear while he read the war news to us. I remember how he grieved when he heard of the death of Gen. Harden; he and Gen. Harden were friends in Illinois.

Stephen A. Douglas was beginning to be known through the country as a brilliant young and rising politician. Mr. Phillips knew him well, and used to regale us with stories of Douglas' smart sayings in debating societies and other occasions when he was a delicate stripling and a mechanic who made spinning-wheels in Jacksonville. Mr. Phillips admired Mr. Douglas and liked him, but would have liked him better if he had been a

whig. Mr. Phillips was a whig: and in the summer of '46 was a candidate on the whig ticket for Judge of Probate, but was defeated by John White. As there was no printing office anywhere in reach, the tickets had to be written. I think I wrote all the whig tickets used in the county at that election. I became very tired of that monotonous work, but my father-in-law kept me at it for three or four days, and wouldn't allow me to stop until I had written whig tickets all over one side of about a quire of foolscap paper. After I was supposed to have written enough I cut them all apart and did them up in packages to be sent out to all the voting places in the county. All that work was gratuitous, such a thing as remuneration never entering my mind: and to think that after all that writing, and writing, and writing whig tickets, my father-in-law was beaten. John White, the successful candidate, lived about a mile southwest of town. In 1853 Judge White was thrown from a sulky or gig and his leg was broken A day or two after, Dr. Hopkins amputated it and he died in two or three days after the operation.

In the Spring of 1846 there was a great exodus of Mormons from Nauvoo, Illinois. Their Prophet, Joseph Smith, was killed in '44 by a mob, and the whole set were ordered to leave the State. They were given time to dispose of their effects and pack up and go to some other country. Some of their shrewd and wise ones had discovered a country beautiful and productive away to the southwest, where they supposed they could go and settle and live and practice their peculiar religious rites without being disturbed by the laws of any State. So in the

Spring of '46 they made a grand rush for what they called the "Promised Land." For weeks in that Spring and early Summer, train after train of those people with their white covered wagons could be seen slowly wending their way along the lane by my father-in-law's house and through Oskaloosa. If one chanced to speak to one of them they didn't seem at all inclined to be sociable, but were uncommunicative, sullen and morose. They often bought corn of Mr. Phillips, but were not inclined to talk only of the business in hand. "They were seeking a country" where, when they reached it, "they builded better than they knew."

One rainy, muddy evening in that Spring a colony of Swedes, about fifty in number, came driving up and wanted shelter. They were a forlorn-looking set, and some of them were sick. Not one could speak a word of English, except a man who was conducting them to their destination, and another young man who was fine-looking and had princely manners. He had golden hair and complexion like a girl, was tall, straight and dignified and looked like a lord among a lot of beggars. The man who was conductor and interpreter informed us that this lordly-looking young man belonged to a Swedish family of wealth and high social standing, who had come to America with the rest on a tour of inspection. Mr. Phillips had a large barn just finished, where all those people slept that night except one woman who was sick. Mr. Phillips had a hadsome three-year-old filly, and in the morning that lordly-looking young man got his eye on her and proposed to purchase her. When Mr. Phillips told him he could have her for fifty dollars he just handed

him fifty dollars in bright gold pieces, mounted his filly and rode off. Those people, I heard, settled somewhere northwest of what was then called Ft. Des Moines. They were the first Swedes I ever saw. I have a pretty good opinion of Swedes and Norwegians, but have not forgotten my first experience with them, and the time we had cleaning out the mud after that set had gone.

One of the prominent events of that Summer was the land sales, which occurred on the Fourth of July. Almost every man who owned a claim had a sack of silver coin buried or hidden in some way under their puncheon floors. How carefully they watched over and kept their little hoard. Some actually denied themselves and families what now would be called the necessaries of life, in order to keep intact that little hoard. They knew to a cent just how much it contained, and knew that on that they were dependent for food, raiment and shelter; or at least for the land on which to produce those things. I have known families to deny themselves flour, sugar and coffee rather than break in on that bag of silver under the floor. It was going to take just so much to enter their land, and that amount must be kept intact whether they had biscuit and coffee or not.

So on the morning of the third of July nearly all the men in the south part of Mahaska County dug up their precious hidden treasures and started for Fairfield. The most of the men in Oskaloosa went whether they were going to enter land or not. Claim laws were in vogue, and every man carried a stout hickory club to defend himself and neighbors against over-bidders. My father-in-law went and entered between three hundred and four

hundred acres lying along the east side of Oskaloosa. That land extended nearly as far south as the Rock Island depot and north almost to Spring Creek. What is generally thought to be the most beautiful part of Oskaloosa is on that land.

My husband's claim was eighty acres; the north forty of that eighty is now Forest Cemetery. My husband had done the amount of work required on his claim in order to preempt, so he preempted his eighty, and the next year exactly to a day went to Fairfield and entered it at a dollar and a quarter an acre. He borrowed the money from the school fund commissioner, paying ten per cent interest on the same, and in addition to the one hundred dollars which was necessary to secure the eighty acres, he was compelled to borrow five dollars more to pay his expenses in making the trip to the land office. Money then was scarce and hard to obtain; people managed to live by trading one commodity for another. Nearly all the money in the country was paid out for land to the government, and that had not been in circulation. The money obtained from the sale of sixteenth sections went into the school fund and was loaned out, there being no regulations for a long time to use it for school purposes. I used to hear it said that the sixteenth sections nearly always happened to be valuable land.

The first school whose teachers were paid with money drawn from the school fund was taught in the two-story brick school-house called "Gospel Ridge" school, in 1855. The first man elected as principal was a Mr. Goshorn, who died soon after accepting the position. He died in a house which stood on the southwest corner

of First Avenue and Seventh Street, where Esquire Weaver lives. James Loughridge was the next principal.

In 1855 Mr. Phillips, my father-in-law, had one hundred acres of land fenced and in cultivation; an immense staked and ridered fence enclosed the whole of it. A wide lane called the "Fairfield Road" divided it in about equal portions. My husband, his brother Wat and a hired man made all those rails, hauled them out and built that fence, high enough and strong enough to keep out any prairie-breaking team, no matter how breachy. That hired man came to Mr. Phillips in the Spring of '45 and offered to do any kind of work on the farm for his board and washing and seven dollars a month in cash. Mr. Phillips hired him and kept him several months; the family used to say they never saw a better worker nor a more honorable man. The most of that hundred acres was broken in '44 and was just right for a crop in '45, which was a good season. The weather was favorable for early planting in the Spring, the Summer had just enough of rain, and frost stayed away long enough in the Fall for corn and everything else to mature.

The Phillipses had an immense crop of corn, acres in shock and thousands of bushels in great high rail pens. It was easy to raise corn then—twice plowing was sufficient. The ground was new and rich and mellow, with not a weed to be seen; there were no weeds here to speak of for three or four years. I used to pine for the sight of a plaintain or a dandelion, and if I had come across a sprig of dog fennel by the roadside I think I would have gotten down and worshiped it. My heart fairly leaped with joy when I first saw a little patch of blue grass and

white clover. But before many years the streets in the little town of Oskaloosa were bordered with as luxuriant a growth of smartweed and dog fennel as I had been accustomed to seeing in the little towns in the old "Hoosier State." In 1846 there was another bountiful crop raised of corn and wheat and oats, and such gardens and melons and pumpkins! There were few cattle and hogs to eat the corn, and no market to speak of where that great amount of stuff could be turned into money. My father-in-law kept what was called a wagon yard, and disposed of some of his surplus corn and oats to travelers, but much of it was wasted.

When I drive about the outskirts of Oskaloosa now and see boys by the dozen engaged in weeding onions in immense gardens, I think of a time when acres of onions could have been raised by merely leveling the ground and sowing the seed. No boys were needed to pull weeds: there would have been nothing but the clean ground, and every individual onion standing out and spreading itself. Wouldn't John Knight and the Kembles think they had a bonanza if their ground was like that now? I don't mean to say that the ground is not rich to-day, for it is, but weeds will grow.

Gorrell and I expected to go to housekeeping in the Spring, but father Phillips persuaded us to wait till Fall, when his barn would have been finished, the crop secured, and the boys, Gorrell and Watt, could then build us a little log house on our eighty acre claim. We all got along nicely at father Phillips', but how we did look forward to the time when we would have a home of our own. We knew our home would have to be very scantily fur-

nished, but we didn't mind that; homes generally in those days were humble and scantily furnished. Neither of us had ever been accustomed to luxuries, and were content to begin in a very humble way. We were young then, and full of hope and energy; the world was before us, and we had each other. We would often walk down and look over the ground, and finally selected the spot where our house was to be built. The place we selected was not a wise choice, though it was the prettiest place in all the country—a charming body of timber to the north, the ground sloping to the east and to the west, a little clear brook at the foot of that western slope, and over the hill a stretch of prairie and groves which at sunset was like a picture. To the south was a view of open prairie, and we could stand on that spot and see all over the little town of Oskaloosa. After that big barn was finished, the corn laid by, the wheat and oats stacked and the prairie hay cut and put in the barn, Gorrell and Wat went down into the timber and cut and hewed logs for our house. Wat was a natural mechanic and could do almost anything in the construction of a house as crude as that. Wat made the shingles to cover it, by hand. That house was a little more pretentious than many at that time, as it had a shingled roof and a brick chimney. R. R. Harbour built the chimney, which was a good one, had a nice fireplace and did not smoke. The floor, too, was made of plank instead of puncheon. Some saw-mills had by that time been built about through the country and a rough kind of lumber could be obtained. Our floor was of green oak plank just laid down without nailing. There was a door in the south and one in the north, one

window in the south of nine panes of glass. There were cracks between the logs, but Gorrell fitted in pieces of wood to fill them up, then got sand and lime and made mortar and plastered the cracks over until the wall was quite smooth and tight. I said that Gorrell did that plastering, but will take that back, as I did part of it myself. I was so much interested in the building of that house I would go and look on and watch the progress of things, and when he commenced putting on that mortar, I as usual was hanging around. No one was there but ourselves, and I proposed to help him. He made some objection, but I persisted, took up the trowel and commenced laying on the mortar. I found it such delightful work that I just kept on, and wouldn't let him have the trowel, but kept calling out "mort" until I had plastered as high as I could reach. We didn't suppose there was a human being in a half mile of us, when suddenly we heard a horse's hoofs, and on looking around we beheld John White sitting on his horse, whose head was fairly inside the door. "Hello!" said Mr. White, and seeing me with trowel in hand, wanted to know if I was helping to build the house, said he had thought all along that Gorrell had done well in marrying, but didn't imagine I was a house-builder, with all my other qualifications. He must have noticed our embarrassment, which instead of making him change the subject, led him on more and more in his quizzing remarks.

I went down the branch below Mosier's spring and dug some white clay out of the bank and made a white-wash and applied it to the walls of my little log house, which made it as white as snow. I did that whitewashing

before we moved into the house. When that white clay first came out of the bank it was almost as hard as rock, but a few days' soaking in water reduced it to the proper consistency. One day I went alone to that little new house and applied that solution to the walls as high up as I could reach when standing on the floor, then I made a scaffold of the logs which had been sawed out to make the doors, climbed up on it and finished it to the (I was going to say "ceiling," but there was no ceiling, only joists between the floor and roof), but I whitewashed to the top of the logs. It soon dried, and looked so white and clean, and I felt so proud of my work I just stood and gazed and admired, and kept thinking, "Won't Gorrell think this is nice?" The next day I took him down to look at it. Gorrell always praised anything I did, and when I showed him those white walls he couldn't say enough nice things. He would look around the room, and then look at me and break out with more praises.

On the 14th of October, 1846, we moved into our little new cabin home. Though we had so few of what are called the necessaries of life, and none of what could by any means be considered luxuries, I think we were as happy as any young husband and wife ever were, even if started out in life surrounded with elegant home and elegant appointments. I discovered long ago that happiness does not depend on fine houses, fine furniture nor fine clothes. It didn't take us long to arrange our furniture; we had no carpet to tack down, but I did wish I had a strip or two of rag carpet. We set our bed up, which was quite respectable-looking, with nice pillows and patch-work quilt, and a clean, starched calico valence,

which stood out all around the bottom like a ruffle. There was a great deal of room under a bed in those days. It was a good thing, too, that that style prevailed, for many unsightly things could be tucked under the bed and hidden by the valence. We learned in those days how to utilize room, and boxes and bundles could be stored away under the bed. Our cupboard consisted of some shelves without a door; there were strips to hold the plates up at the back of the shelves. I had some very pretty plates and didn't fail to set every individual plate so it would show to the best advantage; my cups and saucers, too, were made to show their best. I did have some pretty cups and saucers, and I am sure I would think them pretty to-day. They were decorated and had handles, were a mulberry color and a pretty shape. I had a set of knives and forks of which I was very proud. The handles were made of buck's horn, were of irregular shape, no two having the same curve. I think I was more anxious to have a respectable table than I was about any other detail of housekeeping. A box with curtain in front served the joint purpose of kitchen table and pot closet. I cooked by the fireplace, which was nothing new to me, as I was raised that way. When we commenced housekeeping we found ourselves without many things which seemed to be necessary. I had no rolling-pin at first, but had immense ears of corn, so I rolled my biscuit out with an ear of corn. I can shut my eyes now and see the prints of the grains in the dough. I did my washing at first in a dishpan and bucket; we carried water up that long slope from the little brook, but with it all we managed to be quite comfortable; we

were well and strong and not afraid of work. The future looked bright, and we had no heartaches or fears about making a living. We were so satisfied with each other that it required but little besides to make us happy.

Our house was located just where the prairie and timber meet. The woods back of our house was a dense forest almost unbroken to Skunk River. We used to hear wolves howl at night, but never thought of being afraid of them. I never heard of them attacking anybody about here. I was more afraid of snakes than anything else. I killed many a rattlesnake about on that ridge. One day as I was going out of the back door a rattlesnake was crawling toward the house and not more than two feet away from the door. It coiled and rattled —that sound always so terrifying. I would have killed it myself if nobody had been there but me, but Gorrell was and he put a quietus on it. It was nothing unusual then to hear of snakes crawling into people's cabins, but I never heard of any one being bitten around here by snakes crawling into their houses. I heard of a few out on the prairie being bitten, but of only one person dying from rattlesnake bite in this part of Iowa, and that was a Mrs. Gray, in Harrison township. A little McAllister girl was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake in the Loughridge neighborhood in 1844. Her people applied such remedies as they had at hand, but before Dr. Hobbs got there she was unconscious and badly swollen. He saved her life by wrapping her from head to foot in a poultice made of corn meal and cold water. The poultice was changed often and the child got well and is living to-day. Dr. Hobbs told me about it himself. The subject of

snakes is not a pleasant subject to write about, nor talk about, nor think about, but as they played a conspicuous part in the early settling of this country, I thought it proper to make some mention of them.

Wild turkeys were thick about in the woods and sometimes would come close to our house. We had a pen of corn out by the stable, and one day when I was alone I heard that peculiar sound which turkeys make. I opened the door gently and on looking out I beheld that corn pen covered with turkeys and about a dozen others walking about on the ground. I stood still and watched them a little while before they discovered me, but when they did get a glimpse of me they hied themselves off down through the grove. Quails were plentiful about in the woods and groves. One flock in particular made their headquarters about our corn pen that first Fall. Gorrell made a trap and first and last caught the whole flock, numbering sixteen. I don't think a flock of quails ever behaved as satisfactorily to their captors as that flock did. There were always two, and never more than three, found in that trap at one time. Gorrell and I always had each a quail. If there were three I generally gave Gorrell the extra one, though he would insist on dividing.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a tea kettle, a coffee pot, a skillet and a kettle, which answered the purpose of boiling, baking, stewing and roasting. We didn't have a great variety of things to cook, but the corn bread I used to bake in that skillet would make a Kentuckian's mouth water to-day. No corn bread in these days baked in any of the modern ranges is half so good as that baked

in a skillet by an old-fashioned fireplace. We used to think a dinner without corn bread was not a dinner at all. Dyspepsia and indigestion were words which very few people knew the meaning of in '46—I mean Mahaska people. Some words which were in common use and perfectly well understood by every man, woman and child in this region in '46 are fast becoming obsolete, or going into desuetude. For instance: "Egg bread," "light pone," "johnny cake," "hoe cake," "lye hominy." Not long ago a gentleman asked me what kind of a plant hominy grew on, and was it cultivated in this country?

Oskaloosa to-day can boast of many institutions never dreamed of by her inhabitants in '46. Among them a society or organization whose object is to look after and relieve the city's poor, who are supposed to be worthy of benevolent consideration. This society is managed by the women of the city. A committee from each ward looks after the wants of its respective ward. My friend, Miss Leoni McMillen, being one of a committee, when on a tour of investigation came upon a family who had applied for help. Miss McMillen inquired into their needs, when the woman of the house informed her that they wanted some first-class canned peaches, some oranges, raisins, granulated sugar, coffee and tea, porterhouse steak and a sack of flour—she preferred "Pillsbury's Best." After Miss McMillen had taken her order for the foregoing articles she suggested that she send them some corn meal, when the woman informed her that her family couldn't eat corn bread. "Can't eat corn bread!" Miss McMillen exclaimed in indignant astonishment. "Madam, I want to say to you that the bone and

sinew of this country were raised on corn bread, and if you can't eat corn bread now, you had better go hungry until you can eat it. Can't eat corn bread! Why, the men who fought to save our country were glad to get corn bread."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the early days, anywhere in Oskaloosa and almost anywhere in the vicinity, a good well of water could be obtained by digging from fifteen to twenty feet, and when our little home was located on that beautiful spot we had no thought that there would be any difficulty in finding water, as others had done. But when Gorrell got ready to dig a well he and Wat supposed they would have it completed in three or four days, but disappointment awaited them. As soon as Wat had gone through the rich, black loam he struck a dry, hard clay. They expected to strike a vein of water down about twenty feet, but they dug and drew out that dry hard clay until they had gone fifty feet straight down in the ground without striking a drop of water; then they encountered a slate stone so hard the fire would fly from the pick as they tried to dig. Gorrell had an old well-digger come and give his opinion of the prospect. The old well-digger's opinion was, there were several feet of that hard slate, and immediately under that slate was a vein or strata of coal, and if they found water at all it would not

be good. So after all that hard work of digging straight down through clay as hard as rock without the least prospect of finding water, the thing had to be abandoned. We were disgusted with the thought of a coal bank on our place—we had no use for coal. Nobody but blacksmiths had any use for coal, and they could find all they wanted by digging in a hillside or bluff down on Spring Creek or Muchakinock. There was plenty of wood around here, and what did anybody but a blacksmith want with that dirty, foul-smelling stuff? So at intervals, as Gorrell found time, he would shovel the clay and slate back into that hole until it was all filled up. The failure to get water took a good deal of the charm off of that charming spot. Hauling and carrying water became irksome after a while, and we decided to move our house to a grove near the southeast corner of our south forty, where we knew we could get a well of water.

When the country was first settled, people died and had to be buried, many more in proportion to the number than now. In those days water was so near the surface in most places that a grave was apt to have water in it when a body was placed therein. That seemed horrible to us, and when that well was dug and the ground found so dry, the thought naturally came to us that it would be just the place for a cemetery. We often talked about it, but had no idea of selling the land for any purpose, especially for a cemetery. We expected that to be our home as long as we lived, but we talked so much about its being a proper place for that purpose that I got to imagining I could see graves all over that ridge, and on those gentle slopes to the east and to the west and down

in the grove to the north. Sometimes I would be alone all day and have nothing to do but sew carpet rags and piece quilts and think and imagine. I never was what people call "lonesome." If I had no other company I could enjoy myself very well communing with my own thoughts.

When we first went to housekeeping we had no land fenced: ten acres had been broken the year before, and Gorrell made rails and fenced it after we had moved; he raised his first crop of corn on his father's farm and gathered it after we went to our own home. The days were getting short and the evenings cool, and when I would be looking for him in the evening I would have a bright fire burning in the fireplace and open the door so he could see it as he drove up with his load of corn. I would have the supper all ready to take up, biscuit or corn bread in the skillet, coffee boiling on the coals, and if we didn't have quails we had sausage. We didn't have a cow at first, but mother Phillips kept us supplied with milk and cream: she was always good and never forgot her children. How my heart would bound with gladness when I would look out and see my husband coming. I would throw a shawl over my head and run out to meet him, get in the wagon and help him throw the corn out; then while he was putting his horses in the stable and feeding, I would run in and get my supper on the table, and see that the fire looked all right. I always expected a compliment and never failed to get one. A bright fire sending a glow all around on the whitewashed walls of our little humble home, and a smoking supper on the table gave a look of cheerfulness and comfort which was sure to be apprecia-

ted by my husband, and he never failed to let me know how much pleasure it gave him. Little acts of kindness and little words of praise are the things which go a great way in making a happy home.

As I have already stated, the failure to get water made us decide to move our house where we should have built it in the first place. Though not quite so handsome a location, it was nearly a half a mile nearer town. We found plenty of water, splendid and soft, at twenty feet. We were much attached to that first home, and many pleasant memories lingered around it. There we first set up a home of our own, and there our two little boys were born. We lived there more than three years before we could find time and courage to tear down our house and move it away. After we moved away and the place became a common, with blue grass growing all about there, it was still beautiful. The town cows, with their many-toned and discordant bells, cropped the grass, and when they had satisfied their appetite, laid down and chewed their cuds in the shade of the beautiful oaks which used to adorn our front yard.

A year or so ago David Evans and I were talking about the beauty of that place when he said to me:

"Years ago when I was a young man, one day when I had been away down nearly to Skunk River, in coming home I walked up through the woods, and as I came to that spot I looked about and thought I had never seen a more beautiful place. I was tired and threw myself down on the grass to rest. There was a gentle breeze blowing, birds were singing in the trees above me, and as I lay there I thought, this is the spot where I want to

be buried." When that place was being laid out and sold in little plots of ground for homes for the dead, Mr. Evans purchased the lot on which he had lain that day, and now he and his wife lie side by side on the very spot where once the little log house stood which was our first home.

There is a portion of Mahaska County lying to the southwest of Oskaloosa, fertile and beautiful, called "Six Mile Prairie." Six Mile Prairie was not allprairie, but bordered around and dotted here and there with some fine groves of timber, and the beautiful Des Moines River touches its southwestern limit. That grand and rich expanse of prairie and the wonderfully productive land on the border of that wide and clear and pebbly-bedded river attracted the attention of some of the shrewdest and solidist men who came to the New Purchase to make for themselves homes in 1843. Dr. Boyer located on a claim of that valuable bottom land and from time to time added to his possessions until he owned hundreds and hundreds of acres of the most valuable farming land in all this region. The Dr. and Mrs. Boyer were young people when they came, with two small children. They lived in a cabin like the rest at first, but before many years built and moved into a two-story brick house, which at that time was talked of far and near as a very pretentious residence. Dr. Boyer was not only a fine business man, but an educated man and a highly-esteemed physician and had an extensive practice.

The Dr. became wealthy, but I don't think a great amount of his wealth was acquired by the practice of medicine, for I have often heard it said he would go

miles and miles through storms of rain and drifts of snow —would, like Ian McLaren's "Dr. McClure," risk his life in crossing swollen streams, go cold and hungry in trying to relieve the sick and suffering, when he never did and never expected to receive a cent of pay. Dr. and Mrs. Boyer raised a large family of sons and daughters. They stuck to the home they first made in the Des Moines bottom. The Dr. died a few years ago, but Mrs. Boyer lives there still, and though well along in years she is in full possession of all her mental faculties. Mrs. Boyer is honored, respected and loved by a large circle of neighbors and acquaintances; she has too noble a nature to be puffed up with wealth; she is genial, generous, and has been for more than fifty years what is called a valuable neighbor. Her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren may well rise up and call her blessed. Her sons are fine business men. F. D. and T. H. Boyer, sons of hers, carry on an extensive trade in clothing, F. D. in Oskaloosa and T. H. in Sioux City. People of Sioux City call T. H. Boyer the finest-looking man in their town. Dr. and Mrs. Boyer's oldest daughter is the wife of one of Oskaloosa's most esteemed citizens and best business men, Mr. J. R. Barnes. Mr. Barnes is cashier of the Mahaska County State Bank. F. D., "Frank," as we call him, is not only a successful business man, but has a heart so full of kindness he can't turn a deaf ear to those who go to him for sympathy or more substantial help. His wife, too, is never too busy nor too tired to fly to the bedside of a sick neighbor. Her deft hands know just what to do and just how to soothe the suffering.

Van B. Delashmutt was another one of the substantial men who came in '43, and was wise enough to secure a large tract of that wonderful production, Des Moines bottom land. He built his house where one could look out of the front door and see that river, could look across and see a border of trees festooned with wild grape vines which, when let alone, take on varied and beautiful shapes. In the early times, when there was no fruit but wild fruit, we went with great baskets to the Des Moines River, in the Delashmutt neighborhood, and gathered bushels of wild grapes and plums.

Mr. Delashmutt was a Virginian, from that part of the "Old Dominion" where there were big mountains, big trees and big broad-shouldered men with big souls. He belonged to the latter class, as I have often heard his neighbors assert. One of his daughters married Judge J. A. L. Crookham, a prominent citizen of Oskaloosa. She died when a young woman, leaving two children, William and Elizabeth Euclid. "Euclid," as she is usually called, is a bright, well-informed, scholarly woman, and has for several years been a teacher in Portland, Oregon. William Delashmutt, Van Delashmutt's oldest son, is an honorable, respected citizen of Oskaloosa; he was a man when his father came in '43, and remembers and can relate more incidents of the early settling than any man I know. The Boyers and Delashmutts, have from the first settling of Mahaska County to the present day been prominent families.

When one hears the Six Mile Prairie spoken of they are sure to associate it with the name of Wilson. Several families of Wilsons, more or less distantly related,

came in 1843 and took possession of large bodies of the public domain, situated in that region so famed for its beauty and fertility. The Wilsons, like the Boyers and Delashmutts, it seems, knew when they had a good thing and were wise enough to hold on to it. In driving about through that region of fine farms, ever and anon one comes to a substantial, thrifty-looking and well-kept place, belonging to one or another of the Wilsons. One of the Wilsons whom I hear called "Tom," has a fine farm and a fine house on the river's brink, where he raises corn which is simply immense, and melons rivaling the tropics. In coming from the Tom Wilson place toward Oskaloosa one sees another of the kind of farms which delight the eye and makes one feel that this is indeed a land of plenty. Milo Wilson lives there with his intelligent wife and eight sons, surrounded by fields fairly groaning with their burden of that king of Iowa's productions, and smiling fields of clover. Not far from Milo Wilson's and near the northern boundary of Six Mile Prairie lives another family of Wilsons, Mr. Blake Wilson, his charming wife and two bright children, and with them Mrs. Wilson, mother of Milo and Blake.

This morning, which is the 7th day of August, 1898, my son Quincy and I proposed taking a drive. After Quincy had harnessed our good old horse "Jim" to the phaeton and we were seated therein, Quincy said: "Now, mother, where shall we drive?" I proposed that we drive out to Blake Wilson's. "Jim" is in his twenty-first year, has been a faithful servant in our family for more than fourteen years, and in all that time has never been known to balk nor kick nor run away, nor anything unbe-

coming in a horse. He never comes to a railroad track that he don't look up and down to see if a train is coming. If a train happens to be coming he will stop at a proper distance and wait quietly until it has passed. Jim is of ancient and aristocratic lineage. Some of his ancestors were of pure "Barb" stock, which accounts for his sagacity, and also accounts for his being as nimble as a colt at his advanced age. Jim never did a hard day's work in his life, but willingly takes us wherever we want him to. So this morning we turned his head toward Beacon, which is the nicest mining town about here. Many years ago a good class of Welsh people emigrated to America and settled in and around Beacon, among them being four brothers named Price, Jenkin, Joshua, Watkin and John R. These, with many others, were quick to see the possibilities of acquiring wealth in this land of beauty and vast resources. The coal which we used to think of so little account was not overlooked by them, nor the rich farming lands above it. The Price brothers were educated men, and had the faculty of turning both their mental and physical powers to account in many branches of business. Many massive stone abutments where fine bridges span Iowa's rivers are the work of the Prices. They have built hundreds of miles of railroad, have held county offices, run stores and made successful farmers. Quincy and I passed the Joshua Price farm to-day, where a substantial brick residence and barns and other outbuildings are so numerous one would almost take it for a village.

Not far from Beacon, and just after reaching the top of Muchakinock hill we come to the edge of Six Mile

Prairie. It was there a scene of beauty met our gaze. To the right, to the left, in front of us, lay an expanse of green richness which no tongue nor pen nor artist's brush can truly describe. On one side a vast field of great tall corn, the blades so green they were fairly black, and as far as we could see down the road, were great long ears protruding from the stalks, dressed in their red and white silk. Wheat stacks, oat stacks, green meadows and fields of red clover send out a perfume which nothing but clover can give. Herds of Jersey cows were contentedly cropping nutritious grass, reminding one of rich cream and yellow butter. My heart swelled with gratitude to the giver of all this beauty and luxury and plenty. I was reading last night about the poor starving, famishing wretches in Spain. The thought came to me: "If those poor hungry creatures could be transported from that land of desolation and set down in the Six Mile Prairie, how like heaven it would seem to them."

Away over to the southwest was that smoky line which we all know means "over a river." Farm houses neat and commodious, surrounded by orchards, gardens and flowers, loom up in various directions. Just in front of us in plain view is a farm; the lay of the land is perfect, the pleasant-looking residence, the substantial barn, and every other building seems to be in exactly the right place. That is Blake Wilson's. We were on the main road to one of the Des Moines river bridges, but we turned into a lane which led to Mr. Wilson's house. As we neared the gate we were struck with the neatness of the barn-yard, the lawn around the house, and even in the lane outside the grass was shorn and not a weed was

allowed to raise its head along the fence. The grass on the lawn had been cut with a lawn-mower and was like velvet, with no scraggly ends about the fence, nor flower beds nor porch. Every tree and post stood out clean; no straggling spears of grass were left about their roots.

Young Mrs. Wilson saw us as we drove up to the gate, and came flying out, her face beaming with hospitality. We informed her that we had only come to make a short call. I just wanted to talk a little with her mother about the early days on "Six Mile." Quincy hitched Jim to a post, then went to the barn to find Mr. Blake. Mrs. Blake and I went in the house, and I never sat down until I had seen all the rooms down stairs. There was no attempt at display, but everything looked orderly, cozy, comfortable and restful. Presently Mrs. Wilson, Sr., came in and we let our tongues run for about an hour, me asking questions and she answering, all about her experiences in the beginning of things on the "Six Mile." Mrs. Wilson is over eighty years old, but don't look like she was near that old. She moves about with ease, her eyes are bright, her hair is a beautiful iron gray, abundant for one of her age, and lies in waves. Her mental faculties don't seem at all impaired, and she is an interesting talker. She, with her husband and young family came from Virginia in '42, stopped in Washington County the first year, came to Mahaska County and the Six Mile Prairie in '43, and moved into a cabin without a floor. The first night a pouring rain wet everything and flooded the house; they dug a ditch across the room to let the water out. They were glad to get corn bread, and sometimes lived on hominy, but with it all she

never become discouraged nor low-spirited. Her experiences in those times of hardship and privation were like many others.

Mr. Wilson died in 1872, leaving his family well provided for. Mrs. Wilson is well situated in her declining years. While we were talking her grandson came in, a bright little boy of some seven or eight years. She called him to her and introduced him to me, then said: "Here is a boy who has never given his grandmother a saucy word nor an unkind look." Both Mrs. Wilsons and I went out on the lawn where were beds and borders of flowers—not many of the old-fashioned kind we used to love so much, but begonias, geraniums, pansies, and many others with great long scientific names never heard of by Six Mile people in the forties. Pretty rocks and shells from the Des Moines River were arranged around the edges with delicate ferns growing between. While we were admiring the various colors and shades of the bright-faced pansies, Quincy brought Mr. Wilson up from the barn, who, with face beaming all over with good will and good humor, grasped my hand, gave it a hearty shake, then immediately set about gathering and arranging for me a boquet of those beautiful flowers. I was surprised to see the skill and taste which he displayed in arranging those flowers. One would have thought he had been brought up a florist, but it was just his innate perception of beauty and harmony. When he had finished the boquet and presented it to me with the gallantry of a Chesterfield, he invited me to walk to the garden to see his California beans, which certainly were a curiosity,—whether useful or not remains to be determined. But it

does look curious to see a bean start out away up toward the top of a pole, and grow and grow so long that its point drags the ground. That is the way Mr. Blake Wilson's California beans are threatening to do. I told Mr. Wilson he ought to sketch that scene as it appeared from the point where we were standing. He seemed to have so much of the artist in himself I was sure he could do it.

The country northwest of Oskaloosa and bordering on the Skunk River timber was seized by some of the same sort of men I have been trying to tell about, who came in '43 and '44. There were the Troys, the Liters, the Padgetts, the Coffins, Samuel and John, all of whom made claims, and with their families endured the same kind of crude living I have so often described. Their little cabins were built along the edge of the timber, with plenty of prairie for farming lying to the south. There were numerous groves a little way out from the main timber, which made that region attractive in its primeval state. The land, like all other land in this region, was rich and lay well for farming. John Coffin and Samuel were brothers. Their land joined. Both had families, each having several children. John Coffin was killed by a horse in the summer of 1852, and was buried in the Friends' burying ground at Spring Creek. His wife Eleanor remained on the farm where they first settled and brought up her children, who are respected and useful members of society.

I knew more about Samuel Coffin and his family than any I have mentioned of the early inhabitants of that neighborhood. Though Samuel Coffin was a distant relative of mine, I never met him until the fall of '44. He

then was about thirty-six years old, tall and straight and full of vigor, pluck and energy. He had all the qualities necessary in battling with the hardships which attend the settling of a new country. He was honest, honorable and brave. His ancestors were Nantucket whalefishers, who were not afraid of small things, and Samuel Coffin inherited many of the traits of character which those hardy seaman were said to have possessed. They were said to be fearless, honorable, with an innate principle of justice pervading their whole nature. They were a "law unto themselves." I think Samuel Coffin possessed every trait which I have mentioned, and all his old neighbors will agree with me in saying: If Samuel Coffin ever did a mean or dishonorable act, he did violence to his own nature. He provided well for his own household, and was always ready to help a friend or neighbor if he found them in trouble. Samuel Coffin was a fine looking man when in his prime. His hair and eyes were dark. There was a look of strength and genuineness in his face which inspired one with confidence. Even when in trouble himself, he could always find a comforting word for those who sought his sympathy and help. A man like Samuel Coffin is a blessing to any neighborhood. His wife Sophia, who came with him to this fair wildness, and shared with him the inconvenience of a little cabin in a new country, was a handsome woman, with dark hair and dark blue eyes, and a complexion like cream and roses, which the prairie winds even could not spoil. She was not only handsome, but a lovely, gentle, sweet-spirited woman.

My husband and I, in the early times would mount

our horses and go dashing over the hills and hollows, many a time to Samuel and Sophia Coffin's, where we were sure to be received with a smiling welcome from both. Samuel would take Gorrell off to look at his big corn and his pigs, and after a while they would come back with their arms full of great luscious melons. While our husbands were looking at the crops, I would help Sophia get dinner, and such quantities of fried chicken and cream gravy and peas and potatoes, and hot biscuit and honey and butter and coffee with good rich cream, we would have on the table in that little cabin when our husbands returned. We hardly ever saw an apple and never a peach in those days, but when the time of year came around we had melons and blackberries and plums. It was not unusual in those days to find a hollow tree wherein was a colony of bees and great quantities of honey. I have heard of hundreds of pounds of honey being found in a single tree in the Skunk river timber. It was a fortunate thing for the early settlers that the Lord sent the bees on ahead to prepare that excellent substitute for sugar. Money and sugar both were scarce then. Wild grapes, wild plums and wild blackberries abounded in the timber along Skunk river, but none of them make very good pies or sauce without being sweetened, and that honey just fixed things. Many a blackberry cobbler have I seen and tasted, which had been sweetened with the product of those bee-trees. Samuel Coffin was not only a successful farmer and cattle raiser and pig raiser, but could find a bee-tree if there happened to be one any where in his region. When a man found a bee-tree he would cut his name or initials on it.

and it was about as dangerous to "jump" a bee-tree as it was to "jump" a claim.

Samuel and Sophia Coffin had an interesting family, four sons and three daughters, bright, handsome children. They added to their acres and other possessions, and were beginning to be comfortably fixed, when death broke into that happy family and took the beautiful and gentle wife and mother.

After seeing the last spade full of earth placed and made into a mound over all that was mortal of the wife of his youth, that strong man, with a heavy heart, went back to his desolate home and sat down among his motherless children and wept. His heart was sad, the world looked dark, all joy seemed to have departed, never to return, but before long he began to realize that he could not afford to sit and nurse his grief, as there was a family of children, some of them mere babies, who had to be provided for. His cares were doubled. He had to fill the place of father and mother too, but he possessed great strength of character, could surmount difficulties that many a man would sink under. He cast his own griefs and heart-aches in the back-ground and went on toiling and planning and doing the best he could for his own family and any others who came in his way and needed assistance. After a year or two he married Susan Lister, a daughter of Henry Lister, an old settler in Oskaloosa. Susan was a good girl, good looking and a conscientious Christian. To that union were born nine children, five daughters and four sons. Although Samuel Coffin had an unusually numerous family to support, they were all well provided for. Every one of his eight

daughters grew to respectable womanhood, and I have been told, married good men. Hampton Cruzen, one of Mahaska's prosperous farmers who died a year or two ago, married Sarah, the oldest. Eliza, the next, is the wife of Mr. Stephen Pomeroy, another of Mahaska's successful farmers and respected citizens. Mary, the beauty of them all, married Mr. Carl Barr, and is living in Ft. Madison. When I say that Mary is the beauty, I don't mean that the others are not good looking, for every one of them are more than ordinarily good looking. But Mary was decidedly handsome. Several of that numerous household have joined the great majority, their graves are as widely separated as are the living members.

Samuel and John Coffin, like all the other Coffins in the United States, are descendants of Tristram and Diones Coffin, who came from England in 1642 and settled at Salisbury in Massachusetts. In 1660 Tristram Coffin and nine others purchased the island of Nantucket. There they settled in that year and not long after engaged in the whale-fishing business. Those Nantucket people followed that business successfully through several generations. They traversed every known sea, (I mean all the oceans) and sold their cargoes in every seaport in Europe and many other parts of the world. One visiting Nantucket to-day can see in those quaint old houses, relicts in the way of elegant furniture, paintings, china and silver ware brought by those whale-fishers to their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters. In course of time the little island of Nantucket became so thickly inhabited with Coffins and Maceys, and Gardners and

Starbucks and Michells and Folgers and Russells and so forth, that they began to find homes and business in other parts of the western hemisphere. There is said to be twenty-five thousand persons in the United States who can trace their lineage directly to Tristram and Diones Coffin, those first settlers on that island. It is said also that all the Coffins in this country are of that family. One William Coffin, a great grandson of Tristram, and whose wife was Priscilla Paddock, emigrated to North Carolina not very long before the Revolutionary war. These were the ancestors of Samuel and John, whom I have been telling about. The Coffins are great people to keep track of their lineage and most of them reverence their ancestors, and many of the family names are kept going from generation to generation. Priscilla is a name common among the Coffins. I have heard that Priscilla Paddock was a very superior woman and of an excellent family, therefore in every generation of Coffins since her time there has been many Priscillas. Mrs. Priscilla Prine, of Oskaloosa, a very excellent and intelligent lady, is a daughter of John Coffin. Samuel Coffin was a Christian and died in peace at the age of seventy-one years, honored and respected by all who knew him. The largest funeral procession ever seen in Mahaska county was said to be the one that followed the remains of Samuel Coffin to their last resting place in Forest cemetery.

Erastus and Thomas, sons of Samuel Coffin, own and occupy farms and have commodious residences not far from the old homestead where they were brought up. Frank, another son, lives in Nebraska. I hear that

Frank is not only a prosperous farmer, but is a man amongst men. Samuel, the youngest of that numerous family, was a little boy when his father died, but now a tall, fine looking man, and people say is a veritable "chip off the old block." He lives in Colorado and is engaged in railroading. I was not at all surprised to hear a good report of "little Sammy" as we used to call him, for I had reason to know that he was an honest and honorable little boy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

If we drive out west from Oskaloosa on the Pella road, almost immediately on quitting the town, we will begin to enter what is known as the Prine neighborhood, and as we drive on we can see here and there and yonder fine houses, great barns, big pastures wherein are herds of big fat cattle. Many of these fine places which show such evidences of thrift belong to one or another of the Prines. The old set of Prines, Henry, Dan and Kin Prine, came in an early day when land was cheap. They bought large tracts of that beautiful rolling prairie, whereon was only the wild prairie grass and flowers. They broke the sod, fenced their broad acres, and in the course of time planted immense orchards, builded fine houses and barns, and now their children and grandchildren are living and flourishing all about them.

Beautiful and commodious houses and well kept lawns, bright with flowers and surrounded with maples and elms adorn the place where once was A. G. Phillips' double log house, big barn, log stables, and long row of corn-pens. The house was on the south side of the lane

and opposite was a great gate with immense posts painted red. Above these posts a sign was erected, high enough for any wagon to pass under, whereon was painted in letters large enough to be seen a long way off the words "Wagon Yard," which meant a place where people traveling in wagons could find a stopping place and could procure, not only provender for their teams, but shelter and food for themselves. If they chose they could find plenty of room to camp and boil their coffee on a fire made on the ground. People with various purposes in traveling and of various degrees of intelligence and culture often made Mr. Phillips' house a stopping place. I remember one gentleman in particular who was traveling in a two-horse wagon loaded with tobacco which he was wholesaling to merchants or storekeepers in the little towns which were springing up through the country. This gentleman's name was Henderson and was from Illinois. Mr. Henderson seemed to be about fifty years old, was rather heavy set, strong looking and had a fine head and face. His first appearance at my father-in-law's was on a Saturday, and he remained over Sunday. It did'nt take long for us to discover that he was no ordinary man. My father-in-law soon engaged him in conversation, and the rest of us listened and stared. They talked on politics, they talked of the church, they talked about the Mexican war and its probable consequences, they talked about the half-breed tract and the legal intricasies attending it. Mr. Henderson made several trips through here and always managed to come on Saturday and stay over Sunday. One Sunday in the summer of '47, when my husband and I were living

in our little log house, down on that beautiful ridge, my father-in-law brought Mr. Henderson to our house and I prepared dinner for them. I felt that I was entertaining a very brilliant man, or that a very brilliant man was entertaining me, for while I fried the chicken and prepared the best of everything else I could muster up for dinner, I was listening to the wise and brilliant things that man was saying with the greatest interest. I don't think he took much notice of me, for I felt myself too ignorant to take any part in the conversation. If he directed a remark to me I could only say "yes sir" or "no sir," and simper and turn red in the face. But I could listen, and did listen, which I think now was better than to have tried to carry on a conversation with a man who possessed such a vast amount of knowledge and was so capable of instructing those who were willing to listen. Mr. Henderson, we learned, had been a noted political speaker in Illinois, had been a candidate on the Whig ticket for lieutenant-governor, but was defeated. In one of Mr. Henderson's trips through Iowa he stopped in Iowa City.

The legislature was in session, and one of its members who happened to know something about Mr. Henderson's ability as a speaker, invited him to visit the body, introduced him to some of the members and hinted that he was able to interest an audience and so forth, whereupon he was invited to give a talk, which he did, and it was said not only interested, but electrified the whole house. After it was over, Asberry Porter slapped Micajah Williams on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Cage! Did you ever see such a common looking old codger that

could say so many smart things?" Mr. Henderson was dressed in a suit of home-made jeans, but did not apologize for his plain dress nor his seemingly humble occupation.

In the summer of 1847 the people in and around Oskaloosa were thrown into a state of excitement and expectation, on hearing that a large colony of Hollanders were coming through here and were going to settle and build a town on the divide about eighteen miles northwest of Oskaloosa. We were told that these people were a very pious set of protestant Christians who had left their native country on account of religious persecution. We knew very little of Holland and Hollanders. I mean the people generally. A few of us had learned from our geographies that Holland was a country of canals and much of its land had been reclaimed from the sea, and every foot was utilized and cultivated until Holland was one vast garden and net work of water-ways, outside of its towns and cities. We had some vague recollections of having heard or read of Holland being a place of refuge for those who were persecuted for their religious belief. It seemed a little strange that Holland people should be seeking refuge among us for the same cause. Not many of us had ever seen a Hollander, and when they came along the road in various kinds of wagons drawn by various kinds of teams, we gazed in wonder at their quaint and unfamiliar appearance. Their dress was strange to us. Women were perched upon high piles of queer looking chests and boxes and trunks, many of them wearing caps, but no bonnets. Some of the men, and women too, wore wooden shoes, which was entirely

new to us. We were prepared to think well of this people, for we had heard only good of their character. We had been told that they were an honest, moral, industrious, God-fearing people, and from that time to the present have never heard it disputed. Many of them stopped at my father-in-law's place to purchase provender for their teams. Some took meals with us, some camped out in the lane or barnyard. But whether they had their meals in the house, or by a camp fire, or simply took a lunch in their hands and sat on the wagon tongue to eat it, not one of them failed to bow their heads and give thanks.

In the winter following there was much passing up and down the road in quest of supplies for the colony. They would come in to warm, take off their wooden shoes by the fire, throw a shovel full of coals and hot ashes in each shoe, shake them around, throw the fire out, slap on their shoes again, light their pipes and be ready for another spell of battling with cold. All these Hollanders had money, some had a good deal, and they all seemed to know the best way to invest it. That colony was an organized body. Mr. H. P. Scholte was their president. He was a fine looking man, and looked like a leader of men. He was not only their leader in temporal affairs, but was their minister. People used to speak of Mr. Scholte as the Hollander's "Prophet, Priest and King." Soon after the founding of the town of Pella, Mr. Scholte built and occupied near the center what in that day was thought to be a very fine house, and back of it laid out a garden, covering many acres. Fruit trees, ornamental trees and flowering shrubs were tastefully arranged by a landscape gardner. Wide walks and

narrow paths traversed it throughout. The useful was intermingled with the ornamental. Evenly planted and carefully tended squares of cabbage and rows of peas were ornamented with boarders of flowers. A place like that would be called a park in these days. The fame of "Scholte's garden" spread far and near, and persons for miles around would drive to Pella on purpose to see it.

Some of the Holland families who came to Pella in the beginning were wealthy, educated and cultivated, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Bosquet and their boys, Peter and Henry. Those boys as I recollect them forty-six years ago were perfect models of good breeding. Their mother was a handsome and a lovely lady. I have been told by one who knows, that every member of that colony brought with them from their native home, a certificate of good character. It was'nt long before their superior farming and gardening began to be noticed and talked about, and many slovenly farmers were induced to make more out of their rich lands through the example of those frugal and thrifty Hollanders. They were not only industrious and prosperous but were hospitable. I used to hear it said that in every Hollander's house the coffee pot was always on the fire and every stranger or neighbor who entered was offered a cup of hot coffee and some kind of cakes, no matter what time of day it was. Those people made the journey from their native land to the land of their adoption through great tribulation. Many died at sea, and with aching hearts they witnessed the burying of precious ones in the deep, deep sea. But they were a people of faith, the kind of faith which gave courage to endure almost all things. We used to wonder

at the pluck, the endurance and the patience of those people. I think every observing person who has watched their progress and methods from that first colony's arrival to the present time will say the Hollanders have been no detriment to this country. Every man of them took the oath of allegiance to the United States soon after they came. Many of them enlisted in the army and fought bravely in the war of the rebellion. They learned long ago how to manage the rich Iowa soil and their magnificent farms with commodious buildings reach out miles and miles in every direction from Pella. They were quick to learn the language and ways of Americans, have engaged in many kinds of business and been successful. Have been elected to and faithfully filled offices of trust. I have one now in my mind, Mr. Stephen DeCook, who has served several terms as county commissioner, with credit to himself and to his constituents. Mr. DeCook carries in his right arm the effects and scars of a rebel bullet. He is one of Mahaska's successful farmers. Is an all around manly man—fine looking—rather tall with broad shoulders. An honest face. Mr. DeCook is a Christian gentleman and a man of peace. Is always on the right side of every moral or political question. He is not given to controversy, but if attacked is fully able to give a reason for the faith within him. He has a nice family and provides well for his own household, but is not forgetful in entertaining strangers. He could'nt very well do any other way for the blood of the Huguenot runs in his veins, his ancestors having taken refuge in the Netherlands from persecution in France.

Even among those Pilgrims who had fled from religious persecution in Holland and were professed lovers of Democracy, there were degrees in the social scale. The wealthy and educated and more refined were exclusive. They brought their ideas of social position with them. The social line between master and servant, or employer and employed, was much more marked than with Americans of this new western country. A young lady who belonged to a family of "upper ten" Hollanders once said to me: "I never worked in Holland for it was considered disgraceful there for a lady to work, but in America I find it is thought to be disgraceful for a lady not to work."

Late in the forties and early in the fifties, to Oskaloosa's inhabitants were added many worthy and interesting people. In the autumn of 1847, Smith & Cameron having sold out their store, a young man by the name of John Rhodes, from Virginia, came and opened out a store in the room formerly occupied by them at the southeast corner of the public square on the ground where Will Neagle's store is now. Mr. Rhodes kept a store of general merchandise. In addition to the things usually kept in a store at that time, he created a little sensation by displaying a small stock of ready made clothing for men. That being the first time such goods had been offered for sale in Oskaloosa. Mr. Rhodes had tact in displaying his goods and drawing customers. He was a tall, fine looking man, was genial and full of good humor—was polite and kind to everybody. He soon made friends of all the young men about town, and they would congregate in his store of evenings and he would

entertain them with plantation songs, play on the banjo and make things interesting generally. I don't think Oskaloosa citizens had ever heard "Uncle Ned," "Susanna," "Nellie Bly" nor "I'm Just from Old Virginia" until Mr. Rhodes introduced those choice bits of song and melody. But not long after boys could be heard on the streets whistling and singing snatches of Mr. Rhodes' songs.

In those days ladies did their shopping in the day time; they never ventured in a store at night unless the case was a very urgent one. But men would congregate in the stores, on winter evenings especially, gather around the stove and have a social time. Mr. Rhodes' store was made especially attractive for such gatherings. I never heard of anything more harmful being done in those meetings, than playing on the banjo, singing negro songs and telling funny stories.

In a year or two Mr. Rhodes went back to Virginia, married the girl he was engaged to before he came, brought her to Oskaloosa, but before long they left here. Mr. Rhodes was doing a good business, but I have heard that Mrr. Rhodes was not content to live in a small place like Oskaloosa.

To us who had trodden down the wild prairie grass in the public square and streets of Oskaloosa, and seen it grow from a dozen of the smallest and crudest log cabins to a town of eight or ten hundred people in three or four years, it seemed like a town of some consequence and we were proud of it, and jealous of its reputation. We had very little sympathy with anybody who made disparaging remarks about our town, or didn't think it a good enough place for anybody to live.

A number of substantial and intelligent people came and located in and about Oskaloosa along about the time I am telling of—from '47 to '52. Among others was D. W. Loring. He came here when a young man, engaged in mercantile business, was a steady, unpretending, intelligent young man. There was no foolishness about him. He attended strictly to business and from the first was prosperous. I have known Mr. Loring for nearly half a century, and in all these years have never known or heard of his doing a dishonorable act.

After Mr. Loring had been in business here two or three years he went back to his old home in Ohio and was married to Miss Mary Soule, and straightway brought her to Oskaloosa. Mrs. Loring was strikingly handsome. Her form was graceful and willowy, her eyes were brown and sparkling, and an abundance of the most beautiful golden-brown hair adornod her shapely head. She was dignified without being haughty. Her tastes were all refined, her manners gracious. Mrs. Loring was an educated, well-informed, lovely Christian lady. Mr. Loring perhaps had what was called "a good start in a new country," but he and his young wife went to housekeeping in a small house, with not more than three or four rooms, but before many years they were established in a substantial and commodious residence furnished with comfort and luxuries, among which is one of the largest and most select private libraries in Oskaloosa, and that is saying a good deal, for there are many fine private libraries in Oskaloosa.

Mr. Loring has now retired from active business, but for more than forty years was one of Oskaloosa's

leading merchants, having the confidence of all classes, especially Mahaska county's substantial farmers. When one went to his store, he could always be found at his desk. I never heard of his being in financial trouble. Many young men have learned good business habits by working in Mr. Loring's store. Although Mr. Loring has always had the reputation of being an honest, straightforward, level-headed business man, it was not at the expense of the culture of his own mind nor of the minds of his family. When the business of the day was over, he walked straight to his home, where, surrounded by his interesting family, he enjoyed "a feast of reason and flow of soul." Mr. Loring supplied his family with valuable books and high class literature. They all read and were well informed. When they surrounded their beautiful and daintily spread table, they made it a rule, or naturally fell into the habit of discussing questions of scientific, religious, historic or literary interest, which rendered their meals a double feast. A talented gentleman, who was also a minister once remarked to me that Mrs. Loring was an exceedingly well informed lady, especially in the Holy scriptures. Although Mr. Loring has made what is called a success in life, he has enjoyed the confidence and respect of the whole community where he has lived so many years. He has had to drink of the "cup of sorrow." Has seen the wife of his youth fade away and go out of his home forever, and not long after all that was mortal of his gifted and gentle daughter. Mary was laid beside her mother. One solace is left to him in his declining years, his son Frank – his only living child. Frank Loring is a young busi-

ness man of unblemished reputation. The home, with its beautiful grounds, which Mr. Loring has owned and occupied for so many years, was once the home of Mr. A. F. Seeberger, who came to Oskaloosa in the fifties and engaged in the hardware business on the north side of the square where Huber & Kalbach's store is to-day. A more highly-respected business man nor a more polished gentleman ever graced the town of Oskaloosa than Mr. Seeberger. He remained here a few years, then went to Chicago where he still resides and is one of the prominent citizens of that wonderful city. He is the Mr. Seeberger who was treasurer of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893.

In 1846 an elderly couple came to Oskaloosa and purchased several pieces of property. They were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cobb. They bought and occupied the house on Lots 7 and 8 in Block 29, o. p., Oskaloosa. Mr. Jolly, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, built that house and sold it to Mr. Cobb. Mr. Jolly and family went across the plains to Oregon in 1847 with ox teams. Mr. and Mrs. Cobb's children were all married when they came to Oskaloosa except two daughters, Paulina and Emma Cobb, who were young ladies then. Paulina Cobb married Wm. B. Street, whom I have mentioned before as one of Oskaloosa's first merchants. Their only child, Miss Ida Street, is a graduate of O. H. S. and also of Vassar College. Ida Street is a gifted and charming young woman whom Oskaloosa is proud to claim as one of her daughters. Mrs. L. L. Hull, who is mistress of one of the most beautiful homes on East High Avenue, is also a grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cobb.

Mr. Wm. Dart, a son-in-law of Willard Cobb, also came to Oskaloosa in 1846 and bought the "Oskaloosa House" of (I think) Orson Kinsman. Mr. and Mrs. Dart kept it a little while, then sold it to John N. Kinsman, who in 1851 sold it to A. G. Phillips, who in the Spring of 1852 sold it to his son, T. G. Phillips. In 1853 T. G. Phillips sold it to Samuel McMurray and John Prest. Mr. Willard Cobb bought Lot 1, Block 31, o. p., in 1846; a cabin was standing thereon and the Cobbs lived in that cabin a little while in the Summer of '46, until the Jolly family could vacate the better house. Mr. and Mrs. Cobb are buried in White's cemetery, usually called the "Old Cemetery."

The California gold fever had not subsided, when in 1852 A. G. Phillips went across the plains by ox team to California. Before starting he sold the undivided two-thirds of the south forty feet of Lot 8, Block 20, o. p., Oskaloosa, to his son, T. G. Phillips, and the undivided one-third of the same he deeded to his wife, Martha Phillips. Mr. A. G. Phillips never returned from California, but died and was buried there. The reason I am so minute in my story of those people and places is this: Many of Oskaloosa's young real estate men when getting up abstracts of title come to me for information about the people who lived here long ago and the property they owned.

Mr. Daniel Ogilvie was the first man to open out a store exclusively of ready-made clothing. He occupied the house at first on the west side of the public square formerly occupied by Wm. B. Street; but immediately preceding Mr. Ogilvie's occupancy a Mr. James Quinn

had a stock of books and stationery in that room. Mr. Quinn and his wife were charming people, but the business was not satisfactory so he went back to Muscatine. Mr. Ogilvie and family came in 1853, bought the house at the northwest corner of A Avenue and Third Street, which was one of the finest locations and pleasantest houses in Oskaloosa at that time. They improved and added to their house until it was commodious and very comfortable. Mrs. Ogilvie and her sisters, Misses Mary and Maggie Young, had a way of making everything about them pretty and attractive. They were not only charming housekeepers, but were hospitable, generous, and charming in their manners. Everybody liked to go to Ogilvie's, and their friends were legion. They entertained bountifully, and with a grace which made their guests feel at ease. They never said anything flat or insipid, and their wit and repartee kept one interested and amused from first to last. Lizzie Ogilvie, who was a baby when her parents came to Oskaloosa, grew to be a bright and popular young lady, inheriting the taste and skill in making things pretty and attractive which were so marked in her mother and aunts. One day Mrs. Ogilvie took me to Lizzie's room just to show it to me. I just stood and gazed and admired the order and beauty which was everywhere. All those beautiful pieces of embroidery and that perfect neatness were the work of Lizzie's hands. I thought I had never seen a room quite so pretty. For many years Mr. Ogilvie was a prominent and successful business man, having a large store on the north side of the square; but some 24 or 25 years ago he moved to Denver, Colorado, where he died soon after

settling there. The Ogilvies didn't have to begin in a log cabin and rough it like the rest of us, who first settled in Oskaloosa, but were well-to-do when they came. Their house was nicely furnished, their table was bountifully supplied with all the good things the town and county afforded, and their meals were served on snowy linen and exquisite china, such as few in those days could afford. Mrs. Ogilvie and her sisters were self-respecting and unaffected in manner – had none of what is termed "company manners." They were generous, benevolent and helpful.

Mrs. Ogilvie resides in Denver, near her daughter Lizzie, whose husband, Mr. Croft, is a prominent railroad man. I hear her spoken of as a model wife and mother. What used to be Miss Mary Young is now the wife of Judge Mann, a prominent citizen of Golden, Colorado, where she presides in a home made beautiful by her taste and skill. Maggie, Mrs. Babcock, lives in Pueblo, Colorado, and has been a widow many years.

Ever and anon those charming ladies visit Oskaloosa, their old home, where they are welcomed by hosts of old time friends. Mr. Milton Young, a brother of Mrs. Ogilvie's, came to Mahaska county when a young man and by industry and honest dealing has accumulated a competence. He is now a citizen of Oskaloosa, where he and his excellent wife and children own and occupy one of Oskaloosa's fine homes. Mr. Young came in the fifties and through all these years has been an honorable citizen of unblemished reputation.

Andrew Young, another brother, was the first of that family to locate in Oskaloosa. He was a young man

of honor and business ability. When the war of the rebellion broke out Andrew Young was one of the first of Oskaloosa's splendid young men to enlist in the army, and one of the first of Oskaloosa's splendid young men to sacrifice his life in defense of his country. Andrew Young fell at the battle of Belmont.

Between 1844 and 1856 the old tavern built by Charles Purvine on lot 5, block 19, O. P., Oskaloosa, had many owners, many proprietors and many names. Sometimes it was not kept as a tavern at all, but was rented to various families as a dwelling. I can think of several families who have occupied that historic old house, not as tavern keepers; among them Leper Smith, George Roland, Johnson Edgar and Christian Houtz, and others. Sometimes two or three families would occupy it at the same time. That was along in 1846 and 1847 when people were coming in so fast they were glad to find any place to shelter them. In 1848 the Porter brothers bought it and fitted it up and kept it as a hotel for a short time; then a man named Paine kept it a little while. In 1851 a family by the name of Sooy from Montezuma purchased the house and undertook to keep a house of entertainment for the accommodation of the traveling public, but it was not a success. Then the Stanleys, a nice family, were there a short time. The Overtons, very good people, went in and went out. Mr. J. M. White purchased the house in 1853 and rented it to Hugh McNeely, who was one of the first proprietors of the *Oskaloosa Herald*. Mr. McNeely only stayed a year or so, then a Mr. Eastman was, I think, the next to try his hand at running that much occupied hostelry. I have

mentioned a few, but not near all the people who in the years from 1844 to 1855 catered to the wants of travelers and others desiring food and shelter in that house. The name of the house was changed nearly as often but not quite, as its owners and proprietors. "Mahaska House," "Iowa House," "Porter House" and "Eagle Hotel" were some of the names painted on a board and hung on a high post out in front far enough for the stages and other vehicles to pass between.

After ten or twelve years of sudden changes of proprietors, names and reputation, there was a stop to that precarious shifting about. Mr. F. L. Downing, who came to Oskaloosa from London, Ohio, in 1856, purchased the house and grounds belonging thereto from Mr. Jerome M. White. Mr. and Mrs. Downing understood their business. They soon brought order out of chaos, and neatness out of confusion. Mrs. Croney and her daughter Caroline were members of the Downing family. Mrs. Croney was a host within herself, and her excellent ideas and deft fingers added to Mr. and Mrs. Downing's knowledge and ability soon made that much-abused house inviting, attractive and popular. Mr. Downing thought it best to give the house a new name, so he named it "Madison House." They were model hotel-keepers, Mr. Downing being called "the prince of landlords." He made some additions, thoroughly repaired the old part, furnished it comfortably and respectably from one end to the other and always kept it in first-class order. Their table was always supplied with the very best the town and county afforded, and their meals were faultless. No matter at what labor or expense, the Downings always

kept the Madison House in excellent order. Both Mr. and Mrs. Downing were not only persons of good taste, but were genial, friendly and hospitable. Their hotel was popular. They made money and added to their possessions.

Mrs. Croney, Mrs. Downing's mother, was a prominent factor in making that hostlery an attractive place. Her room was one of the coziest and most charming places imaginable for the ladies about town to drop into and enjoy a pleasant chat. She and her daughter Caroline always had something amusing or interesting to relate, as their needles flew in and out of some useful or ornamental piece of work. Mrs. Croney was a devout Methodist, and while she was stitching away would often bring tears to her listeners' eyes as she would relate the sayings of this or that preacher of the by-gone days, or incidents she had witnessed in revivals in the days of her youth. Mrs Croney lived and died in the faith, and as I drive about in Forest Cemetery my old horse "Jim" is sure to stop by a marble slab while I read thereon the name of Lydia Croney, which always brings to my mind incidents I have heard her relate in that charming, cozy room in the Madison House. Her daughter Caroline was a handsome girl. She married Mr. Stephen F. Downing, a brother of F. L. They own and occupy a comfortable and pretty home in one of the finest locations about Oskaloosa. Stephen Downing is a trusted and successful commercial traveler and one of the most genial of men. Stephen and Caroline have three daughters. Cora, the oldest, is the wife of Mr. Ed Howard, an intelligent and prosperous young business man of Oskaloosa. Cora is

handsome, sparkling, and a model housekeeper. There are no brighter children in Oskaloosa than her little daughter Hazel and her son Bailey. There is not a home on the outskirts of Oskaloosa where one can have a finer view of the town than at the home of Stephen and Caroline Downing. Their place was beautiful as I saw it before a white man had ever cut down a tree or turned a shovel full of soil. Utility, neatness and good taste seem to be inherent in the Downing and Croney blood. Kate and Mabel, the young ladies of that house, like their mother and grandmother, know how to make everything about them useful and attractive. Their rooms are filled with their handiwork and borders of flowers adorn their grounds.

Charles Croney, Mrs. Croney's son, was not much beyond boyhood when the war of the rebellion broke out, but he enlisted in the army, went through the war without getting killed or seriously wounded, but came home broken in health. He died a few years ago in Washington, D. C., leaving a wife and daughter, who live there still.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Downing's daughter Ollie and son Dwight were little children when their parents came to Oskaloosa and they grew to womanhood and manhood in Oskaloosa. Ollie married Mr. John Lord, a very superior young man. They went to California years ago. Dwight chose the law as a profession, married one of Oskaloosa's nicest and best girls, Miss Grace Durfee, and settled down in the town where he was brought up, and enjoys the reputation of being a reliable, honest and painstaking business man. He looks like his father,

which is saying a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Downing were a handsome and distinguished looking couple. They were not only leaders in the hotel business, but were leaders in society. Their happy manners and good taste made them favorites among the fashionable. Their benevolence and kindness of heart made them loved by the needy and unfortunate. When Sarah Croney Downing was still young and time had made no wrinkles in that fair face, death, that ruthless reaper, who is no respecter of persons, broke into that family, and that charming wife and mother and friend was his victim. Mrs. Downing's death was not only a sad bereavement to her immediate family, but her wide circle of friends. Very many of Oskaloosa's best people felt her death to be a personal loss to themselves. Though Mrs. Downing had much to make life dear and this world look bright, she died in the hope and faith of a better life beyond. I can never forget the earnest prayers and comforting words uttered by the dying bed of that suffering woman, by that sweet, saintly Quaker lady, Mary Jane Cook, who has since gone to her reward, and who knows but Sarah Downing was one of the first of the redeemed ones to greet her on the "shining shore?" Mrs. Downing's funeral occurred on the fifth day of August, 1869, at the First M. E. church in Oskaloosa. Multitudes from all classes gathered in and about the church, the fashionable and prosperous to sympathize with the bereaved family and manifest their respect for a departed comrade, the poor and lowly to weep for one who had fed and clothed and sheltered them. The Rev. E. H. Waring, under whose ministry Mrs. Downing was converted, con-

ducted the funeral services. In his discourse, among other things I remember of his saying: "Among all my acquaintances I know of no Christian lady who had so wide a circle of friends." Mr. Downing was a devoted husband. All through his wife's lingering and painful sickness everything that money could purchase or love invent was lavished on her. Mr. Downing rented the Madison house to Messrs. Vermillion and Ong. Some two or three years after he married Miss Eunice Dart, a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Dart, of Oskaloosa. Miss Eunice was a popular and handsome young lady.

In 1874 Mr. Downing moved the Madison house away, and on the ground where it stood erected a three-story brick hotel he named The Downing House. The Downing House seemed very complete and grand to Oskaloosa people then, and we were proud of it. Not long after Mr. Downing built the Downing House his health began to fail. He visited various watering places and health resorts, hoping to regain his health, but was not materially benefited. He wouldn't give up, but kept going. One morning feeling unusually depressed, he took the train and flew off to Colfax. In a few hours a dispatch came to his family, saying, "Mr. Downing is dying!" Not long after, another dispatch came, saying, "Mr. Downing is dead!" His family was heart-broken—his friends shocked and grieved.

In one of the most beautiful lots in Forest Cemetery two graves lie side by side. At the head a tall marble monument, on which is carved the dates of the birth and death of Foster and Sarah Downing. On the same lot is another grave on which the grass has been growing for

many years, and there on a marble slab the same kind of a little story is told, only it is Lydia Croney. "They were united in life, and in death they are not parted."

All the time I have been writing about the Downings I kept thinking about the McMullins. Major McMullin and Mr. Downing were in business together many years, and when I think of one I am sure to think of the other. Mrs. Downing and Mrs. McMullin were very intimate friends, too. When Major and Mrs. McMullin and their little daughter Sallie came to Oskaloosa it was *Mr.* McMullin. There had been no war in his lifetime to make Majors, and Captains, and Colonels, and Generals of our men as there was not long after. The McMullins came from Ohio, where so many of Oskaloosa's nice people came from. They came in 1855, not quite early enough to live in a log cabin, but they lived in some houses not overly good or roomy at first, but wherever they lived, everything about them was made as neat and pretty as it was possible for them to be made. It didn't take the citizens of Oskaloosa long to discover that the McMullins were superior people. They soon drew hosts of friends around them composed of Oskaloosa's best citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. McMullin have been worthy and valued members of the Methodist Episcopal church for more than forty years. Their seats are never vacant unless they are unavoidably detained from attending. They are not very loud in their professions, but are always ready to do their full share in maintaining the church. Maj. and Mrs. McMullin are exceedingly hospitable. They entertain with a grace and ease not often

attained. One reason why things move along so charmingly in that elegant and dainty home is this: There is perfect harmony between husband and wife. Their tastes are alike, there is no jarring nor discord. I have heard it said by persons who know well their habits, that there is never an unkind or disrespectful word spoken by one to the other. When the war of the rebellion came Maj. McMullin was one of the first of Oskaloosa's strong and brave and patriotic young men to enlist in the army. He was in many hard fought battles. He was promoted and commissioned Major at Pittsburg Landing. He came out of the war alive by the "skin of his teeth" carrying a scar made by a rebel bullet. Among others of the Major's good qualities, he had sense enough to save his money and when the war was over he had the means to go into a good business and fix himself and family to live in comfort. Sallie was a gentle child. She grew to be a sweet-spirited and gentle young lady. She married Mr. J. R. Noble, but while yet a young woman, those worthy and tender parents saw the eyes forever closed to the things of this world, and the daughter they had loved so much and so tenderly brought up, laid to rest in Forest cemetery, leaving to their care three little daughters. Not many little girls left motherless are blessed with so good a home, kind treatment and proper training as they receive at the hands of those worthy grandparents, Major and Mrs. McMullin.

CHAPTER XIX.

When I begin writing about the friends I have known so long and so well I can hardly find a place to stop. I want to follow them up from generation to generation. When I began this story my purpose was to tell as true a story as I could of the days when all, or nearly all, of this beautiful and grand country was an unbroken wilderness; of its *first* settlers and their heroism. I wanted this generation to understand how people—some of them their ancestors, could live in log huts away from churches and schools and railroads, with little to wear and coarse food to eat, and yet be good and great. But I find myself wandering away from my first object and saying a good deal about a generation that was unborn when these scenes were being enacted. Some of Oskaloosa's most brilliant and prosperous business and professional men are sons of these pioneers, and many of her brightest, best, and most charming women are their daughters. Some of them I have known from their childhood, some I have held in my arms when they were babies. Their parents and grandparents were my friends,

and friends of the husband of my youth. It will not be thought strange that I feel an interest and want to tell about their children. So few of the first settlers are left I have to depend on my own memory for nearly all I have to say about them. Some were seized with the gold fever and went across the plains to California with ox teams late in the forties and early in the fifties. Some moved away to other new places and never came back. Some are sleeping in Forest cemetery, among them my own precious dead.

I love to think of the early days and people. I love to talk about them, and I am glad to have the privilege and inclination to write about them. I want these splendid young men and women in Oskaloosa and the country round about, who are descended from those courageous, self-sacrificing early settlers to know that they are not so altogether self-made as they may possibly think they are. Book learning and polish may be acquired, but brains, honor and courage have to be born in people. Nearly every one of the people who *first* settled around here were endowed with brains, courage and honor. What they lacked was opportunity. The best part of their lives were spent in toiling to make the opportunity of which their descendants are reaping the benefit. But I see, if I don't mind I will fall into a habit I detest, namely, "moralizing." It's too much like explaining a joke. To tell the story and let the reader do his or her own moralizing I think is better.

When I was a young girl my home was on the border of a neighborhood composed of people of German extraction, who had emigrated from Pennsylvania and set-

tled there when Indiana was new. "They were called Pennsylvania "Dutch." They were thrifty, honest, good neighbors and all round good citizens. As far as my knowledge goes the Pennsylvania Germans are good citizens anywhere,

The family I want to talk about now is of that old and respectable stock. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kalbach, with some of their older children came from Pennsylvania and located in Oskaloosa in 1851. They, like the majority of Oskaloosa's new comers in that day, had but little means, and lived in houses of small dimensions at first. Their family increased until there were four sons and five daughters, who were brought up to be industrious, self-reliant and self-respecting. The children were all well educated, nearly, if not altogether in Oskaloosa's public schools. Although for several years Mr. Kalbach's means were limited, and his family numerous, by honest industry and good management, he not only maintained his family respectably, but laid by enough to enable him to embark in a lucrative business. Mr. and Mrs. Kalbach had the great good sense to live within their means. They were rather quiet people, but their habits and manners were of the kind which command the respect of their neighbors. Mr. Kalbach engaged in the lumber business, and was prosperous from the first. He has retired now from active business, but two of his sons, John and George Kalbach, are carrying on the lumber business extensively and profitably. John, the eldest of Mr. Kalbach's sons, married Miss Louise Patterson, an excellent young lady. Their home is one of the nicest in the city. Their son Warren is a fine looking young

man, works in his father's office and bids fair to become a fine business man, like his father and uncles. Their daughters, Helen and Annette, are charming girls.

A few years ago Mr. John Kalbach made the regular round of sight-seeing in Europe. While on that trip he favored us with some charming and very interesting letters. When he came home somebody asked him what pleased him most of all the things he saw on that trip. His reply was: "The sight which delighted me most was the group standing on the lawn to greet me when I reached my home."

George Kalbach is the only unmarried one of the family. He has traveled much, and his letters from abroad, especially from South America, were entertaining, instructive and written in a pleasing style. John and George Kalbach certainly have always been looked upon as intelligent, level-headed business men, but who was looking for the literary ability shown in the letters both of these gentlemen favored us with while traveling in foreign lands? William, another of the Kalbach brothers, in partnership with Mr. Chas. Huber (another of Oskaloosa's fine business men and good citizens), is doing an extensive business in hardware, both wholesale and retail. Mr. William Kalbach is also president of the Oskaloosa National Bank. He married one of Oskaloosa's nicest girls, Miss Nellie Seevers, daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. H. Seevers.

Z. T. Kalbach, "Taylor," as we always called him, married Miss Rose Cole, a charming girl. Taylor located and launched out in business in the town of New Sharon, and like the rest of the Kalbach men, was not only very

prosperous, but a valued citizen. But Taylor, in the pride of young manhood, was cut down by death. Mr. and Mrs. Kalbach's five daughters every one grew to womanhood—honored, admired, and loved by all who knew them, especially by those who knew them best. The Kalbach lot is one of the prettiest in Forest Cemetery. There Taylor and Emma sleep, where a few months ago the beloved mother of that excellent family was laid to rest.

Though Isaac Kalbach's home is one of the most elegant and substantial in the city of Oskaloosa, and his sons and his daughters are so near, and pleasantly located, and are so kind and thoughtful of their father's comfort, yet she who was the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, the one who shared his joys and griefs for more than half a century has gone out of that home, leaving a void nothing can ever fill; though Isaac Kalbach has had to drink of that bitter cup which nearly all must drink sooner or later, he has much to comfort him and to be thankful for in his declining years—more than usually falls to the lot of man. His daughters and his daughters-in-law are all that he could desire in daughters; his sons and sons-in-law are honorable and prosperous men. Not long ago a gentleman who knows them well, said to me: "The Kalbachs can make money without resorting to questionable methods."

Christian Houtz, another of the Pennsylvania German stock, with his wife and only child Evaline, came and located in Oskaloosa in 1847. Mr. Houtz bought a tract of land adjoining the town on the east, where he built a comfortable home, surrounding it with fruit trees,

vines and flowers. Mrs. Houtz had fine roses when fine roses were rare in this country; she had other fine flowers too. I think the Houtzes and the Fredericks were the first families anywhere about Oskaloosa to propogate and cultivate dahlias, geraniums and fine roses. Mr. Houtz built that home in 1848. It stands there yet, a good and respectable residence. Mrs. Houtz died early in the seventies, but Mr. Houtz lived to an advanced age. They both died in the house they built in '48. Mr. Houtz laid out an addition to Oskaloosa, which is known as Houtz's addition. His land increased in value as the town grew; he became quite wealthy, and when he died he left a considerable estate.

Evaline was a bright little girl, and grew up to be a bright young lady. She married John R. Needham, a popular young lawyer, who was elected to the State Senate in 1852. He was Lieutenant Governor during the war of the rebellion. By virtue of his office Mr. Needham was speaker of the house. When Ft. Donaldson fell, and a dispatch came telling of the same, it was handed to Mr. Needham. After glancing it over, he called the attention of the house and with joy beaming all over his face, he proceeded to read to that eager assembly:

"Our Troops Victorious!

Ft. Donaldson has Fallen!"

It is said that such a scene was never enacted in Iowa's Legislature before nor since. One big shout went up. Tears of joy sprung to their eyes. They grasped each other's hands. They embraced, they laughed, they wept.

John R. Needham was the first editor of the *Oskaloosa Herald*, which was the first newspaper published in Oskaloosa. Mr. Needham died of consumption, when comparatively a young man, leaving two children, Minnie and Willie. Mrs. Evaline Houtz Needham is still a citizen of Oskaloosa, and is considered one of the best-informed women in the town. She is an inveterate reader, and her knowledge of prominent people and events is something wonderful. Mrs. Needham spends much of her time in one or another of the cities or watering places in the east. Her winters are usually spent in Washington, D. C. She sometimes favors her home papers with letters telling of the interesting places she has visited and the prominent and interesting people she has met. Mrs. Needham is a graceful writer. When she was Evaline Houtz and a little girl in school her essays were remarkably well written. Mrs. Needham is a fine-looking woman, has a young face and not a gray hair, though she has grand-daughters who are young ladies. Her daughter Minnie was a bright and studious child, was one of the first to graduate from Oskaloosa High School, and was quite proficient in music. She married Mr. W. R. Lacey, a prominent young attorney, and is now mistress of one ot the finest homes in Oskaloosa, where she and her husband and daughters entertain their hosts of friends in the most delightful manner. Every room, nook and corner is furnished in an elegant, comfortable and restful manner. The daughters charm one with music, and the choicest of literature greets the eye on every hand. Their conservatory is filled with the choicest plants and flowers, and their grounds are a bower of

beauty. Broad verandas festooned with graceful vines and surrounded with ferns, begonias and palms make one almost imagine they are in the tropics. Their grounds reach from street to street, and are pretty on all sides, with no unsightly places at all.

W. R. Lacey is a successful attorney, a careful business man and is steadily adding to his possessions. Mrs. Needham's son, William Houtz Needham, was a bright and handsome boy, and when he reached young manhood, was tall, broad-shouldered and handsome; was well educated, studied law, was admitted to the bar, began practicing his profession with bright prospects of success. He was courteous in his manners towards everybody, and everybody was his friend. He married Miss Ella Moore, daughter and only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Moore, one of Oskaloosa's most accomplished young ladies. Those worthy young people had just taken possession of their beautiful home when the young husband was stricken with typhoid fever. Its progress was rapid; in a few days William H. Needham was no more.

Colonel W. W. Chapman, who was a delegate to congress from Iowa when it was a territory, once resided in Oskaloosa. He, with his family, came here in the spring of 1846. They occupied a rambling kind of log cabin on the south side of High street about where the Narrow Guage depot stands. Some wag had given it the name of "Ft. Baker." An eccentric sort of man who was called "Colonel" Baker had built and occupied it when Oskaloosa was first a town. I don't know why he was called "Colonel." I don't know why Chapman was called

Colonel, but he was. That was even before the Mexican war. Colonel Chapman was a brother-in-law to Van B. Delashmutt. He was a lawyer, a devout Methodist and a very nice man. In the spring of 1847 Col. Chapman and family moved to Portland, Oregon. He crossed the plains with ox teams.

I am sure Col. Chapman owned the largest library of anybody in the county when they lived here. I know I gazed with wonder and astonishment to see so many books in a little dark cabin.

John Montgomery was one of the first to stake out a claim in Mahaska county on the first day of May, 1843. He with John White, Felix Gessford and W. D. Canfield were hidden somewhere on the night of April 30. They didn't go to sleep, but waited until the hands of somebody's watch pointed to the figure XII; then they grabbed their torches and sharpened sticks and flew around the land they had been secretly spying out. Mr. Montgomery had chosen about the nicest piece of land to be found anywhere—right on the divide. The government reserves the privilege of taking a quarter section of land anywhere on the public domain if they want to locate a county seat, no matter who claims it. So the commissioners who located Oskaloosa, liked Mr. Montgomery's claim and pounced on it, and laid out the town, with a public square—not exactly in the center of the town, but exactly on top of the ridge, where the waters from the north side find their way to Skunk river, and the waters from the south side find their way to the Des Moines. Mr. Montgomery had land left after giving up that splendid quarter, and was allowed a claim at the south-

west corner of town, besides, he had a splendid tract adjoining the town quarter on the south. On these lands Mr. Montgomery has laid out what is known as Montgomery's first and second additions to Oskaloosa. Mr. Montgomery has a comfortable home at the corner of First Street and Third Avenue. He is one of the very few persons who own and occupy a home on the claim they staked out on the first day of May, 1843. Mr. Montgomery has owned many valuable pieces of property, and still owns a good deal in the town and country round about. He is now old and feeble and much broken, but keeps his lawn and garden in good order with his own hands. He has been twice married, and both wives were excellent women. They sleep in Old Cemetery. His three sons and one daughter are married and gone. His young lady daughters, Laura and Jessie, keep the inside of their home in as good order as the father does the outside. Mr. Montgomery is the oldest settler of Oskaloosa now living in the town, and the only one living of the men who drove stakes around their claims in this region on May 1st, 1843. Mr. Montgomery has always been an honest, liberal and kind-hearted man.

After the Mexican war was over and terms of peace adjusted, there was a considerable scope of territory added to the United States. Our people didn't seem to think "expansion" a bad thing then, and when some new maps of the United States were made, with seven or eight hundred miles more of our domain bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and a vast territory to the southwest, our country assumed a better shape, was better proportioned. I always liked to study maps, and never look on

a map of our country without a feeling of pride, nor without seeing with the mind's eye the maps used when I went to school; that long stretch of Atlantic sea coast and the little strip on the Pacific. But after the Mexican war was over it was squared out to about the right shape. In July, 1848, about the time matters were fairly adjusted between the United States and Mexico, gold in that newly acquired country was discovered in great quanities. The news flew from one end of the land to the other. There was great excitement among the people, even here in Mahaska county and Oskaloosa. Nearly all of our young men, and some who were not very young, were ready to sacrifice all they possessed for a California outfit. A California outfit for three or four men consisted of three yoke of oxen, a wagon, loaded with flour, bacon, coffee, tea, sugar and dried apples, with the necessary condiments, enough to last five or six months; bedding and two suits of substantial clothes. Yes, and each man must have a gun and a supply of amunition. Some of our young men were willing and glad to exchange a quarter section of good land for such an out fit. What was a quarter section of land in Iowa compared with the bags of gold they were going to pick up in California? They could go out there and in a year or two come back with gold enough to buy a township. Such wonderful stories were told us of fortunes being picked up, sometimes in a day, that half the people, women as well as men, were crazy to go.

The agricultural and horticultural resources of that grand country were scarcely thought of—it was nothing but gold. In the Spring of 1849 a large company of Os-

kaloosa people and others from the country round, more or less comfortably fixed for the trip, started on that long and tedious journey across the plains. The end of civilization was "Kanesville," a small town or trading point on the Missouri River, since known by the name of Council Bluffs. Immediately on crossing that river the plains began, which stretched away off to the West for hundreds and hundreds of miles, a barren waste, only inhabited by Indians and buffalo, and nobody seemed to think it ever would be inhabited by anything else—nothing would grow there but buffalo grass. Some whole families, and many of our splendid young men were in that train which left Oskaloosa for California in the Spring of '49, and on the spot where the great town of Omaha now stands, and that wonderful Inter-State Exposition is now being held, with tears in their eyes they looked across that mighty, muddy river and bade farewell to Iowa and to civilization. They then cracked their whips and started across the plains.

Some of the families went with the intention of staying and making California their home, among them John Cameron, the good old Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, with his wife, eight daughters, one son, six sons-in-law, one daughter-in-law and a host of grandchildren. Every one of that numerous family, old enough to know what piety meant, were pious people, and I have heard, had worship every night and morning on that long and perilous journey. I think, all that went in that first company from Oskaloosa lived to get through. But some of those strong young men who started with such glowing expectations, never came back. James and Thomas

McMurray, two excellent young men, were cut down by death in young manhood. Their bones are resting, perhaps, in lonely graves in California. Rolla Smith, a fine young man, tall and straight as an arrow, and Dr. Sampsell, a brilliant young physician, after working in the gold mines a year or two, with, no one knows what success, boarded a vessel at San Francisco to come home, but vessel nor young men were ever heard of after. Stephen Edwards went to California with the Camerons, worked in the mines a few years, then went to the Willamette Valley in Oregon, engaged in farming and is now a wealthy retired old bachelor of Eugene City.

Some of those stalwart young men who went in that train of 49ers, lived to return to their friends and homes. Perhaps none of them brought a very great amount of gold, but they all brought with them a much greater amount of knowledge than they had when they started away. California was a good place to learn. Brilliant and scholarly men from all over the eastern states were digging gold along the creeks. Scholars, statesmen, poets, actors and politicians were mixed up with the unlearned prairie breaker from Iowa, or the hoop pole merchant from Illinois. The graduate from Yale washed out gold by the side of the champion corn-husker on the Wabash. The man who could recite every line of "Hamlet" from memory, had for his partner the man who could make more rails in a day than any man on Skunk river.

The Nantucket whale fisher who had sailed on every ocean and knew every seaport in the world, bunked with the young fellow whose ambition had been to carry up

the truest corner in a log cabin and hew a puncheon the smoothest. Not all of our boys who went in '49 were unlettered and unlearned. Some of them were as bright as a new silver dollar, and could hold their own anywhere, but others had not had the advantages of schools and knew little of what was in books. But most of them had been brought up in a school of honor and could be trusted with uncounted gold.

After their day's work had been done on the creek, this mixture of learned and unlearned would gather about the fire in their cabins, or shanties, and talk—they would talk of the countries they had seen, the books they had read, the speeches they had heard delivered by great statesmen and orators, the sermons heard by this or that bishop, the acts of congress, the different peoples of different countries, with their different characteristics, and a hundred other things. Our unsophisticated prairie breakers, corn huskers and hoop-pole cutters, listened, "caught on," and by that means and their own observation gained a store of knowledge. When they came home it was easy to be seen they had acquired a self-possession and ease of manner, could talk fluently of courts and laws, and empires and republics, and the different races inhabiting the different parts of the world, and so forth. They were as bright as the new gold coin in their pockets.

We lost many excellent citizens in the great exodus to California in 1849 and 1850, but their places were soon filled by other excellent people. While there was a rush to California to find gold, there was a rush to Iowa to find farms, and suitable locations for many other kinds

of business. Many of our prominent people came and settled here about that time, and among others, Judge J. A. L. Crookham, who came here a young man, and long before he was an old man he had acquired fortune and fame.

Early in the fifties Mr. and Mrs. Jerome M. White came from Ohio and located in Oskaloosa. Mr. White opened out a store of general merchandise on the south side of the public square and did a good business. He was a many-sided business man, and could make things go in whatever line he chose to direct his efforts. He could sell goods, he could deal in horses, he could buy and sell lots, could build a house, move in, could sell it and move out again a little quicker than anybody I knew. Many of Oskaloosa's nice and valuable places were once the property of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. White. The lots upon which Mr. Hostetter's elegant residence now stands was once their home. Though the house Mr. White built and occupied on that ground in 1854 was thought to be quite pretentious, it was long since torn down and moved away. They once owned the ground and occupied a small frame house where Mr. McNeill's fine livery barn is now. That little frame house was moved away over on a hill on East C avenue and is standing there to-day. I often drive by it, but never without thinking of the happy times my husband and myself have enjoyed in that little old house with those charming people. My husband and I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. White very soon after they came to Oskaloosa, and a strong friendship, such a friendship as only occurs between two families a few times in a whole lifetime, was formed be-

tween us. The kind of friendship which neither time, nor distance, nor prosperity, nor adversity, nor any other creature has ever broken.

We were all young away back in 1852; our hearts were light, the world looked bright, and everything had a charm. My husband would hitch his chestnut sorrels to his wagon in the Summer, and we would go out together on the Spring Creek hills and gather blackberries. In September we would drive over to the Des Moines and come home loaded down with wild grapes and plums. On the Fourth of July we would invite a few friends to join us and we would hie away to the banks of that beautiful river and have a "pic-nic" so full of incidents – they are fresh in our memories to-day! On Winter nights our songs mingled with the jingle of sleigh-bells as we swiftly glided over the snowy prairies or on the streets of the little town of Oskaloosa. We sang, we joked, we laughed! Nobody could tell more funny stories than Jerome, and nobody could tell them better. "Jerome and Lizzie" seemed to be a part of ourselves. It was always a joy to see them come into our house, or for us to go to theirs. How much there was in a Summer or a Winter then!

The prairies with their native grasses and flowers, the groves scattered here and there with their borders of hazel bushes, crab apples and crimson sumach; the great feathery bunches of golden rod and purple chrysanthemums, those beauties just completed the border, purple and gold. Nature knows how to arrange colors; the river with banks atangle with trees and vines, made us joyous, yet we hardly knew why. But we were young then,

and full of life and health and energy; little perplexities and annoyances were soon forgotten. The time when any of our little band would close their eyes forever on all that looked so bright, seemed vague and far away. Though we have been bereft of dear ones and had many a sorrow, we love to think and talk of the friends of long ago and of the by-gone days. Our pleasure was not altogether in the frivolous; even if we were young, we enjoyed many a talk of the more serious and practical side of life.

Mr. and Mrs. White were bright, educated and cultured people, and were gifted with a high sense of honor. Mrs. White had the distinction of being the possessor of the first piano ever brought to Oskaloosa, which was in the Summer of 1853. At that time they owned the hotel where the Downing is now, and Hugh McNeely was its proprietor. Mr. and Mrs. White took their meals at the hotel, but had rooms at our house—we never stayed apart very long in those days. We owned and occupied a two-story house at that time on the ground where the Bashaw Livery is now, Lot 5, Block 20, o. p., Oskaloosa. Mr. and Mrs. White occupied the east room up-stairs, and when that piano came and was being taken up to that room, it created a sensation. A crowd gathered about the door and gazed in wonder. Many of them had never seen a piano.

Mrs. White was born and brought up in Brownsville, Penn. She practiced on that piano when she was Lizzie Copeland. When Mrs. White was a little girl she went to school with James G. Blaine and his cousins, the Gillespie girls. Her father was prominent in that part of

Pennsylvania as a journalist and politician, and was a member of the State Senate. He used to visit his daughter and her husband in Oskaloosa. Mr. Copeland was one of the finest-looking men and most elegant gentlemen I ever met.

In 1854 or 1855 a town was laid out on the Missouri River and called Sioux City. Mr. White, conceiving the idea that Sioux City was going to be a great place, rushed out there and bought a large tract of land in and around the town. It wasn't long until those dear friends of ours hied them away over miles and miles of unbroken and uninhabited country, to the little village which it was expected was going to be the metropolis of the northwest. Sioux City was making a fair start toward greatness when the financial crash of 1857 gave it a backset. The war of the rebellion coming on soon after gave it another backset. Mr. White abandoned his speculations in corner lots and went to the war. When the war was over, instead of going back to Sioux City, they located at Atchison, Kansas, where they made for themselves a lovely home on the Missouri bluff just above that city. I thought that home a charming place. Every room was just the right size and shape. Their grounds were one mass of fine fruits and flowers, and there was the most delightful view up and down the river from their broad veranda.

Mr. and Mrs. White have no children, so when they feel disposed to take a trip they take one. They spent the whole winter in New Orleans during the Exposition, and they spent another winter in Florida. They visit the Federal Capital frequently. Mrs. White sometimes

favors her home papers with spicy and interesting letters, and she is perfectly capable of doing that kind of thing. She is a brilliant woman. Some five or six years ago they decided to spend a winter on the Pacific Coast. They went to Seattle, and made up their minds to spend the rest of their natural lives in a suburb of that city, as they had at last found the garden spot of the earth.

A lady asked me not long ago if I remembered an entertainment which was given here a long time ago, called the "bear party," or the "bear supper," "it was something with *bear* to it." To which I replied: "I should say I did remember it, for I was there and partook of a good-sized piece of that bear." "Do tell me about it," she remarked. Then I proceeded to tell her the following story of that function:

Away back in the early fifties some old and very dear friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. White, owned the old frame hotel where the Downing House now stands, and for a tenant and proprietor they had one Hugh McNeely, a gentleman possessing various gifts and accomplishments. He was one of the first proprietors of the "Oskaloosa Herald." His talents as a journalist were sometimes displayed in the editorial columns of that paper. Mr. McNeely was versatile; he was vivacious; he was full of resources! After he had ceased to cater to the mental appetites of the resident public, he tried his hand at catering to the physical appetites of the traveling public. As a caterer Mr. McNeely was a success—for a while. His table fairly groaned with the weight of good things spread thereon. To sit down to a dinner at that hostelry, where roast pig, roast turkey, venison and peach-cobbler

was served, was nothing unusual. Mr. McNeely was gifted with wonderful powers of conversation. There seemed to be no limit to his resources in that respect. He knew about all that was known in that day, and he seemed willing and anxious to give his guests the benefit of his knowledge. His logic was something wonderful, and he could argue on any side of a question with equal clearness. His guests gazed, and listened with astonishment:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
"How one small head could carry all he knew."

Our friend, Mr. Jerome White, had a wonderful liking for pets, in the way of wild animals. He bought a young deer and succeeded in making it very tame. It would come up to them and eat out of their hands. They allowed that deer great liberty, it was so tame. Everybody about town knew that deer, but to make sure no one would mistake it for a wild deer when it might chance to be grazing on the common, Mrs. White fastened a piece of red flannel around its neck. But with all that, some one was ruthless enough to shoot that deer.

Mr. White's next attempt at taming a wild animal for the solid pleasure of its society was with a badger. The badger was not a success; boys would come around and poke sticks at it, which didn't seem to be particularly enjoyed by the badger, however much it may have been enjoyed by the boys. So one day the badger became desperate, broke his chain, and escaped to parts unknown. These misfortunes happened to Mr. White in the year 1852. He was almost inconsolable when the badger made his escape, but in a few months after, some time in the

summer of 1853, he met a man somewhere who had for sale a large black bear, already sufficiently domesticated to be led by a chain. Mr. White purchased the bear and was happy. He had him taken around to the back-yard of his hotel, had the chain made fast to a stake, and the bear was placed in Mr. McNeely's care. Mr. McNeely was delighted. His foresight was keen. A great feast and a great "hit" in the hotel business loomed up before his mental vision. Game of other kinds was quite plentiful, but a whole bear served at one meal was something unusual. And that was what Mr. McNeely mentally proposed to do, if Mr. White could be induced to have that bear slain. Mr. McNeely knew his powers of persuasion; he would manage it. That bear soon became so accustomed to seeing a crowd of men and boys around that he paid no attention to them, but just kept on eating. He fared sumptuously every day; devoured great quantities of food from Mr. McNeely's table, and waxed fatter and fatter. Mr. McNeely did not "reckon without his host," for in course of time, after many persuasions and logical arguments, Mr. White was led to see that a great bear feast would not only be a bonanza for Mr. McNeely in the hotel business, but would advertise the house and thereby bring him a purchaser. In those days everybody's property was for sale or trade. Speculation was rife in Oskaloosa; so Mr. White consented to have the bear sacrificed, but it was "stipulated in the bond" that Mrs. White should retain a considerable portion of the oil. Pure bear's oil at that time was valuable. It was supposed to add greatly to the beauty of the hair, and was much used for that purpose. I remember seeing a

young man in church one day whose hair was so completely saturated with bear's oil that it fairly dripped off.

Mr. McNeely did not swerve from his purpose. A week or two before Christmas he made known to the citizens of Oskaloosa and surrounding country, that a function such as had never been witnessed nor enjoyed by society in this part of Iowa would be given at the Eagle Hotel, on December 24th, 1853. Dinner would be served at 3:30 p. m. The cuisine would surpass anything ever attempted in this community. Many rare viands would be served at that banquet, but what was most unique, a large black bear would be slaughtered and the whole of it placed before the guests, prepared in every manner known to the cuisine art. After dinner the dining-room would be cleared and those who chose to do so could "trip the light fantastic toe."

When the afternoon of the 24th arrived, the *elite* of Oskaloosa and country 'round began to arrive, and soon the Eagle Hotel was filled to overflowing. Mr. McNeely did all, and more than he had led the people to think he would do. The bear was fine; the banquet was a grand success financially, and every other way. Everybody went away more than satisfied. They had had all the bear meat they wanted. As the bear was the principal feature of the entertainment, some of the young men called it the "Bear party," and some were rude enough to call it the "Bear dance." That bear was large and fat, and when he come to be slaughtered and dressed, such quantities of "*pure* bear's oil" I don't think had ever been seen by the "oldest inhabitant." It took a great big kettle to hold it. Mrs. White was an expert in what-

ever she undertook, and she made a success in rendering that oil, as she did of everything else, and gallons of nice clear oil was the result. After she had given me a great big bottle full, and had shared liberally with her other friends, she had quantities of it left.

Mrs. White had a brother living here, a young gentleman, Mr. Tern Copeland. Though I have not mentioned him before in this story, he was one of us, and was generally, like Mr. and Mrs. White, mixed up in all our social affairs. Tern was engaged to a young lady in Brownsville, Penn. The ceremony was to take place in the Spring of 1854. There being an excellent tailor in Oskaloosa, and Mr. Copeland being fastidious in dress, employed this tailor to make his wedding suit, of black broadcloth: everything belonging to that suit was perfect. When he brought it home from the tailor, his sister, Mrs. White, assisted him in folding every individual piece and placing them in his trunk. After those wedding garments, and some other articles belonging to Mr. Copeland's wardrobe were all neatly folded and placed in that trunk, there seemed to be a little space left, where something else might be put in. The packing was supposed to be done, and Fern went off down town, but as Mrs. White was putting on the finishing touches, she fell to soliloquizing: "This trunk is not packed tight at all; it had just as well be as full as it will hold, as any other way—in fact, I know it will be better to have things packed in as close as they can be—won't be near so apt to jostle around and get mussed. I'm going to send a lot of that bear's oil to the folks at Brownsville. Won't it surprise them to get a bottle of bear's oil from me and

learn that I rendered that oil my own self? I imagine I hear their remarks about Lizzie frying out bear's oil away in the wilds of Iowa. But they will be glad enough to get it.

Let me see! There's Aunt Charlotte, I'll send her a bottle. I imagine I see her trying to put some of it on Uncle Josie's hair, and Uncle Josie saying: "Ah, Charlotte, go away with that foolishness!" I'll send Jennie Seawright a bottle, and oh, there's Lib Gillespie! I'll send her a bottle; I believe I'll send her two bottles with a note saying: "You can, if you choose, present this to that delectable cousin of yours, Jim Blaine, with the compliments of the chief manager of the Bear's Oil Factory, situated near the mighty Skunk." I'll write a note and fasten it around each bottle, and be particular to inform each one that I know this oil to be absolutely pure. So she proceeded to fill up some bottles with bear's oil and cork them, as she supposed, so tight that not a drop could escape. Then she slipped them down in the corners of the trunk. Then everything was packed and ready for Tern to start off to get married.

My husband frequently made trips to Keokuk with a two-horse wagon and would haul back a load of goods. There were no railroads. Sometimes several gentlemen having business in Keokuk would go with him and return by stage. It was on one of these trips, as Mr. Copeland was starting on that momentous journey, that he, with several other gentlemen, accompanied him to Keokuk. Mr. Phillips drove a spirited team and drove fast, paying little attention to ruts and rough places, regardless of the damage which might accrue to Mr. C.'s trunk. They

joked and told funny stories and had a lively time, and when they reached Keokuk Mr. Copeland found that his boat would not go down the river for a day or two. He and Mr. Phillips roomed together at a hotel. When they awoke in the morning Mr. Copeland looked out of the window and remarked, "Well, this is a fine morning, and as I am going to be in the city all day I think I will dress up and be somebody. I will run out and get shaved, and you just wait; I will be back directly and dress up and let you see how I will look in my "standing up" suit. Mr. Phillips waited. Pretty soon Tern came back looking the very picture of happiness. He went to his trunk, unlocked it, raised the lid, when—Oh, horrors! The stoppers had come out and that bear's oil had run all over his wedding clothes. I think I will not record the remarks he made when he found utterance. He was fortunate in finding somebody in Keokuk who was skillful enough to remove the bear's oil from that elegant wedding suit, so he went on to Brownsville and was married to Miss Libbie Duncan, and straightway brought her to Oskaloosa. We had many a laugh at his expense over that bear's oil calamity.

CHAPTER XX.

As I have remarked before, along in the early fifties there was much buying and selling and building and moving. My husband and I bought and sold and moved nearly as often as Mr. and Mrs. White did. In the Spring of 1852 we bought the Oskaloosa House and moved from our farm, where we had first gone to housekeeping, into that hostlery, kept it one year, then sold it to Samuel McMurray and John Prest. In the Spring of 1853 we bought and moved to the place where the Bashaw Livery barn now is. In April, 1854, we traded that place to John N. Kinsman for what we thought the nicest home in the suburbs of Oskaloosa. It contained about three acres of land, a frame house of five rooms, a cellar, good stable, lots of fruit trees and shade trees. It was about half way between the public square and our farm. The house stood on the spot where Mr. Esgen's elegant residence is now; was moved after we sold it to a place a little farther west, and is now the home of Mrs. O'Hara. That house was built and owned and all those trees planted by Charles Blackburn. Mr. Blackburn was an

Englishman, and was a carpenter by trade. He was a brother to Henry Blackburn, who was once treasurer of Mahaska County. Charles Blackburn and family went to California in 1852. When we moved there in the Spring of 1854 our nearest neighbors were the Hobsons, who lived on an acre lot which I heard him say he paid one hundred dollars for. That lot has since been subdivided and part of it is occupied by the handsome residences of Colonel McNeill and Thomas Seevers. When we moved to that place Wm. T. Smith was building the brick house where Mrs. Judge Johnson now lives. In a few months Mr. Smith and family moved in, then they were our nearest neighbors. They were charming neighbors and very superior people, and to drop in and spend an evening with them was a joy. Their conversation was not a string of platitudes. When they talked they said something. They had two little children. Omer was a baby, and Laura, who is now Mrs. Byron V. Seevers, and one of Oskaloosa's most intellectual and cultured women, was then a little girl three or four years old. She never romped and played, liked children usually do, but was the quietest little lady I ever saw.

When we lived at that place the forty acres where the boulevard and so many nice residences now are was a common, where our cows and pigs grazed and rooted at their own pleasure. The first house built on that forty was in 1856 by the Macons; the house is there yet, at the southeast corner of Eighth Street and C Avenue. There were three brothers of the Macons, very brilliant and fine-looking men. One was a doctor, the others lawyers. They only lived in Oskaloosa a few years. The house

they built was thought to be very elegant at the time. That house for many years was the home of the saintly Mary Jane Cook. Many houses were built in 1854 and 1855, between our house and the town proper. The "Gospel Ridge" school-house was built in 1854, and the first school strictly under school laws was opened in that school-house in the Spring of 1855. There were several candidates for the position of principal. My brother, Calvin W. Pritchard, who had come to visit me, among the rest. He was just from Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. My brother failed to get the place. The successful man was a Mr. Goshorn, who only lived a couple of months. He died in a house which stood where Esquire Weaver lives, corner Seventh Street and First Avenue. In the course of a year or two many families had built houses and settled about us. Among others was a Mr. and Mrs. John Lacey, who came from Virginia, and for a time occupied a house in our neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Lacey were unostentatious, common sense kind of people. Mr. Lacey was a brick layer by occupation. Oskaloosa was growing so rapidly that Mr. Lacey found plenty to do in his line.

They had three sons—James, John F., and William R. James, the eldest, had not quite reached the age when a boy begins to be called a young man. John and Will were lads in their early teens. Those Lacey boys were bright without being pert. They assisted their father in his business, and went to the public school when they had a chance. I never heard of their sowing a crop of wild oats, therefore they have not had the necessity of reaping what is generally thought to be an

unprofitable crop. Mr. and Mrs. John Lacey were possessed of good principles, good judgment, and were patriotic. When the war of the rebellion came, they saw their sons, James and John F., like many others of Mahaska's splendid young men, march away, filled with the fire of patriotism, to that terrible conflict. James Lacey's young life was sacrificed on the altar of his country. He sleeps in Forest Cemetery, where rest his father and mother, John and Eleanor Lacey. John F. Lacey looks just like his father looked at his age. John F. was only twenty years old when he went to the war. He suffered hunger and thirst and cold and heat and loathsome prisons. He was in many terrible battles, where rebel bullets flew thick around him, but some way he escaped those bullets, and when the war was over he came home all safe and sound, covered with honor. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and from the first was prosperous in his profession. He didn't wait until he got rich, but went right off and married Miss Mattie Newell, one of Oskaloosa's popular and bright girls. John F. Lacey has gone on from one degree of prosperity and popularity to another through all these years. He was a member of the Iowa Legislature before he was thirty. From the first day his shingle was hung out as attorney-at-law he has been considered one of the most prominent attorneys in the town. He was able to build and furnish an elegant home when elegant homes in Oskaloosa were few and far between. That home to-day is one of the fine places of which Oskaloosa can boast of so many. Not only the people of Mr. Lacey's own town and county love to honor him, but the Sixth District has

repeatedly chosen him to represent them in Congress. They have never had reason to be ashamed of his acts in that responsible position. Mr. and Mrs. Lacey are hospitable almost to a fault and charming entertainers. They are not only that, but are what we all understand to mean good neighbors. I know what I am talking about when I say they are good neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lacey would get out of bed at any hour in the night, no matter how cold or stormy or sleety, and go, if necessary, to the relief of a sick neighbor or neighbor's child, without seeming to think they had done anything worth speaking of. Wealth, nor honor, nor attention in high places have any power to take that manly and womanly tenderness out of their hearts. They know from experience what it is to be bereft. Four bright, and beautiful, and happy children once filled their home with love and joy and hopes which come to the hearts of tender and affectionate parents. There were Nellie and Ray and Katie and Bernice. But death broke into that worthy and happy family. Ray and Katie, within a few days of each other, were taken from their lovely home on earth to Him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." There is a beautiful spot in Forest Cemetery where two little graves lie side by side shaded by native forest trees. The birds of many summers have come and sang a requiem over the spot where lie all that is mortal of Ray and "Dumpsie."

Nellie married Mr. James B. Brewster, son of Dr. Brewster, a prominent citizen of Oskaloosa. James B. Brewster is a bright young business man, who from his

boyhood has been a favorite among Oskaloosa's people. Mr. and Mrs. Brewster now live in San Francisco, and from what our soldier boys say, dispense hospitality much on the Lacey style. Bernice is a charming young lady, and is having what girls of her age call a good time in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lacey have seen much of our own country, and have twice made extensive tours through Europe. Mrs. John F. Lacey is a talented woman, knows what is going on in the world, and when it comes to state affairs is about as bright as her husband, which is saying a good deal.

A gentleman who was well acquainted with Iowa, her towns and prominent citizens, was once talking to me about the peculiarities of different towns. He said: "Towns, like people, have each an individuality." Then he went on to say: "Knoxville has more good singers than any town of its size I know. Fairfield has more reading people and reading circles in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and Grinnell's hobby is temperance." He mentioned a number of other Iowa towns and the habits and tastes of their people. I asked him, "What about Oskaloosa?" "Well," he said, "Oskaloosa has more brilliant and well-informed women and beautiful lawns than any town of its size in the State of Iowa."

There are scores of brilliant and well-informed women in Oskaloosa. Some I have already mentioned in this story, but some I have not mentioned. There is Mrs. Albert W. Swalm. For all around scholarship, breadth of knowledge, gentle manners, and general level-headedness, she has no superior among all the superior women of my acquaintance, and I know a good many. "The

heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." Her husband, Albert W. Swalm, is a man of whom Oskaloosa's people feel proud. We old settlers remember when his father, after a lingering sickness, died and left a wife and family of small children almost penniless. Albert was a brave boy, not afraid nor ashamed to do anything in his power that was honest and honorable to maintain himself and help his widowed mother. People were not long in discovering that Albert W. Swalm was a boy of more than ordinary ability. He was employed in a printing office, which is a good place for a boy to learn. He went to the war and came home with an honorable record. He engaged in newspaper business, and directly papers from all over Iowa were copying smart things from "Al" Swalm's paper. He was a success in the newspaper business and was a success financially, but his greatest achievement was in winning Miss Pauline Given for his wife. Albert W. Swalm has the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, and has been chosen to fill many positions of honor and trust. By sheer force of character he has risen step by step until he has been given the position of United States Consul at Montevideo. His letters from that far-away place are full of his old-time, original sayings which strike one where and when they are not expecting to be struck. He always had the faculty of saying things in a way that nobody else ever thought of. Mr. and Mrs. Swalm own one of Oskaloosa's nice and commodious homes, with one of those lawns my friend was talking about. Their daughter and only child, Nina, is a very talented girl, inheriting the level-headed sense of her parents.

Mr. Swalm's house is in a neighborhood of fine houses and fine lawns. There is John Kalbach's and the Seeverses, Will Kalbach's, Will Hawkins', and Mrs. Ninde's charming place—all along there. No wonder they call that place "Paradise Block." If I should name all the grand and elegant homes in that part of Oskaloosa, the catalogue would fill a page. To drive by those places when roses are in bloom, and the grass is so evenly shorn that not a straggling spire is to be seen about the roots of any of those fine trees, is a joy. To me it is a joy mingled with sadness. I remember a time when that beautiful place was a field, enclosed with a high staked and ridered rail fence, and my young husband plowed the ground and marked it off in rows and I followed him and dropped corn. Yes, I have dropped the corn and my husband plowed it and raised a magnificent crop on "Paradise Block" and "Elvyn Place," and where dozens of fine mansions are standing now. That was more than half a century ago. Such beautiful grounds, and homes of such architectural beauty had never entered my imagination. Two of the finest residences which were in Oskaloosa when I dropped that corn are here to-day and are standing on the same places they stood on then. If any of Oskaloosa's young folks would like to see them, I can tell them exactly where they are to be found. One is the first house east of the Salvation Army Barracks, and the other is the first house north of Pickett's drug store, on First Street. I hope those old houses will not be torn down nor moved away while I live, there are so many pleasant recollections connected with them. The house on First Street was owned in the very early days

by a Mrs. Wright; her daughter Anna was married to Henry Temple in that house on the 18th of January, 1846, the same day that I was married. Weddings in this region in those days were not attended with much ceremony. But Mrs. Wright went a little beyond the usual custom by inviting quite a number of guests to her daughter's wedding.

But I must go back to the place where I planted corn. I want to tell something more about the Judge Seevers place and its twin, the Ninde mansion. I remember when the Judge Seevers home was *the* fine place of Oskaloosa, though it was thought to be almost out of town. It was the first house erected in this region with Mansard, or French roof, or approaching modern architecture. When I drove by it not long ago and saw those handsome verandas torn down, and piles of brick on that lovely lawn, I wondered what they wanted to change it for. It had always looked so grand, so solid and so perfect. But the thought came to me, "One generation passeth away and another followeth," with more advanced ideas and tastes. The new generation want new things. Four generations have inhabited that stately home at the same time. James Seevers, the Judge's father, and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Seevers' mother, occupied honored places in that home for many years, before they were called to a "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I thought as I drove by of the complimentary things I had heard said, of tenderness and reverence shown that aged father and mother by Judge and Mrs. Seevers and their children. With only a driveway between, the beautiful grounds of the Seevers and Ninde

places reach from street to street, in one expanse of well-kept lawn, shaded by fine trees. Mrs. Ninde's residence, like its mate, is well back from the street, and while not quite so elaborate in its architecture, is handsome, commodious, solid, and is the picture of comfort and restfulness.

Henry P. Ninde came to Oskaloosa with his wife and family of small children something over thirty years ago with rather small means, but was just in the prime of life, and was full of energy and the very picture of healthy, vigorous manhood. Mr. Ninde was a fine looking man, rather tall, and had a pleasant word and smile for everybody. He was a worker who not only sought to provide well for his own family but was an earnest promoter of every public enterprise—moral, educational, or financial, for the advancement of Oskaloosa. He worked to locate railroads in Oskaloosa, worked for the perfecting of our public schools, and was a prominent factor in locating and establishing Penn College. I think his daughter was the first graduate from that institution. Although Mr. Ninde labored much for the public good, his heart and affections were in his own home. He loved his family and was proud of them.

Mr. Ninde and my husband were at one time in business together. They were always warm friends and had many confidential talks. One day my husband, on coming home from their office, remarked to me, "Well, I had a long talk with Henry to-day about our families and personal affairs. Henry thinks his wife and children are about right, and I guess they are. He said in our talk to-day, 'If ever a man was blessed with wife and chil-

dren, I am that man. Every individual member of my family are all that I could desire.'"

Mr. Ninde was quite successful in business. In a few years he was able to purchase the ground and build the fine house I have been trying to describe, and besides he owned many other pieces of property in and around Oskaloosa. To the surprise of everybody that strong man was cut down by death in the midst of his days. On a massive granite block in Forest Cemetery are some words and figures which tell the passer-by when Henry P. Ninde was born and when he died. His son Linden is sleeping near by, and Summer's blossoms shed their fragrance o'er their graves. Linden Ninde gave up his young life in the very bloom of youth, but not before he had shown himself to be a fine business man and a devoted son and brother.

Mrs. Ninde is a lovely lady, interesting and intelligent, honored and respected by her neighbors and all who are favored with her acquaintance. Though bereft of a devoted husband and a devoted son, Mrs. Ninde is blessed with five lovely daughters, every one of whom a mother might well be proud, and a son whose generous acts and lavish kindness toward his mother and sisters deserve stronger words of praise than I am capable of expressing. I have read in fiction, perhaps, of sons and brothers as generous, capable, and filial. But in real life I have never known but one Elvyn Ninde. He is a great traveller, and has visited and done a successful business in every civilized and almost every uncivilized country on the face of the earth. He has accumulated wealth, and has gathered trophies, valuable, beautiful,

and curious, from every part of every continent and from the isles of the sea. He has spent his wealth lavishly, not only in beautifying and making comfortable and elegant his mother's home, but his given his sisters every advantage of education. After lavishing wealth and luxuries on his mother and sisters until they had all that heart could wish, he turned his attention and energies to improving the town. A park laid out and graded and planted in trees at great expense, a long row of stylish and commodious dwellings with terraced grounds of great beauty, is the result. That part of Oskaloosa which we all admire and feel proud of is very appropriately named "Elvyn Place."

Dr. M. L. Jackson came and located in Oskaloosa in 1853 when he was a very young man, a dentist by profession. Though he was young he had already, by good business sense, sober habits and industry, accumulated means sufficient to make a fair start in the little town of Oskaloosa. In 1852 A. G. Phillips, my father-in-law, went to California, leaving four of his younger children, who became members of our family. They were: Joan, James, Sinclair and Louellin. Joan, whom we called "Jo," was a lovely girl, handsome, sweet and womanly. Not long after Dr. Jackson hung out his shingle in Oskaloosa he began to come to our house a courting, and when Jo was only a little more than eighteen years old, on November 1st, 1855, she and Dr. Jackson were married. We were living then in what we called the Charley Blackburn house, which I have already mentioned, and the wedding occurred in the house in which Mrs. O'Hara lives. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev.

Erwin Carson, a Presbyterian minister. Dr. Jackson was a tall, fine-looking man; everybody called him a handsome man. Jo was handsome, too. Though more than forty years have come and gone, I can see her as she looked then, with fair hair, fair complexion, pink cheeks and a pleasant smile. The Dr. and Jo straightway went to housekeeping in a small house a little way up the street, west of our house. That street, which is now A Avenue was then called Liberty Street. The Dr. has always been careful and prosperous in business; has always loved his home and provided bountifully for his family. In a few years he built a beautiful and commodious home on East High Avenue, which at that time was the handsomest place in that part of town, where are so many nice places now. The Dr. took much pains in beautifying his grounds, and Jo was a model housekeeper. Their three sons and two daughters have grown to be men and women in that home; some have married and left the home where they were born, to make homes for themselves. Harry, the eldest, was tall and handsome, with the most pleasing manners.

Some ten or twelve years ago Harry and his brother Dwight, being seized with the spirit of adventure, went with Elvyn Ninde to Australia. Dwight came home in three or four years full of knowledge and experience, but all that is mortal of handsome, smiling Harry lies buried in an Episcopal cemetery in that far away country.

Gertrude, the oldest daughter, who was idolized by her parents, and had a happy and light-hearted girlhood, married Oscar Green, one of the solid business men of Fort Dodge, Iowa. Oscar and Gertrude have two of the

smartest little boys that ever was. They can tell more about the wars our country has engaged in than any boys of their age I ever knew. They are nice boys, and have nice names, Robert and Richard. Gertrude is a model mother, and Oscar is a son that Dr. Jackson is justly proud of.

Dwight and Will are fine looking men, are tall and straight, and are bright and capable business men. The Dr. and Jo traveled life's journey and shared each other's joys and griefs for more than forty years. But a time came when that devoted wife and mother went out of that home she had so gracefully adorned, never to return. The husband, whose life from young manhood up had been a life of devoted tenderness to wife and children, was faithful to the end. He and their sons and daughters left nothing undone which love could devise. Lizzie, the youngest daughter and petted child, was untiring in devotion and kindness to her sick mother, and now she alone is left to comfort her father in that home once so full of life.

Dwight and Will have launched out in business for themselves. Will, the youngest, who looks like his father did when a young man, is not married, but Dwight, after waiting until he was bordering on old bachelorhood, married Miss Myrtle Dixon, a young lady possessing many amiable traits of character.

When I think of the time when Dr. Jackson was a young man, there comes to my mind many other young men who were his friends and associates in the days when life looked bright, fame and fortune were just a little way ahead, and death seemed far away. There were

Samuel A. Rice and his brother, Elliott Rice, William Loughridge, Joseph F. Smith, William Wells, Dr. Rhinehart, Philip Myers, Dr. Hopkins, John R. Needham, Foster L. Downing, Jesse Loring and John Jones—not one of them of the commonplace or mediocre sort of young men. Whether in a business or professional line, every one made his mark. They were among the men who were the pride of Oskaloosa in her young days. But where are they now? Those young men who started out in life with Dr. Jackson and were his associates in young manhood have, every one that I have mentioned, joined the great majority. Most of their names can be found carved on marble shaft or granite block in Forest Cemetery, our sacred city of the dead. Their graves have been covered with the grass of many summers and the snows of many winters.

There is a spot in Forest Cemetery where sleeps one who in childhood, on that very spot, with her little brothers ran and played and laughed and gathered nuts and wild flowers. A bending willow grows there now, under whose sweeping branches is a slab of granite whereon is carved:

JOAN PHILLIPS JACKSON,
WIFE OF DR. M. L. JACKSON,
BORN, AUGUST 9TH, 1837,
DIED, MARCH 19TH, 1896.

I have mentioned a good many of Oskaloosa's nice houses, nice lawns, and nice people, but have only noticed a few in comparison to the number. If I should tell of half the nice places I know with their pretty surroundings, my story would reach a great length.

Mr. L. L. Hull has done much toward making things pretty in and around Oskaloosa. He owns and occupies one of the finest homes on East High avenue, which he keeps in such a high state of neatness and order that it is a pleasure to drive by and look at it. Mr. Hull owns many houses in town, and all are so well kept that one who knows him and his tastes could drive about the city and pick out the places belonging to him. Mr. Hull brought the first lawn mower to Oskaloosa, and is entitled to the credit of setting the example of beautifying lawns by using that implement. He has been a successful business man. Having come from Virginia to Oskaloosa when a young man away back in the sixties, with only a few hundred dollars, he is now one of the wealthy men of the town. He married Miss Eliza Cobb, granddaughter of Willard Cobb and niece of Mrs. Dart and Mrs. Street, whom I have mentioned before in this story. Mr. and Mrs. Hull are both fine looking, what one would call distinguished looking persons. Mr. Hull is one of the directors of Forest Cemetery, and has done much toward making that place so sacred to many of us, and the beautiful place that it is. Lena, only daughter and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hull, was taken from her home on earth to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," when a beautiful little girl of ten years. No spot in Forest Cemetery is more lovingly cared for nor more beautifully adorned than the spot where in her marble bed sleeps little Lena Hull. I give Mr. Hull credit, which he justly deserves, for a large share in making things attractive in and around Oskaloosa.

But there is another man who, away back in the early

fifties, had the means and the taste and the energy, and had much to do with making "Paradise Block" and its neighbors the charming places their owners enjoy, and we all admire to-day. That man is Wm. T. Smith. Mr. Smith owned several acres of land in what was then the suburbs of Oskaloosa. He built a house which we thought very stately and elegant, and it was for that day. Mrs. Judge Johnson owns and lives in it now. It is a nice home even in this day of nice homes. We were Mr. Smith's neighbors for about two years, and we thought the land lay about right all around there, just as nature made it. We thought it had about the proper slope and didn't need any digging down or filling up. There was a gentle slope to the west and off to the east it was level. Mr. Smith's house was only a little below the highest point on his land, but he seemed to think it would add to the beauty of his grounds to be leveled up on the west and north. There were no trees there then, only bare prairies. Directly after Mr. Smith moved in his new house, he set a man to hauling dirt and placing it on the west side of his house, and as long as we lived there he kept one team, and sometimes several teams, hauling dirt from the east end of his land and piling it on the west. Month in and month out that dirt hauling went on. I don't think Mr. Smith expected it would be quite such a job when he begun; but after beginning, it was hard to find a stopping-place. I had never seen a private enterprise on quite so extensive a scale. I used to think of the time when I was a child, and watched men digging down hills and filling up valleys in building the national road in Indiana. After Mr. Smith had gotten the grounds

about his house sufficiently filled and leveled, he had the place which is now called "Paradise Block" raised several feet higher than it was in its natural state. Then he planted trees all over and around that block. They were beautiful trees, some of rare varieties. He also planted many rare trees about his own home. Mr. Hull, too, may thank Mr. Smith for some of the rare trees of which he is so proud.

I don't believe that John Kalbach, nor Albert Swalm, nor Henry Wetherell, nor Dr. Crowder, nor James Atchison, nor L. L. Hull, nor lots of others around there are as grateful as they ought to be to Mr. Smith for making Paradise Block and surroundings the high and dry and attractive place they are so proud of. One man spends his time, his energies, and his money in planting trees and beautifying grounds—another enjoys the fruits thereof. The dwellers on Paradise Block swing in their hammocks, read their newspapers, and smoke their cigars in the shade of the trees on those fine grounds, just as like as not without giving a thought to the man who planned and made them so charming.

When we lived in the Charley Blackburn house and in the neighborhood of what is now Paradise Block, the street which is now called A Avenue did not reach our place, but merged into the Iowa City road a block or two west of our house, and in order to straighten that street and make it run parallel with High Street the city bought thirty feet off of our front yard, which made Wm. T. Smith's grounds extend that much farther north. I don't know how Mr. Smith fixed it with the city. A part at least, of Mr. Achison's and Mr. Hull's fine places, was

once the Iowa City road. Somewhere near the northwest corner of John Kalbach's fine grounds was a high post on which was a sign informing the traveling public that it was sixty-eight miles to Iowa City. In order that the wayfaring man might know which way to go to reach the capital of Iowa, a hand was painted on the signboard with the index finger pointing east.

Our grounds extended west to that little creek or slough with the willow fringed banks. Just across the slough west, was a grassy place of a few acres, all open common, and while we lived there, in 1855 or 1856, Jim Lane, with four hundred men, camped there a day and a night. They were on their way to Kansas to fight "Border Ruffains." What exciting times those were! Missouri and Arkansas sending men to Kansas to vote and fight for slavery. New England and many of the Northwestern states sending men to Kansas to vote and fight against slavery, or against making Kansas a slave state. But I am not going to talk of politics. I couldn't say anything worth mentioning if I should try. I only wanted to tell that Jim Lane and his men had camped close to our house. I don't suppose that Mr. L. L. Hull knows that an "army with banners" once had their white tents spread over the ground where those nice tenant houses of his are, with their pretty lawns, for that happened long before he came to Osbaloosa.

CHAPTER XXI.

I think it was in 1850 that two families came and located in Oskaloosa who were originally from Tennessee, but lived for a while before coming to Oskaloosa on farms a few miles east of Pella. Mr. John Shoemake and Mr. Wesley Moreland were brothers-in-law. Both men were full of business and did much to improve the town. At one time Mr. Moreland was in partnership with Mr. A. G. Phillips in a store of general merchandise. Their store was at the southwest corner of the public square, on the ground where Boyer's clothing store now is. Property and business changed hands very frequently about that time. In 1852 Mr. Moreland and Mr. Shoemake each built for themselves what at that time was thought to be very fine brick residences, on Second Avenue West. They are respectable residences to-day. The Shoemake house is owned and occupied by Mr. Henry Stafford, and the Moreland house is owned by Mrs. Mariah Rhinehart.

Mrs. Moreland was a sister of John Shoemake, and also of M. L. Shoemake, who came from Tennessee when

a boy, and has been a resident of Oskaloosa more than forty years. He owns an elegant home, and his wife is said to be one of the finest housekeepers in this region. Mr. John Shoemake built the house which has been the Frankel home for many years. John Shoemake died of consumption more than thirty years ago, leaving a wife and two daughters, Virginia and Pony.

Mr. Moreland was at one time treasurer-recorder of Mahaska County. He was prosperous in business and owned many valuable pieces of property, but reverses came to him in the financial crash of 1857. When the war came he enlisted in the army; he died in St. Louis from sickness contracted in the service of his country, leaving his wife in straightened circumstances, with five children, none of them grown.

Mrs. Moreland was brave, honest, honorable and industrious. Through great tribulation she educated her children. They were all bright and capable. John Wesley, who looks just like his father, is a capable newspaper man, and Mollie, now Mrs. Walter Campbell, is one of the brightest women in Oskaloosa. Her husband, Mr. Walter Campbell, is one of the nicest young business men to be found anywhere. Mrs. Moreland has always had many friends, and her children idolize her.

Among many other valuable places owned by Moreland and Shoemake, was a large and valuable farm in Harrison township, known as the "Rhinehart farm" situated in sections 8 and 9, about five miles a little southeast of Oskaloosa. That claim was located in 1843 by Mr. Thomas Brooks. Mr. Brooks soon sold the claim to Louis Rhinehart, from Adams county, Illinois. Mr. Rhinehart

had a numerous family of sons and daughters, all worthy, respectable and thrifty people. In 1854 Mr. Rhinehart sold his farm to Judge Rhinehart, from Ohio, and went to Oregon. Judge Rhinehart and the other Rhineharts were not related. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rhinehart were the parents of thirteen children, who all went to Oregon with them except one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Ratliff, who remained in Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ratliff are sleeping in Forest Cemetery. They died in Harrison township, where they had lived for many years, respected by all their neighbors. Their eldest daughter, Ellen, married Valentine Brubaker, who is a successful farmer and much respected citizen of Harrison township. Ellen died in a year or two after she and Mr. Brubaker were married, leaving an infant son, Edward, who has a family of his own now, and is said to possess the honesty and good farming sense of all the Brubakers, Rhineharts and Ratliffs combined, which is saying a good deal for the boy. Maggie, another daughter of Thomas Ratliff, married Mr. William Stephenson. She and her husband are charming people and have a charming home just south of Oskaloosa. Lizzie, another daughter who married Mr. Thomas Harper, is a fine looking woman, and is as superior in character as she is in looks. Thomas Ratliff has two sons, James and John. James lives in Louisiana. John is a citizen of Oskaloosa, but is about to emigrate with his excellent family to Oregon and make his home among his rich Rhinehart relations.

Mr. Louis Rhinehart died in Oregon fifteen years ago; his wife is still living but is away up in the nineties. She has seen her great, great-grandchildren. I was told

recently by one of her grandsons that she had more than four hundred descendants and that she had seen seven generations of her family, counting her own grandparents. All of her thirteen children lived to be married and raise families. I never heard an evil report of a single member of that numerous family. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rhinehart lived in Harrison township ten years. All of their children lived there. Three daughters and one son were married before they went to Oregon. All were good, substantial citizens, attended strictly to their own business and were thrifty.

James Rhinehart, a lawyer who came from Ohio early in the fifties, purchased Louis Rhinehart's farm, lived there a year or two, then moved to Oskaloosa and was soon after elected county judge. He was a shrewd business man and when he died, some twenty years ago, left a considerable estate to his three daughters, Mrs. Jane Johnson, Mrs. Minerva McKinley, Mrs. Letitia Smith and the heirs of his son, Dr. S. E. Rhinehart. Dr. Rhinehart came to Oskaloosa when a young man, was a popular physician and a much respected citizen. He married one of Mahaska's handsomest girls, Miss Maria Davis. Dr. Rhinehart died of consumption in the prime of mature manhood. Mrs. Letitia Smith and her family moved to Colorado years ago. Mrs. Johnson (now Mrs. Ballinger) and Mrs. McKinley, reside in Oskaloosa. They are lovely women. I don't know where a woman can be found who deserves the gratitude of her neighbors more than Mrs. McKinley. Who of Oskaloosa's noble women have ever been so capable and so ready to respond to the needs of the sick, sorrowing and dying as Mrs.

Minerva McKinley? Dr. Rhinehart lived on the Rhinehart farm a year or so after his father moved to town. In the Summer or early Autumn of 1855, while Dr. Rhinehart was living there, my husband and I drove down there one day. We found everything looking lovely. Peaches were ripe. I had never seen so many peaches going to waste. There were great big peach trees around the yard and around the garden and a long row along the edge of the apple orchard. The trees were bending over with the weight of great velvety peaches, and the ground under them was literally covered. Great Shanghai chickens were walking about under the trees pecking at those delicious peaches. They would peck a little on one great, red, mellow peach, then leave it and take a bite out of another. Mrs. Rhinehart was making peach butter and the doctor had gone to town with a wagon load of peaches. We asked Mrs. Rhinehart to sell us a bushel, which she did. We gathered them ourselves and had pick and choice. We came away thinking that plenty abounded on the Rhinehart farm. About that time Mr. Frank Farmer, brother-in-law to Messrs. Moreland and Shoemake, came from Tennessee and purchased that farm from Judge Rhinehart. Mr. Farmer lived there a few months, but became homesick. Moreland and Shoemake took the farm off of his hands and let him go back to the hills of Tennessee.

In the Autumn of 1856 my husband bought the Rhinehart farm from these gentlemen. We rented our nice home to Mr. A. F. Seeberger and on the 11th of November, 1856, moved to the Rhinehart farm. That wonderful crop of peaches and other evidences of thrift around

there made us think it a veritable paradise. We traded our farm on the border of Oskaloosa in that deal. The winter of '55 and '56 was an extremely severe one and all those peach trees were killed, root and branch.

The Winter of '56 and' 57 was a severe one. A deep snow lay on the ground all Winter, and the cold weather lasted until away late in the Spring. On the 7th day of May, 1857, the ground was frozen hard. My husband sowed wheat about the 17th of May. He hesitated about sowing so late in the Spring, but he never raised so good a crop of wheat before nor since; it was simply superb. Our folks began planting corn on the 21st of May. The plum trees were in blossom. I used to keep a record of things of that kind, and have observed that the ground is always right for planting corn when the plum trees were in blossom. While I think of it I want to say that the first frost which appeared in the Fall of 1857 was on October 16th. I have never known frost to hang back like that in Iowa since.

We knew several families in the Rhinehart neighborhood before we went there to live. Mr. Wm. Bean and family, whose farm joined ours on the south, were excellent neighbors. They came from Adams County, Illinois, in 1843, and lived at first in a wigwam on Skunk River in the Indian village of Kishkekosh. They sold their claim on Skunk River in '44, and bought Samuel Tibbetts' claim in Harrison Township. Mr. and Mrs. Bean, like nearly everybody else in the Rhinehart neighborhood, were Methodists of the old-fashioned kind; their oldest daughter, Emily, married Mr. John M. Loughridge, who afterwards became a Methodist minister. Anna, the second

daughter, married the Rev. George Clark, a minister also in the Methodist Church. Dr. Samuel Clark and Miss Nannie Clark, of Oskaloosa, are their only living children. Mrs. Anna Bean Clark was a handsome, bright, sweet-spirited Christian lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Bean had two daughters, charming girls, when we first went to the Rhinehart neighborhood. They were beginning to be called "young ladies" when I first became acquainted with them. Jennie married a Mr. Lindley, and Armilda married a Mr. Orton. They both went to Nebraska long ago. They (the Beans) had three sons: James, the oldest, who went to Pike's Peak when gold was first discovered there; I think he went in '59 or '60. I hear that Thomas, the second son, is chief of police in San Francisco, and a grand man. Will, the youngest, is a fine-looking, intelligent man, and a much-respected citizen of Council Bluffs. Thomas and William were not much older than my little boys, Orlando and Quincy, when we became their neighbors. They went to school together in the old log school-house; they coasted and hunted rabbits together in Winter, and when a little older would test the speed and mettle of their horses when sent out on the prairie of a summer evening to bring home the cows.

Among the first settlers in that region was a family by the name of Edwards, who were formerly from New Jersey. They came in '43. Mr. Britton Edwards died a few years after, leaving a wife, one daughter and two grown sons. Sarah Elizabeth, the daughter, married John Rhinehart, son of Louis Rhinehart. Thomas Edwards, one of the sons, married Miss Barbara Rhinehart,

sister to John. Stephen, the other son, went to California in '49. He never married and is living in Oregon; a rich, retired old bachelor. Mrs. Edwards the mother, was related to our family by marriage. She made her home with her son, Thomas Edwards, and when he went to Oregon in 1854 she went with him.

While they were living in Harrison Township Mrs. Edwards often came to Oskaloosa to visit us. The greater part of her conversation during those visits was about a boy who was a member of her son's family, whom she called "Pierce Ratliff." Pierce Ratliff, in her estimation, was all that could be desired in a boy. He was a manly boy. He was an honest, obliging, good-hearted boy, never shirked a duty, was respectful to elderly people, was kind to everybody, was bright and witty. In fact, he was the life of the household. Mrs. Edwards would regale us by the hour in relating the smart and nice things which Pierce Ratliff said and did. Thomas Edwards sold his farm, and in the Spring of 1854 went with his father-in-law and the rest of that numerous family of Rhineharts to Oregon. Thomas Edwards had a sale just before leaving, and my husband and I wishing to make some purchases at that sale, drove down there. Men and boys, women and girls, were there from all over the country. I knew some of them, but many were strangers. The yard was full, the porch was full, and people were all about in the house. The women of the family were in the kitchen preparing an elaborate dinner. I was in the sitting-room conversing with some ladies when a boy came in with two books in his hand which looked like school books. He remarked to a gentleman

as he walked to a bureau and put them in a drawer, "I am going to take these with me." The boy attracted my attention, though I had no idea who he was. There was something in his voice and manners which led me to think he was no ordinary or commonplace boy. He had an honest, open, intelligent face, and something in his voice and the few words he spoke struck me at once. I was interested in the boy and wondered who he could be. The boy went out and mingled with the crowd, and I went to the kitchen where Mrs. Edwards was, pointed the boy out to her and asked her if she knew who that boy was. I have not forgotten the pleased look which came into her face as she glanced from the boy back to me and said, "Why that is Pierce Ratliff, the boy you have heard me talk so much about." When Mr. Edwards went to Oregon the boy Pierce went with him and drove an ox team across the plains.

When we first went to that neighborhood to live we had for neighbors a family by the name of Loper, who were excellent neighbors. Mrs. Loper was a woman of great kindness of heart and full of energy. Mr. and Mrs. Loper had several children, among them a boy about the age of my Quincy, whom they called John. John Loper is Colonel of the 51st Iowa Regiment, now in the Philippine Islands.

M. M. B. Davis, from Maine, owned a fine farm not far from ours, where he and his mother lived in a cozy, comfortable home. Everything about them was orderly, and one could see the evidence of Yankee thrift at a glance. Directly after we became his neighbor, Mr. Davis was married to Miss Ida Earl, a lovely and culti-

vated lady from New York. One baby after another came to them, until they had four sons and one daughter. Ida Augusta, the daughter, is a charming woman and a lovely character. There is Will and Harry and John and Fred, all nice men. I have known every one of them from their infancy, and never heard of one of them doing a mean trick in their lives. Mr. Davis provided bountifully for his family and was one of the tenderest sons, husbands and fathers I was ever acquainted with. Mrs. Davis possessed much strength of character, though her body was frail. Her children, every one of them, were models of kindness. They never slacked in loving tenderness to that frail little mother, and when she fell asleep to wake no more, her four sons laid her tenderly to rest in a beautiful spot in Forest Cemetery. I never drive by the Davis lot in our city of the dead without thinking of the time that I stood by and saw those four sons place their mother gently in her last resting-place.

Mr. Davis came with his parents from Maine to Iowa in 1848. His father died soon after coming to Iowa. His mother lived many years and was one of the loviest old ladies that anybody ever saw. Her home, as long as she lived, was with that son and his family, every member of which treated her with the most unfeigned tenderness. Mr. Davis was not only a model of kindness in his own family, but was an exceedingly kind and obliging neighbor. Their home was a charming place to visit. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were well informed, were good talkers. A dinner prepared by Mrs. Davis was a marvel of dainty cooking and she honored her guests by serving them on rare pieces of old Dutch china brought from

Holland by her ancestors. Her mother was a Vanderbilt. Ida Augusta, the lovely daughter of that house, possesses the taste and skill of her excellent lady mother, as well as the hospitable and tender ways of her father.

When we went to the Rhinehart farm in November, 1856, the country between our place and the little village of Fremont, ten miles east, was almost an unbroken expanse of prairie. If the sun was shining in the late afternoon we could stand on our front porch and see that village. There was one house in a grove of cottonwood trees some four or five miles away in that direction which loomed up in plain view. There, lived a family by the name of Haskell—elderly people, with several grown-up sons. W. W. Haskell, a lawyer and citizen of Oskaloosa, is one of those sons. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell were intelligent Christian people. Mr. Haskell had read and thought much: was an entertaining talker. When I hear his granddaughters, Edith and Carrie Haskell, so highly spoken of as scholarly girls, I think of that grandfather, whose words of wisdom I listened to with delight forty years ago.

That ten mile stretch of prairie which in 1856 we thought was going to be a free pasture for flocks and herds for ages to come, was, in the course of five or six years, dotted over with farmhouses, groves and young orchards. Great fields of waving grain were to be seen where a short time before was a vast, native meadow. What great prairie fires we used to see out east, between our house and Fremont. There would seem to be a rim of fire miles and miles long. People who were called smart used to say that prairie would never be settled up:

it was too flat, and another thing was, it was too far from timber. We used to wonder why Mr. Haskell went away out there to live when there was so much land near the timber. The Rhinehart farm, the Bean farm, the Morrow farm and the Stuart farm each had a background of fine timber, with the best of prairie land for farming. About a half a mile northwest of our house, and near the northwest corner of our land, was the Rhinehart schoolhouse – a miserable log hut—but the only public building of any kind for miles around. There school was taught, religious meetings were held, and sometimes the honest yoemen of Harrison township met there and cast their ballots for township officers. School laws have been changed since then, but at one of these elections my husband was made school director, which office he held for two or three years. A young man came to our house one day and applied for the school. He was so young he hardly looked to be able to govern a lot of big, rough boys. He was only nineteen but had taught one term of school successfully. Robert Wesley McBride was his name. His father was a soldier in the Mexican war and died from the effects of exposure in the same and he was making his way as best he could. Mr. Phillips knew his family to be very superior people, and the boy Wesley looked all right, so Mr. Phillips employed him to teach the Rhinehart school in the winter of 1860 and 1861. Wesley McBride boarded with us while he was teaching that school. He proved to be capable of teaching all that he proposed to teach. He was quiet and modest, never tried to make a display of his knowledge, but we soon discovered that he had read much, was well-informed and

exceedingly level-headed. He was altogether trustworthy, and was the very soul of honor. Was not at all inclined to push himself forward but at the same time was self-respecting. He had the manners of a gentleman and the brains of a statesman, or the kind of brains a statesman needs. He was not strong physically, but when the war of the rebellion broke out, was wild to go in the army, but was rejected on account of physical disability. But before the war was over he managed some way to join the army. I don't know what his position was, but he remained until the war was over, then went to Washington, D. C., studied law, was admitted to the bar, began practicing law in Waterloo, Indiana, and was prosperous from the first. Was elected Judge, was a candidate for Supreme Judge and was defeated, but was afterward appointed by Governor Hovey to fill a place made vacant by the death of one of the Supreme Judges. Robert Wesley McBride is now a prominent and successful attorney at law in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana.

One day, after we had lived in the Rhinehart neighborhood two or three years, Jennie Bean came flying over to our house with the news that Pierce Ratliff had come back from California and was with his mother and brothers, who resided in Oskaloosa. In a few days this paragon of a boy, whom everybody had a word of praise for, came down to visit his old friends. Everybody in the neighborhood who had lived there when Pierce went to Oregon were his friends and were glad to welcome him back. The Bean girls, Jennie and Armilda, brought him over to our house. I remember with what pride Jennie Bean introduced him to my husband and myself. We

had heard so many nice things about Pierce Ratliff that we were prepared to like him. A friendship such as only happens once or twice in a lifetime immediately sprung up between him and our family. He bought a farm in the neighborhood, and he and his widowed mother became our neighbors. Mrs. Ratliff, Pierce's mother, was a part of the salt of the earth. She lived up to the golden rule, and I think she sometimes exceeded it, for she would do more kind acts for her neighbors than she ever wanted them to do for her.

Pierce, as I have before stated, went to Oregon when a boy, with Mr. Thomas Edwards. He stayed in Oregon a year or two, then with some other young fellows went to California, packing their provisions and all the rest of their worldly goods on mules. I have heard him relate in an interesting and amusing manner his adventures on that tiresome and uncomfortable journey. They went through rain and mud and slush and many other trying things on their way to "the land of gold." Pierce was a boy of nerve and energy and honesty of purpose. He made friends among the miners who washed out gold along the creeks in Northern California. Pierce's educational advantages had not been great when a boy, his book learning being confined to the crude country schools of Adams County, Illinois. His mother was left a widow with seven children, Pierce being the youngest, and only one year old when his father died. Mrs. Ratliff's family consisted of four sons and three daughters. The sons were Thomas, John, James and Pierce. The daughters were Mary Ann, Elizabeth and Sallie. Mary Ann married Mr. Charles Gilmer, of Adams County, Illinois, who

was a son of Dr. Gilmer, who was a highly-respected and prominent citizen of that county. Elizabeth married Mr. Robert Gilmer, a planter from Louisiana, and a relative of the doctor's. Sallie, a handsome young girl, went to live in the family of her brother-in-law and sister, near Shreevesport, Louisiana, where she married a southern gentleman by the name of Nicholson. James, their brother, when a young man, also went south and established himself in business in the city of Shreevesport. They all lived in ease and luxury until the war of the rebellion wrought havoc with their fortunes, as well as with many others who espoused the cause of the confederacy.

Mr. Nicholson, Sallie's husband, went into the Confederate army, was severely wounded, and died soon after the war was over. After Mr. Nicholson's death Sallie came to Iowa with her two lovely children, Mattie and Robert, where she made an extended visit with her mother and brothers. Mattie and Robert are married and have families of their own now. Mrs. Nicholson pined for the Sunny South and is now living on a plantation in Louisiana.

Thomas Ratliff and family came to Iowa in an early day and when there were none of Mrs. Ratliff's family left in their old home in Illinois except herself and her boy Pierce, they came too to Harrison township, where I first introduced them to the reader. While Pierce was in Oregon and California his mother's home was with her son Thomas' family. Pierce Ratliff, though a mere boy, and possessed of nothing but a healthy body, good sense, pluck and an honest heart when he went away, came

back to his good old mother with several thousand dollars in bright gold coin. I think everybody in the neighborhood was glad when it was known that Pierce had bought a farm and he and his mother were established among us as citizens of the Rhinehart neighborhood. How clean and comfortable and cozy they lived, Pierce and his mother. Pierce was not much beyond boyhood when he came home from California. What a jolly, rollicking, witty, good natured boy he was. He had come home full of knowledge of things and people and countries, and how he used to entertain and amuse us with his peculiar style of relating events. It was wisdom interspersed with wit. I never heard him say a flat thing, nor did he ever spoil a joke for his own or relations' sake. I have heard him relate his experience, when a boy and engaged in the hoop-pole trade, in a manner which would convulse a whole room-full.

Though my husband was a good many years his senior, a friendship sprang up between them at first which was of the kind that lasts. I used to call them "John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher." The friendship between Pierce Ratliff and our family was more like that of Phineas and the Halifaxes than anything I ever knew. We came near having everything in common. Pierce would have gotten up at the hour of midnight and gone through mud and slush and rain, or any other thing, if it had been necessary, to relieve any of our family. Any member of our family would have done the same for him or his mother. That family and ours shared each other's joys and sorrows. If Pierce had chosen to come to our house every day in the week, and sit at our board, he

would have been a welcome guest every time. Pierce was not a member of any church organization when he came among us, though he was honest and honorable in all his dealings and had a tender heart. He was a man of peace and treated every one with kindness. By nature he was a man of fine feelings, and his regard for the feelings of others was peculiarly evident. At the same time, if unjustly attacked, he was and is to-day capable of the most stinging sarcasm. He lacks a great deal of being a coward, and stands by what he says.

The majority of the heads of families in the neighborhood were members of some church, Methodists mostly. The only place they had to worship, except private houses, which were mostly little log cabins, was that poor, unsightly, uncomfortable school-house. But poor and cold and crude as it was, the Lord blessed his children who assembled there to worship. A few of the members were pretty comfortably fixed, but the majority were living in poor quarters. They had land, and were struggling to get fixed to live, but that was in the *early* days. Some of the earliest settlers—the Beans, for instance, who were thrifty people—had a good home, a fine orchard, and many other comforts when such things were scarce.

But I must go back to the old school-house where the humble and unpretentious were wont to assemble in their plain and shabby attire and worship God without any feeling of restraint or embarrassment. I can think of a number of them who were full of the Holy Spirit. Their plain, unvarnished stories of faith and love to God and man ring in my ears even now. Nearly all of them

have gone to their reward. There was one woman in particular, who a few months ago, at the age of seventy-nine, laid down her burden of poverty, toil and affliction and took up her abode in one of the mansions prepared for the faithful. That woman was Mrs. Lydia Noe. Everybody called her "Aunt Lydia." She possessed very little of what are called the good things of this world, but was so full of faith and the Holy Spirit she was always rejoicing. She used to say to me, "Sister Phillips, when I think of my Heavenly home and the joys laid up for me there, I get in a hurry to go." I could write a whole chapter of "Aunt Lydia's" exhortations, prayers and talks in love-feast meetings. She was unlearned in what the world calls learning, but she knew how to take hold of God's promises and how to cast her burden on the Lord.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Rhinehart society belonged to the Eddyville circuit. The circuit preacher resided in Eddyville. His appointments at the Rhinehart school-house were usually on every alternate Sunday, but occassionally he would hold a series of meetings in the neighborhood. Those protracted meetings were usually held in the winter and if school was being taught the people would congregate in the school-house of evenings, and in the daytime would meet at one or another of the small and unpretentious homes of that neighborhood.

Rev. Samuel Hestwood was once pastor of the Eddyville circuit. He came about the time the war of the rebellion broke out. Not long after coming, he held a protracted meeting in the Rhinehart neighborhood. He was a good man, a good singer and a forceful preacher. The older members seemed to "take a new start for the Kingdom." A number of the young people became converted—among them our friend, Pierce Ratliff. What joy there was that day in that little, plain congregation, when Pierce—jolly, good-hearted Pierce, who was the

life of the neighborhood and a favorite with everybody—rose up and told, with joy beaming in his face and tears streaming down his cheeks, that God, for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins. What a thrill ran through that little company of worshipers! Every face beamed with joy. I can never forget the glad look on the face of his saintly old mother as she went about shaking hands with everybody and thanking the Lord for converting her son. And Brother Hestwood, how happy he looked when Pierce, in giving his testimony, said: "Mr. Hestwood, I thank the Lord for permitting me to hear your preaching. You convinced me that I ought to be a Christian every time I heard you preach." Then he went on to say, "Ever since this meeting began I have felt that I ought to give my heart to God and lead a new and better life. Early this morning I went away down a slough west of my house and when I had reached a place where I thought nobody but God could hear me, I fell on my knees, I wrestled with my convictions, my pride and my love of the world. I told God all about it and promised then and there if He would for Christ's sake forgive my sins, I would serve Him all the days of my life. When I arose from my knees I felt that the burden of sin was taken from my soul and I was a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The next time that Pierce was at our house after that memorable meeting, we looked out and saw Gorrell coming up the lane. Pierce got up and walked quickly down to meet him. I watched them until they met, when Pierce threw his arms around Gorrell's neck and there they stood embracing each other, "John and Phineas."

I stood in the kitchen door and watched those strong, manly men as they came toward the house. Tears of joy and sympathy were in my own eyes as I saw the tears and look of tenderness in theirs. They both were strong, manly men, would scorn to go back on their word, were square in their dealings, never took advantage of the helpless nor of widows and orphans, even when they made no pretentions to being Christians.

They had been honest and honorable boys, but something beyond that had come to them. That something, while it made them none the less manly, gave them the courage to stand up for Christ and accept the Kingdom of Heaven as little children. They had a new experience, a touch of the Spirit which was in Christ. That day when we sat down to dinner, Pierce asked a blessing. He always had a good, honest face, but after the experience I have been telling about, his face fairly shone. How well he talked in meeting. He had the gift naturally of expressing his thoughts clearly and interestingly. He never said anything that sounded flat or insipid, no matter what his subject was, and especially when he would rise up in a religious meeting we all felt sure we were going to hear something interesting, instructive and to the point. Many predicted that Pierce would be a preacher. In one sense, he was a preacher from the time he was converted. Some of the ministers and many others, members of the church, used to say to him: "Brother Ratliff, you ought to be a minister." His reply usually was, "Oh, I couldn't preach, I am not good enough, and if I was good enough I am not well enough educated." He always regretted not having had

better advantages of education in his youth, and after he came from California and he and his mother settled down to living on a farm, the way never seemed to be open for him to go to school. He was a prosperous farmer, made money and added to his acres. Was liberal in his donations to the church and to the poor.

There was a very poor family living in our neighborhood. One morning Pierce was driving down the lane. There was snow on the ground. The man was over in the field gathering corn. Pierce stopped to speak to him, and as the man came toward him he observed his bare toes sticking out of his ragged shoes. As the poor man came toward him smiling, Pierce said, "Why, man, aren't your feet nearly frozen?" "I don't mind it much," said the man, whereupon Pierce put his hand down in his pocket, took out some money and handed it to him, saying: "Stop gathering that corn and go right straight down to Eddyville and get yourself a pair of boots." Then Pierce drove on. That is just one of many kind acts performed by Pierce Ratliff. He had a kind heart and a good mind, much as he talked about his want of book learning. He lacked a good deal of being ignorant. Being a close observer of men and things, he was quite well informed. I used to think he understood what he read the best of anybody I ever knew who made so little pretensions to being learned. But whether he be called learned or unlearned, he possessed the instincts of a gentleman, and as he has gone along life's journey he has managed to find out a great deal about some things and a little about a great many things.

Pierce stuck to the faith, led class meetings and

prayer meetings, and was never absent from meeting unless unavoidably detained. He and his good old saintly mother continued to live together on his farm until Pierce began to be called an old bachelor. But finally he became acquainted with, courted and married a handsome, accomplished young lady, Miss Addie F. Thomas. He and his young wife idolized each other. He made for her a nice home, furnished with many comforts. Pierce had been a good son, a good brother, a good friend, and true to that noble manliness born in him, was a devoted husband. How often they used to come flying into our house to see Gorrell and me, with joy beaming all over their faces. But that dream of happiness was cut short by death. Addie, the happy young wife, was suddenly snatched away by that uncompromising reaper, who paid no attention to the breaking heart of the stricken husband nor the pitiful wailing of his little motherless baby. How vividly that terrible day is stamped on my memory! A large mirror fell from the wall and was shivered into a thousand pieces. I had scarcely gotten the glass swept up when there was a ring at my door. I went to the door and there stood a boy with a telegram. I tore it open and read:

"COME AT ONCE. ADDIE IS VERY SICK.

"PIERCE."

I immediately began preparing to go to them, hoping all the time that Pierce in his fright had thought things more serious than they really were. But as I was hurrying to the train I met Taylor Kalbach coming from there. I knew from the look of tenderness in his face that something terrible had happened. We halted a mo-

ment, and all that he said was: "She is dead!" Then we hurried on.

How my heart ached for Pierce and how I dreaded to meet him. I found him walking the floor, wringing his hands in the agony of despair. There Addie lay, cold and white and still. Kind friends had done all that it was possible to do. Neither the agonizing prayers of the heart-broken husband, the skill of physicians, nor the sympathy and efforts of friends could keep back that terrible messenger. The young life had gone out; there Addie lay, so white and so still, dressed as I had seen her thirteen months before, when she and Pierce stood hand in hand while Brother Pillsbury pronounced them husband and wife. Addie was an only child, idolized by her parents. I went into another room, where I found her father sitting in silent, motionless, tearless grief. Her mother, who happened at that time to be many miles away, was notified by telegram of her daughter's serious illness. She flew as fast as railroad trains could carry her, but when she arrived that beloved daughter was cold and still.

I can never forget the agonizing grief of that mother. These terrible sorrows come—we can't tell why. Perhaps it will all be revealed to us some time. Addie was laid to rest in Forest Cemetery, and in a few months a little grave was made close to hers. Pierce had "moved heaven and earth" in trying to keep their baby boy, but it was not to be. The Lord took him. On that self-same day that baby's aged and saintly grandmother, Margaret Wade Ratliff, entered into the rest prepared for the just. I love to think of the life of that honest, unpretentious,

unselfish Christian woman. I sometimes tell Pierce that he ought to thank the Lord for his having sprung from such an honorable and Christian stock. I was intimately acquainted with that saintly woman for a quarter of a century, and in all those years I never knew her to do an act or say a word which I thought was sinful. She was not a long-faced, canting Christian, who was always seeing something in others to condemn, but was charitable, cheerful, hospitable, and was not given to seeing faults in others. She was exceedingly obliging to her neighbors, without seeming to think she had done anything out of the ordinary, or usual. The man who was born of a woman with a character like hers, and had the example of a life like hers all through his boyhood and early manhood, surely has something to be grateful for.

Pierce chose one of the beautiful spots in Forest Cemetery wherein to lay his precious dead. There lie his young wife, his baby and his mother. By the mother's side lies all that is mortal of her son John, who many years ago met a sudden and tragic death by being thrown from a horse. John was as charming and attractive in his manners as his brother Pierce. A gray granite monument is there to tell who are the occupants of that lovely, shady, grassy spot. All the Summer through the grass is kept shorn and flowers bloom on the graves.

Pierce has endured many sore trials and fiery ordeals, but with it all has steadfastly clung to his faith in Christ. He has been an active business man, has made much money, and might have been wealthy if his heart had been less tender and less inclined to respond to the

calls of Christian work and the needy poor. Some years ago he was engaged as a traveling salesman for a large agricultural implement house in Minneapolis, which business kept him on the road and in hotels, where he was continually coming in contact with infidels, agnostics and scoffers at the religion of Jesus Christ, and at the teaching of the Bible. I used to wonder if he would withstand the scoffs and jeers, criticisms and cunning sophistry a Christian is compelled to hear on railroad trains, in the offices of hotels, and the many circumstances surrounding a man engaged as a traveling salesman, and come out of it all with his faith unshaken. I must confess I sometimes felt afraid he would not. But I might have "given to the winds my fears," for God gave him grace to stand up for Christ and defend the faith whenever and wherever he heard it defamed. Instead of growing weaker in the faith he came out stronger. When in the city he worked in missions, talked on the street, and whenever an opportunity was presented, held up Christ and salvation to the ungodly. He has given much to foreign missions, and is now conducting a mission in Sioux City, where he resides and is in business.

Pierce Ratliff is a self-made man, if any man can truly be called self-made. He started out when a boy, without money or influential friends; he worked for twenty-five cents a day. The time came when he could command fifteen hundred dollars a year as a traveling salesman. Pierce Ratliff has shown himself a hero in more than one instance and on more than one occasion. I was talking with a gentleman not long ago who crossed the plains in 1854 in the same train in which Pierce Rat-

liff went and drove an ox team for Thomas Edwards. He engaged to drive that team through, and do anything else which might come up and need doing in the way of guarding their teams and other animals which they were driving through to Oregon. The gentleman remarked during our talk that Pierce, though a mere boy, never shirked a duty no matter how irksome or how dangerous. The gentleman went on to say: "Pierce never seemed to be afraid to undertake anything which was necessary to be done. When we came to Green River we found the stream deep and swift and cold. The teams and wagons were taken across in a ferry-boat, and the loose cattle were made to swim the stream. It was necessary for some one to mount a horse and keep in the stream to make the cattle take and keep the proper direction. It looked like taking a great risk; the rest hesitated, but Pierce mounted a horse and lunged right in. He soon found himself in great peril. The river swift and cold, the cattle frightened and swimming in every direction, and he and his horse in the midst and in great peril. He found himself and horse being carried down that raging torrent in spite of all he could do. He slid off the horse, thinking he would be in less danger, but that raging, seething torrent carried him on and on. He was in the very jaws of death, but was fighting for life with all the nerve and muscle he possessed. When almost exhausted and ready to give it up, he struck a bar, and with almost superhuman strength threw himself on that bar more dead than alive; the company were wrought up to the highest pitch; they ran down and along the bank, some shouting to give him courage and others trying to

throw him ropes, but with it all he had to save himself."

I have heard Pierce relate that terrible experience. Every act of his life passed before his mind like a panorama and when he struck that bar he put forth every particle of strength in his body. Pierce made a terrible struggle for his life in Green river, but would risk his life for what some would consider a trifling matter. When on that adventurous journey they had to be continually on the watch for Indians after they crossed the Missouri river. Indians would steal their cattle and horses if they had a chance. In spite of all their watchfulness, one morning a lot of their stock was gone. Part of their team was gone, which was a calamity indeed. So some of them must follow those Indians and, if possible, recover their oxen. Some of the men volunteered to undertake that perilous adventure, Pierce Ratliff among the rest. They mounted their horses and struck out. A little colt belonging to the herd which they were taking, or trying to take to Oregon, followed, as its mother had been pressed into the service.

They found the trail over which the cattle had been driven by the Indians, followed it up, and after going, as they supposed, some eight or ten miles, discovered some of their cattle grazing on the prairie. Near by was a ravine lined with willows where they had good reason to suppose the Indians who had driven off their stock were in hiding. Some of the men got around the cattle in sight and started them toward the camp. Others skirmished around among the willows (the little colt among the rest) hoping to find the balance of their property, all the time in mortal fear of being picked off by those

treacherous Indians. Those who had gone on called back to them to come on and let the rest go. They started to join the others, but as they were leaving that dangerous ground a pitiful wail was heard. The poor little colt had become entangled in the willows, and just under a bank some three or four feet high, and was making desperate efforts to climb the bank. Pierce was one of those who had been venturing among the willows. He felt, as well as the rest, that they were in danger, but the pitiful cries of that poor little colt touched his heart. He turned back, sprang off his horse, seized the colt by the head and drew it up the bank. It scampered off to overtake the others and Pierce mounted his horse and moved off on short notice too. When he joined the others he was told by some of them that he was the biggest fool they ever saw to take the chance of being shot and scalped by an Indian to save a colt that wasn't worth ten dollars. Pierce's reply was, "I may be a fool, but I couldn't go off and leave anything begging so pitifully for help as that colt was."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Very few people lived their lives out on the claims they made on the first of May, 1843. But now and then an aged man or woman may be found living on the identical spot where their first cabin was built in that long ago time. There was Harry Brewer, who came with several others (all of whose names I have forgotten except Ephriam Munsel.) Mr. Brewer, Mr. Munsel and two or three others, located claims close together, on the grounds and in the neighborhood where the little town of Givin now stands.

Little did they know or think or care anything about the rich veins of coal underlying the whole of that beautiful farming land. All they thought of was getting their land in condition to raise something to eat, and a cabin to shelter them. They knew that coal was all about there, they could see it cropping out of the banks along the Muchakinock and its little tributaries, but what did they want with coal? They had no use for the black, foul smelling stuff. Who ever dreamed then that a time would come when that beautiful scenery would be

disfigured with great, ugly coal shafts and immense piles and ridges of unsightly, black, smoking slack. A blacksmith shop was a necessity wherever a little settlement was made. Somebody would dig into a hillside and get enough to supply them. That was about all the use people here had for coal in '43 and '44. There was plenty of wood along the rivers to supply the wants of the early settlers. We knew very little about coal at first. Where I came from blacksmith shops used charcoal. The only coal I ever saw before coming to Iowa was a piece about the size of a hen's egg, brought by a young man who had been to Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, attending school. Said piece of coal was placed as a curio on his father's mantel shelf and shown to the neighbors when they came in, and its use explained. Blacksmiths had to use coal and blacksmiths were a necessity—people had to get their horses shod and their big prairie plows sharpened and their iron wedges sharpened, and if they broke the shovel or tongs in putting on a big backlog or forestick, it took a blacksmith to mend them.

Besides the Brewers and Munsells, there were the Harper brothers, John, William, Jacob and Archer, Mr. James Bowen, Mr. Andrew Baughman, the Olneys and many others, all in that region and all owning tracts of land, rich and productive. Corn, wheat, oats, clover and timothy grew luxuriantly on all these lands. But before many years they began to discover that there was a mine of wealth deep down under their fields and orchards and under everything else around there. There soon began to be a demand for coal, in a small way. When that big prairie toward Fremont began to be settled up, the peo-

ple used coal. They found it cheaper than wood and easier to obtain. Those people out there used to haul from Bowen's bank, which was said to turn out the best coal in that region.

In course of time a railroad was built from Keokuk to Des Moines; then the Iowa Central, both roads running through that neighborhood I have mentioned. A railroad company bought nearly all the farms around there, paying what seemed then to be fabulous prices for the same. Those mines of coal were opened up on a large scale, managed by two brothers, W. A. and H. W. McNeill—big-souled, brainy business men. The mining town of Muchakinock sprang up. Hundreds of men were soon working under the ground. Their houses soon lined the creek and dotted the hills. Instead of a wagon load being hauled away from there occasionally, thousands of tons were shipped out daily.

The McNeills were the kind of men to make business go. They have not only done much toward developing the vast coal fields of Mahaska County, but have built handsome residences and substantial business houses in Oskaloosa. Our people are indebted to the McNeills for much of our town and county's prosperity. Colonel McNeill, a brother, came later. He, too, is a fine business man. He owns and occupies one of the handsome homes in Oskaloosa. H. W. McNeill built one of the most elegant and expensive suburban homes anywhere in this part of Iowa. Oskaloosa people are proud of "Park Place," and take pleasure in driving their visitors through its winding ways, where are to be seen neatly-shorn hedges, velvety grass plats, pond, fountain, rose

garden, vines, ferns and flowers, besides trees great and small. Park Place is an ideal and a charming home.

The McNeill brothers have made much money in an honorable business way, are very liberal, and make magnificent presents to their relatives, no matter how remote. They are not only generous with their own kin, but give bountifully to hundreds and thousands of needy poor. Besides many other gifts, they used to donate a turkey to each miner's family in their employ for their Christmas dinner.

When the coal companies offered the people about Givin and Muchakinock a hundred dollars an acre for their land they nearly all sold out. I can't think of any who kept their farms and old homesteads except Wm. Harper and Harry Brewer. Harry Brewer died several years ago, but Mrs. Brewer, the wife of his youth, is living on the spot where their claim cabin stood in 1843. Mrs. Brewer is well preserved, retains her mental faculties perfectly, has a very clear recollection of the early times and can relate scenes and events of that long ago time in a clear and interesting manner. She tells about the cabin in which they lived the first winter having no window; when she sewed on cold winter days she had to sit almost in the fireplace, where she could thread her needle by the light which came down the chimney. Some of Mrs. Brewer's sons are successful business men in Oskaloosa and have good substantial homes. Their sister Emily, who married a Mr. Grew, was a lovely girl and is a noble and lovely woman.

Farmers who did not sell out and out to the coal companies have found a market for their products in the

mining towns which are to be seen in every direction from Oskaloosa. Great fields of waving grain, orchards and meadows flourish on the ground beneath which are thousands of men digging and hauling out that valuable coal. Long trains of cars loaded with that useful commodity are sent east, west, north and south. Railways are run by it, and the dwellers on the vast woodless plains of Northwestern Iowa and the Dakotas are warmed by fires made of coal from Mahaska County. When we come to think of it, Mahaska County has many things which are considered essential in making up the necessaries and comforts of a home. Her natural resources are numerous, her soil deep and rich, producing immense crops of grains, grasses, vegetables and fruits.

Great veins or strata of coal underlie all this fine farming land. Both the Des Moines and Skunk rivers run diagonally through the county. They, with their numerous tributaries and many fine springs, make it a well watered county: and besides that, one can have a well almost anywhere by digging. In the bluffs along our rivers and creeks limestone and sandstone abound, suitable for building purposes. There is an abundance of clay suitable for making ordinary brick, tiling and pottery, and an unlimited amount of the kind of which paving brick is made. If anybody wants to see paving brick that will stand almost anything on earth, let them come to Oskaloosa. I can speak for the paving in front of my house, which is on South Market Street, a street used as much for heavy hauling and fast driving as any street in the city. I have seen sparks fly from the hoofs of horses as they have gone tearing along on this

pavement, but have never seen a brick misplaced nor even a corner chipped off, though it has been down over four years. I seem to be doing a little unintentional advertising for the people who make the brick and those who do the paving. But let it go. If I knew who they were I might mention their names. Come to think of it, I do know one man who is engaged in making paving brick just at the edge of town. That man is Mr. Will Hawkins, a highly respected citizen of Oskaloosa, whose excellent wife is a daughter of Isaac Kalbach and sister of the Kalbach men who are counted among the honorable business men—the bone and sinew of Oskaloosa's citizens.

Will Hawkins is a descendant of Quaker ancestors of whom no one need be ashamed. His parents, Isaac and Ruth Hawkins, came to Oskaloosa from Ohio many years ago when Will was a little boy. His brother, Seth Hawkins, is, and has been from young manhood up, a much respected member of society. These Hawkins men have five sisters, Mrs. George Terrell, Mrs. Joseph Arnold, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mrs. Anna Barton and Miss Lou Hawkins, every one superior and cultured women. Isaac Hawkins, their father, died soon after coming to Oskaloosa, but Ruth, his gentle, sweet-spirited wife, survived him many years. But now she too is sleeping in the silent city of the dead. Abram and Jane Hawkins, near relatives of the other Hawkins family, came and settled in Oskaloosa more than thirty years ago. A more serene and charming old couple it was never my pleasure to meet. Their genial bow and pleasant smile "haunts me still" as I, on summer evenings, drive by their once

charming home. I miss the bow of friendly recognition and kindly smile which used to greet me as I was wont to see that beloved and saintly couple sitting on their veranda embowered in vines and flowers. A holy peace seemed to rest on those placid faces, though they had known sorrow. They had seen their manly sons and sparkling daughters, while in the bloom of young manhood and young womanhood, fall asleep, to wake no more. Uncle Abram and Aunt Jane, as everybody called them, endured their bereavement with Christian resignation. A peace the world knew not of was theirs. Now they lie side by side in Forest Cemetery. A gray granite stone marks the spot where among their sons and daughters they are sleeping their long, last sleep. Two sons survive them, William and Eli Hawkins, who are prominent business men in Oskaloosa.

If I had led anyone to suppose that I was going to tell a connected story or relate events in the order in which they occurred, I would feel like apologizing for flying from one subject to another having so little bearing on each other. But I find if I tell the things I want to tell, I must tell them just when I happen to think of them.

I must go back to Harrison township where we lived on the Rhinehart farm from the 11th of November, 1856, to November 9th, 1868. Many things happened during those twelve years. The great financial crash of 1857, which made times so hard, and money so hard to obtain that some families came near suffering for the bare necessaries of life; some could scarcely get corn bread. There came nearer being a famine than anything that

ever happened to Iowa. Corn a dollar a bushel and no money. In the summer of 1858 there was so much rain the crops were ruined. The roads were almost impassable. The rivers and creeks overflowed their bottomlands. The town of Eddyville was innundated, or a good portion of it was. The Des Moines river bridge, the pride of the town, was partially carried off by the flood. If there was another bridge spanning the Des Moines river at that time, I don't know where it was. When the river was too high to ford, it was crossed in ferry boats.

Mr. William Fredrick and family lived about three miles south of us. They had come from Ohio in 1844. Mr. Fredrick was called a rich man. He bought a large tract of land; I think he was said to own nine hundred acres all in one body. He kept a large flock of sheep. The first dandelions I ever saw in Mahaska County grew on the common where Mr. Fredrick pastured his sheep. It was said that the seed was brought from Ohio in the wool on the backs of those sheep. I remember how delighted I was to see those yellow blossoms, reminding me of my childhood days. Mr. Fredrick raised immense crops of the biggest and yellowest corn I ever saw. He brought the seed from Ohio. In a year or two every farmer around had that kind of corn. It was known as the Fredrick corn all over the country. Mr. Fredrick was a very peculiar man. If he didn't like people he was not slow in letting them know it. At the same time he was generous to those he liked, especially to the worthy poor. He happened to have a large amount of corn on hand when corn was selling at a dollar a bushel, but when the poor went to him to buy for bread or seed he

would only take twenty-five cents. Mrs. Fredrick was a lady of refined tastes; was a lover of flowers. When rare shrubs, roses and other flowers were almost unknown in this new country, she had a garden full, brought from her old home in Ohio. The first time I went to see her, which was in the Spring of '57, she had my buggy filled with slips from those choice plants. Mrs. Fredrick died in the Fall of '57.

When the Fredricks came to Iowa they had two sons, young men, George and William, and three daughters, Mrs. Dr. C. G. Owen, Miss Clementina Fredrick, who afterward married Mr. Sidney Smith, and Miss Cassie Fredrick. George and William both died in early manhood. Mrs. Electa Owen died a few years later in Oskaloosa. Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Cassie are all that are left of that family. A few years after Mrs. Fredrick died, Mr. Fredrick married Mrs. Reigart, a superior lady. Mrs. Reigart had two charming daughters, Miss Kate and Miss Vena Reigart. I remember well what a sensation the advent of these handsome and accomplished girls created among the young men of our neighborhood. But none of them succeeded in winning either of them. Kate married somebody and went to Chicago to live. Vinnie is the wife of Colonel Hammond, a prominent banker and an esteemed citizen of Oskaloosa, and has bright and accomplished daughters of her own. The second Mrs. Fredrick preceded her husband to the other shore. Mr. Fredrick lived to a great age, away up in the nineties. He died while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Smith, in Kansas. That terrible conflict, the war of the rebellion, began and ended while we were citizens

of Harrison township. We were still feeling the pressure of the crash of '57 when that awful war broke out. Money was still scarce, dry goods and groceries were high, and when the war was really upon us, things were higher.

People who had been thought well to do wore shabby, patched and threadbare clothes. Coffee, tea and sugar sold at enormous prices. Nearly everybody resorted to some kind of substitute for coffee. We got along pretty well on coffee made of parched rye. But for sugar and molasses there was no substitute until the Lord sent us the sorghum. Sorghum was never known in this country until about the time the war began. At first, no one here knew how to make a very good article of sorghum molasses, but they soon learned to make what we thought a very fair syrup. Esquire Sam Vance became an expert on that necessary commodity. I remember how proud I was when two barrels of that saccharine product were brought and unloaded at my door: When a thing which is essential to the living of His children fails, the Lord sends something to supply that need.

When the Nantucket and New Bedford whale fishers could no longer supply lighting and lubricating oil to answer the demands of this country with its steadily increasing population and inventions, the God and Father of us all permitted his children to discover deep down in the earth great reservoirs of petroleum and stores of gas. When that terrible conflict between the north and the south came, and almost shut off the supply of sugar and molasses which we were wont to receive from our south-

ern neighbors, so cheap and so plentifully, the same kind Providence sent us the sorghum. It was surprising how soon the people learned to make a fine quality of molasses, and how pleased and satisfied we were with our jars of crab-apple sauce, plum butter and blackberry jam made with sorghum molasses. Esquire Vance was supposed to be the champion sorghum-maker in that region, but there were others who were not slow in the business. "Uncle Jake" Noe, for instance, a neighbor of ours, carried on the business to a considerable extent. Uncle Jake had a sorghum-mill of the regulation sort, propelled by a horse of uncertain age which they called "Colonel." Colonel in early life had been afflicted with a disease known as "big head." Though he had recovered from that malady, his head was still out of proportion to the rest of his body. Colonel would not have been called fleet, nor symmetrical, nor spirited, yet if a boy kept at his heels with a cane stalk and gave him a lick occasionally he would keep that sorghum mill going pretty steadily from morning till night.

Uncle Jake was kind-hearted and liberal and patient. He permitted all the boys around to congregate at his sorghum factory of evenings, and with his own boys have all the fun they chose to have, which is saying a good deal. There were my own boys, the Bean boys, and the Barber boys, every one of them bubbling over with fun. Uncle Jake supervised the boiling himself, and when he would have an installment of molasses to dip out he would say: "Now, boys, git your paddles ready, and as soon as I git the batch dipped out you kin jist pitch in and scrape the pan," whereat a general licking of paddles and smart

remarks would begin. The Noe boys were noted for a dry wit peculiarly their own. That sorghum making gave to our children a pleasure something like their parents experienced when children, as they congregated at the sugar camps in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. The Noes came from Indiana, the region where Edward Eggleston found the material for his story of "The Hoosier School-master." I didn't live far from there myself, and can testify that Edward Eggleston and James Whitcomb Riley know what they are talking about.

More than three score years have come and gone since I, with other happy children, played 'neath the shade of big beech and sugar trees not far from the little town of Greenfield. "Long afore we knowed who Santa Claus wuz" we waded in gravelly-bedded creeks, peeled great flakes of moss from logs which had been lying for generations undisturbed, until we stripped them of their mossy coats to make carpets for our play-houses and beds for our dolls. Little girls of Mahaska have many beautiful things never dreamed of when I was a child, but they have no such moss as we had.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The war of the rebellion to our young school boys and girls seems as vague and far away as the war of the revolution did to me when I was a school girl. I have seen many old people in my childhood, and can remember them well, who had lived all through that war. My own grandmother lived near and heard the firing at the battle of Guilford Court-house in North Carolina. My people were Quakers and didn't do much fighting, though they did a good deal of nursing among the sick and wounded soldiers. My great grandfather and my great great grandfather lived near that battle ground, and their houses were made hospitals for the wounded American soldiers. William Coffin, my great great grandfather, married Priscilla Paddock, daughter of a Nantucket whale fisher. The Coffins, her descendants, were proud of the Paddock blood. Many daughters among them have borne the name of Priscilla in honor of that excellent lady. I wonder if Priscilla Coffin Prine has ever been told that she is a lineal descendant of the much-esteemed Priscilla Paddock Coffin. Those old survivors

of the revolution were rich in folk lore, and used to relate to us children stories of pirates and tories and witches until we were afraid to go to bed in the dark.

When another generation appears on the scene the survivors of the civil war will be as few and far between as the old revolutionary people were in my youth. That terrible war among our own people is fresh in the minds of many of us yet, though some of our brilliant young men and women were born long since that awful conflict ended. Even that brilliant young senator, Beveridge, began life since that war. I read the charming speech which he delivered in the United States Senate the other day, and now I am prouder than ever of my native state.

I am not quite done with Harrison Township and the things which happened there between 1856 and 1869. The war and many things attending it loom up before my mental vision. That war wonderfully transformed things. Our nerves were strung up to the greatest tension week in and week out. Sluggish people became energetic; stingy people became liberal. Nearly all of our neighbors were loyal—a copperhead stood no show around there. I took it upon myself to propose forming a Soldiers' Aid Society among the women and girls of the neighborhood. Nearly all seemed anxious to go into it, and willing to do what they could. A meeting was appointed at the residence of Mr. Wm. Bean for the purpose of organizing said society. We met, were organized, your humble servant was chosen president, Mrs. Mary A. Ratliff vice president, Miss Eliza Stuart secretary, and Mrs. Z. Loper treasurer. It is no wonder that Col. John Loper is a brave soldier and a man amongst

men; his mother was "a host within herself." Our society met at one or another of the houses in the neighborhood one afternoon in each week. I look back to that time and wonder at the unselfishness practiced by all of us. Times had been hard, we had practiced economy, our wardrobes and household linen had run low, but loyalty and anxiety about the sick and wounded soldiers was so great any of us would have given the last sheet or table cloth if by so doing any suffering soldier would have been made more comfortable. We worked faithfully, made bandages, lint, pillows and hospital garments. We packed those articles in great boxes, in the center of which we placed many things which we hoped would tempt the appetite of our poor, sick soldiers. In one of those boxes I placed a can containing twelve dozen nice, fresh eggs, packed in bran. Those eggs were donated by Mrs. Andrew Baughman, and many a sick soldier who hadn't had an egg for months was made glad.

When we were ready to make up a box to send away some of us would canvass the country all around for donations and nearly everybody would gladly give what they could. I made a circuit like that and was surprised at the liberality of people who had little of this world's goods. When I got home with my buggy loaded down with dainty and useful things, I told my folks I had only met one man who wanted to argue. He braced himself and began by saying: "The government provides for the crippled soldiers and all the good truck you send down thar is grabbed up by the officers, whereupon I interrupt him, rude as it was, by remarking that I had no time to discuss that question, and drove on. All through that

war we worked and prayed, we prayed and worked. That was a time when the souls of men and women too were tried. How we loved and reverenced the boys in blue. No matter what we had thought of them before, when we saw them with Uncle Sam's uniform on they were all right, nothing was too good for them. The railroad and telegraph line had only reached Eddyville then and our soldier boys, when starting to the war, had to go there to take the train. One day my husband was coming out of Eddyville on horseback. About a half a mile this side he met a soldier walking as fast as he could and almost out of breath. Mr. Phillips took in the situation at once, dismounted, handed the soldier the bridle saying: "Jump on this horse and put him through. Perhaps you can make the train. Hitch him around there somewhere, I'll walk back and get him." The soldier looked grateful, said "Thank you," then flew as fast as that horse could go. Mr. Phillips walked back to the station. The train had gone, the soldier had "made it." The horse was "hitched around there somewhere." Mr. Phillips never knew who that soldier was. It was enough to know he was a soldier.

When I think of that mighty conflict, I think of it as a four years of praying and weeping and working. The tears come to my eyes now as I think of our splendid men and boys as we used to see them go away so full of nerve and pluck and patriotism, to endure all manner of hardships and die, if need be, for their country and their country's flag. The day the 33d Iowa left, my husband and boys came to Oskaloosa to see them off. I was at home all day alone. I was thinking all the time of those

brave and splendid men and boys, their wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts. After a while I heard the band away over on the Eddyville road. I knew what it meant. All the rest of that day I could do nothing but walk about the house and yard and weep and think, "They will never all come back; they will never all come back."

Mr. Gilchrist, Dawson's father, was in that regiment, a great, broad-shouldered, honest-faced man, just in the prime of life and as sound as a dollar. He committed his wife and children to the care of the Father above, then went down into the jaws of death, a sacrifice on the altar of his country like many another whom I could mention. Yet I sometimes hear it said that this or that veteran of that awful war is drawing a pension undeservedly. How anyone can think a man could leave his comfortable home and the dear ones therein, face shot and shell, sleep in the mud, wake and find himself frozen to the ground, endure hunger, thirst and loathsome prisons, and many other things terrible to contemplate, and not be willing that this rich government should pay them a good sized pension, is something I cannot understand. Who endured that without the effects being left in his body? I want every man and boy who enlisted in Uncle Sam's army, and is living today, to receive a pension. If they escaped the enemy's bullets it was not because they did not stand up to be shot at.

Nearly all the boys in our neighborhood who were old enough enlisted in the army. There were the Ellis boys, the Ball boys, the Zorns boys, John Phillips, B. Noe, Cary Buntin, Jesse Barber, Man and Sam Yeric, Hamline Doll and others, all in the Rhinehart neighbor-

hood. Jesse Barber and Cary Buntin died serving their country. They both were excellent young men. I remember well when Jesse Barber was converted. He was always a good boy, had an honest face, but that night at the old log school-house his face fairly shone. He had asked the prayers of the church and knelt at the altar. After a while he stood up, and looking straight up, exclaimed: "Glory be to God! I see the heavens opening!" I don't think a person in that audience doubted Jesse's sincerity. Word came to us that Jesse Barber died believing and rejoicing in Christ. I used to hear it said by the pessimistic sort, before the war had begun, but was threatening, that war was so demoralizing that a man who was once a soldier was never fit for anything else. I often think of the talk I used to hear of that kind when I look about and see many of our best citizens and successful business men who were soldiers in that war, some of them from first to last.

I don't think that Wm. Shaw would be considered very badly demoralized, nor James Loughridge, nor Stephen DeCook, nor Captain Evans, nor Major McMullin, nor John F. Lacey, nor Judge Ryan, nor the McNeill brothers, nor Capt. John H. Warren, nor Wm. R. Cowan, nor Albert Swalm, nor Captain Woodruff, nor Major S. H. M. Byers. O, they loom up before my mind so thick and fast, I will have to stop or my list will be as long as the list of those who voted the other day in favor of expelling the bigamist Roberts from the House of Representatives. I am grateful to each and every one who was brave and loyal enough to face the unutterable hard-

ships, which often meant death itself, in defending our country and our country's honor.

Our men were gentlemen when they went into the army, and they were gentlemen when they came out. Many were wrecks physically, but I can't think of one who became a wreck morally or intellectually. Many of our wealthy farmers and business men were soldiers, and some have made themselves famous as writers of books. There is Robert Kissick, a soldier all through the rebellion, who has written a book which by critics is called a valuable work. Mr. and Mrs. Kissick are both gifted with more than ordinary ability. Their sons are bright boys, and two of them were in the 51st Iowa Regiment. One, their precious Edwyn, laid down his young life for his country in the Philippine Islands. All that was mortal of Edwyn Kissick was brought over that vast expanse of ocean and land and laid to rest in our peaceful city of the dead, where sleeps his brother Ralph. Mr. and Mrs. Kissick have one daughter, Irene, who is one of the nicest and brightest little ladies that I know.

There is Major S. H. M. Byers, who went to the war from Oskaloosa, a mere boy in years, and while enduring the horrors of loathsome rebel prisons managed by stealth to send to the world outside, soul-stirring songs, the product of his brain, which were sung from one end of the land to the other. And still his genius shines brighter and brighter. The products of Major Byers' brain and pen are honored with a place in periodicals of the highest order of literature in our land. We were proud to have Major and Mrs. Byers for neighbors and citizens of our town. They are hospitable, cultured,

gifted, and have the most charming manners. We were loth to lose the Byerses, but congratulate Des Moines society on having gained so valuable an addition. It is not surprising that Major Byers is a gentleman with talents of a superior order. The blood of the Virginia Marshalls flows in his veins, and "blood will tell." They have one son, Lawrence, of whom it is said, "he is a promising young attorney." Major Byers while abroad procured many valuable works of art, a number of which, through his liberality, adorn the halls of Penn College.

Another of our solid and much-esteemed families have taken up their abode in the city of Des Moines, the Frankels, Mrs. Frankel, her four manly sons and her lovely and accomplished daughter, Rose. Somewhere near forty years ago Mr. Isaiah Frankel came to Oskaloosa and opened out a store of ready made clothing. His means were not great, his store was small at first, but he, like the most of his people, was a man of great business ability, and was a born merchant. He prospered in whatever he undertook. He dealt in wool, he engaged in banking, but all the time his clothing store was going on and gradually growing larger and finer. He bought houses and lands; he built substantial and handsome business houses; he purchased one of the (at that time) nicest homes in the town of Oskaloosa. He remodeled and added to until that home was one of the most comfortable and commodious homes in the town. Their lawn was a thing of beauty.

Not long after Mr. Frankel became established in business, he was married to Miss Babetta Sheuerman, who through all the years she has lived among us has

been a blessing and an ornament to Oskaloosa's society. No nobler character ever graced our town nor was more appreciated and admired by our people. Her benevolence and kindness was far reaching. Her words of wisdom charmed the intellectual and cultured. The sick and the poor found in her a genuine, sympathizing friend. She made her home the abode of hospitality. She beautified everything about her. Mrs. Frankel is not only a noble character, but is a stately and dignified lady.

Mr. Frankel was shrewd and brainy, but was honorable in his dealings, was a valuable citizen and did much to build up our town. By proper management and strict attention to business, he became one of the wealthiest men in Oskaloosa. He died a few years ago, respected and lamented by the whole community and especially by his neighbors. Henrietta, Mr. and Mrs. Frankel's oldest daughter, is the wife of Mr. Pfeifer, a prominent merchant of Oskaloosa. Mrs. Pfeifer is a cultured and refined lady. The Frankels were my neighbors for more than thirty years. I have known all of their six children from babyhood to young manhood and young womanhood. There are Anselm, Manassa, Nathan and Henry; every one fine looking and manly young men bearing the evidences of good breeding whenever and wherever one chances to meet them. They seem to be endowed with the business sense which made their father a success. We were sorry to lose the Frankels as neighbors and citizens, but pleased to hear of their success as business men in their magnificent store in Des Moines. Persons employed by the Frankel Brothers speak of the manly way they deal with their employees. They put on no

supercilious airs, but act in a respectful and manly way toward all. I think what I have said about the Frankel family would be endorsed by every one of their old neighbors. We feel the removal of that excellent family from our neighborhood a personal loss to each and every one of us.

Away back in 1855 there was an unusual exodus from Ohio to Iowa. I can think of a number of families that came that year. Some of them I have already mentioned, but there are some who have been prominent and valuable citizens through all these years whom I have not yet spoken of. There was John Lofland, his handsome young wife and baby George. What a handsome couple they were. They soon drew many of Oskaloosa's best people about them and made many friends. They were people of fine taste and charming manners. In course of time two more sons were added to their family. Then there were George, Frank and Charlie. When the civil war broke out, Mr. Lofland was one who bade adieu to his beloved and charming wife and his three bright little boys, donned a soldier's uniform and went off down to the swamps and canebrakes of the South to be shot at. He escaped Rebel bullets, though in many places of great peril. John Lofland was a brave man, he acquitted himself with honor and came home a Colonel. For many years Col. John Lofland served his country as internal revenue collector. He had many thrilling adventures with "moonshiners" while in that office. George died on his twentieth birthday in Denver, where he had gone to seek relief from lung trouble. George died suddenly. Just a day or two before the dispatch came telling of his

death, his father came to our house with joy beaming all over his face He had just received a letter from George saying he was getting on nicely was almost well—thought he would go to work in a day or two. Then came that terrible message:

"GEORGE IS DEAD. HORACE FISHER WILL GO TO OSKALOOSA WITH THE REMAINS."

The night they were expecting the train which would bring their precious dead boy, several of their friends, my husband and myself among the rest, waited and watched with the stricken family. The night was cold, a deep snow lay on the ground. I remember how discordant the sleigh-bells sounded as they went jingling along the street. Away in the night some one came to the door, and in a gentle and saddened voice, said: "They are here." When the casket was brought in and opened, there lay George, looking peaceful as a sleeping child. On his breast, placed there by some tender hand, was a hyacinth, as fresh as if just plucked from the stem.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since that sad night, but that scene of grief-stricken parents and brothers is fresh in my memory yet. George Lofland was laid to rest in Forest Cemetery. A few years ago his father, the once stalwart, manly-looking Colonel Lofland, was laid to rest by his side. Mrs. Lofland, sad and bereft, like many of us, is living in a comfortable and pretty home. She has many friends and her sons are models of kindness. Frank and Charlie are fine looking, and very superior business men—moral and sober in their habits, gentlemanly and kind in their manners. Frank Lofland married Miss Bena Siebel, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. John Siebel. The Siebels have been citizens of Oskaloosa for nearly forty years; have always been among her substantial and highly respected families. Mr. Siebel is the owner of Oskaloosa's largest flouring mill, which was built and run for several years by Benjamin Roop.

More than fifty years ago I stood in my cabin door and watched the first volume of smoke that ever poured from its great chimney stack. I felt so proud of Oskaloosa when I saw that great mill sending forth smoke and steam. It seemed immense to us who had witnessed Oskaloosa's growth from the wild prairie to the dignity of having a great steam mill.

Frank Lofland, when a boy, was a clear-headed, trustworthy business boy. He is a clear-headed business man, and is said to be going on to fortune. Frank looks like his father but Charlie looks like his mother. Charlie Lofland married Miss Minnie Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Little, and sister to the Little Bros., who everybody here knows are hustlers, bright and pleasant men to deal with. Mrs. Minnie Little Lofland is a niece of the McNeills. She and Charlie have three children who are said to be interesting, charming and very bright. They could not help being bright with the blood of all the Loflands, Littles and McNeills in their veins. Charlie Lofland has for many years been a capable and trusted officer in the Oskaloosa National Bank. He and his charming family own and occupy one of the handsomest and most commodious homes on East High Avenue, one of the streets noted for fine homes. Their lawn is simply superb. Mrs. Charlie Lofland is a charming

woman. Her manners are gracious, her voice is a delight. Singing runs in the Little and McNeill blood. Mrs. Col. Lofland has reason to be very proud of her sons, her daughters-in-law and her grandchildren.

Mrs. Lofland, like so many Ohio ladies that I know, is an exquisite housekeeper. She makes everything about her pretty and attractive. Her plants, her flowers; her lawn, everything inside and outside of her house, is arranged in the very prettiest fashion.

CHAPTER XXV.

Oskaloosa never had what is called a "boom," but has just gone on in the "even tenor of its way," growing a little every year, sometime a little faster than other times. There have always been good and substantial people in Oskaloosa from the time the first settler built his log cabin in the place called The Narrows, down to the present time. If our town and country ever had a boom, it was from 1850 to 1856. Along in those years, if anybody wanted to sell, all they had to do was to make it known. There was no trouble in finding a purchaser. There was no such thing to be seen then as a card tacked on a house with "to rent" printed on it. Any sort of a house could be rented without advertising. Many of the new comers from Ohio and elsewhere, who had been used to better things, were glad to find shelter in one room, and a poor room at that.

I can think of many families who came here about that time. The heads of many of those families have entered the vast beyond, and some are still among us. The children of some of those who have gone before are

with us still, and are good citizens. There are the Downings, the Lorings, the Kalbachs, the Cowans, the McMullins, the Laceys, the Rhineharts, the Ketners, and many others I could mention.

Among the "many others" are the Myerses, Mr. J. C. Myers and wife and baby Alice, who came to Oskaloosa from Cincinnati in 1855. The Myerses come to stay. They were what we called "well off" when they came, but money could not procure for them a better place to go to housekeeping in than a little unfinished doctor's office which stood on the ground where McNeill's livery barn now is. The owner of that property then was Dr. Cusick, a brother-in-law to Mitch Wilson. Mr. Myers was a carpenter and his first job was to fix the window and door of that office so the cows and pigs which were grazing and rooting in the streets at will could not have access thereto.

The Myerses did not stay long in their small quarters, but straightway bought a lot northwest of the square and built a nice, comfortable home. That property was owned afterwards by the Blattners. Mr. Myers many years ago purchased lots 7 and 8, Block 29, o. p., which at that time was one of the most desirable homes in Oskaloosa. There they lived in comfort and luxury; there their three daughters, Alice, Clara and Emma, passed a happy childhood. There Alice was married to Mr. Case, a young man of good family, from Indianapolis, Indiana, to which place she went a happy bride. In a fewyears Alice returned to her father's house a widow, with two bright little daughters. She is now the wife of Mr. John J. Targgart, and is living in Monroe, Iowa. Clara

and Emma were both handsome girls. Their parents were well-to-do and gave their daughters the advantage of a good education. Their home was handsomely furnished, and those girls, like their mother, had the faculty of making everything about them pretty and attractive. Look where one would in that home, some beautiful piece of fancy work, wrought by the skillful hands of those daughters, met the eye.

They made their home a center of attraction for the young people of the town, and nothing that would add to the happiness of their children was withheld by Mr. and Mrs. Myers. To see their children joyous was their joy. But there came a time in that home in which was wont to be heard the ring of merry voices and the sounds of mirth, when it was broken into by death, who is no respecter of homes or persons. Clara, handsome, happy, light-hearted Clara, went out of that home to return no more. They made her a grave in a lovely spot in Forest Cemetery, whereon the snows of a score of Winters have lain as a mantle, and the birds of a score of Summers have sung and twittered. Blossoms send out their fragrance from the spot where rests all that is mortal of Clara Myers.

Emma, the youngest daughter, married Mr. A. T. Barnes; "Tim," as everybody calls him, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes, residents of Oskaloosa. Tim is doing a fine business in general merchandise in the town of Leighton, nine miles west of Oskaloosa. Emma has an eye for the beautiful and is called a superb housekeeper. Her table is a marvel of taste, her cooking daintiness itself.

Mr. J. C. Myers has always been an honorable, in-

dustrious, careful and prosperous business man. He has, by honest dealing and good management, accumulated a considerable fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Myers seem to be of one mind and one purpose. Both know how best to use their honestly earned dollars. The poor are not suffered to go hungry or cold if in reach of the Myerses. They are the most kind and obliging neighbors. No one receives his pay grudgingly who works for them. If they happen to owe anybody, they take supreme delight in paying every last cent, if not a little more. There is a happy medium, not often attained, between extravagance and stinginess. But Mr. and Mrs. Myers have just exactly struck it. They take care of all they have but spend their money wisely.

To have the privilege of living in a neighborhood of upright and honest people is a blessing which the Lord has permitted me to enjoy for twenty-five years, consecutively. When I say neighborhood, I mean the people living within a block or two of each other. There are several families, or remnants of families, within that limit, who have been here all these years. We have gone in and out among each other—some have gone out never to return. There was David Evans and his wife, diagonally across the street, who twenty-nine years ago lived in the same cottage which stands there today. Two bright children played about their house, Mae and Carl. Two more came to them after, Dula and Walter. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were upright and honorable, took great pains and were successful in bringing their children up with the ideas which make successful and respected men and women. Mae is a charming woman, a fine scholar,

and fills one of the most important positions in Oskaloosa's high school. Dula is a student in a school of art in the city of Chicago, with prospects of success in that profession. She, like her sister Mae, has from childhood bore an untarnished reputation. Carl and Walter are careful and successful young merchants in the town of their nativity. Mrs. Evans preceded her husband only a few months to the other shore. They died in peace and are lying side by side in Forest Cemetery on the identical spot where my young husband and I first went to housekeeping. Their children own and occupy the house where they were born. Mr. Evans built the block known as the Evans block, which belongs to his estate.

This is a neighborhood of old folks—a few young folks are sprinkled in—Dr. Clarks, the Neagles and Kents, for instance. The Dr. and his excellent wife have a handsome home, a well-kept lawn, and the very prettiest elm tree in all the town. Its trunk is straight, its top is wide-spreading, without a dead branch to mar its beauty. The Dr. may claim ownership, but he can't enjoy the symmetry and shade of that great old tree a bit more than his neighbors. Mrs. Ketner and I were saying this very day that on Summer afternoons it sent its cooling shadow across the street to our homes and gave us more pleasure than it did the real owners. Men and women cannot live to themselves alone, neither can they have a monopoly on their great big trees.

Just a little way down the street is the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Bacon, which in Summer is a bower of beauty. That place don't wait for Summer, but before Summer comes their tulip beds are ablaze with gorgeous

coloring. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon seem to have gathered from every clime all the beautiful shrubs and flowers that will flourish in this climate. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon are intelligent and interesting. Both love and tend their flowers, read books by the best authors, go on in the even tenor of their way year after year, without seeming to grow older. Their tastes are alike and they are of one mind and purpose. Their forty or more years of married life seem to have been one continuous honeymoon. Every Sunday morning they can be seen wending their way to the house of God. It is no wonder they don't grow old. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon have lived in Mahaska County since their youth. Mrs. Bacon is a sister to Mrs. Baugh, wife of the Rev. John M. Baugh, who has been a popular minister in the Presbyterian Church of Oskaloosa for more than twenty years.

Mr. Baugh is a cultured gentleman of fine mind and manners, and has fine social qualities, though in his boyhood he knew what plowing corn and living in log cabins meant. He relates in an amusing way the experiences of his boyhood. There were several of the Baugh brothers, and all attained prominence in one way or another. George Baugh has been many times elected mayor of Oskaloosa. Thomas Baugh, another brother, was a physician in high standing, and when his death occurred a few years ago many of Oskaloosa's citizens felt that an honored citizen, a useful and good man had been taken from us.

Rev. John Baugh and his excellent family own and occupy one of the most charming homes on East First Avenue, one of the prettiest streets in town. Who that

has an eye for the beautiful does not linger and gaze with delight when passing that charming, vine-covered home?

I realize that my story of reminiscenses is assuming great length, much greater than I dreamed of in the beginning, but there are so many nice people whose characters I admire and who have shown me great kindness, I want to tell about them. It is hard to find a stopping place. The house just across the street west of mine was built by Dr. J. Y. Hopkins during the war of the rebellion, or rather by Mrs. Hopkins, who was a woman of much executive ability. The doctor went to the war and Mrs. Hopkins built that house while he was gone. Dr. Hopkins was counted among Oskaloosa's most learned and successful practitioners. In 1868 the Hopkinses sold that substantial and commodious home to Mr. D. M. Walton, who with his excellent wife occupy that home today. They came from Waynesburg, Penn. The Waltons are well-to-do: are excellent neighbors. Mr. Walton is a gentleman of the old school, always kind and polite. Mrs. Walton's girlhood home was in Canton, Ohio. She is a charming lady, full of benevolence, and can interest one by the hour. Mr. Walton has been an invalid for many years and her kindness and tender care of him through it all has won for her the respect and admiration of all her neighbors. Mr. Walton's eyesight failed many years ago. He was compelled to retire from active business; has borne his great affliction with patience and Christian resignation. I can remember when he was tall, erect and capable of holding his own with the best business man in the country. But now he is aged

and feeble, being several years past four score, and is frequently prostrated with the infirmities of age. His faithful wife reads to him, cheers him with words of kindness and nurses him back to his usual health. Mrs. Walton is a handsome woman as well as charming in manner. I told Mr. Walton one day I was sorry he couldn't see her, for as the years go by she grows handsomer.

Mrs. Col. Pond, a sister of Mrs. Walton's, makes her an extended visit occasionally. Her visits are hailed with delight by the neighbors. Mrs. Pond, too, was brought up in the town of Canton, Ohio, where she was a teacher many years. She once chaperoned a bevy of girls on a tour through Europe, Miss Ida Saxton, who is now the wife of President McKinley, among the rest. Mrs. Pond is a lady of fine mind, great good sense and charming manners. Her society is delightful, her conversation entertaining and instructive. She has traveled much, has met and become acquainted with many prominent people besides President McKinley and his family, who were her near neighbors and intimate friends. Mrs. Pond is exceedingly well informed; is dignified without a particle of haughtiness. To have the privilege of the society of a lady like Mrs. Pond is a pleasure indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Ketner lived just across the street from me twenty-nine years ago, and they live there today. They have a very comfortable and cozy home, where they sit in their easy chairs, read their newspapers, and wait for the change which will soon come to us all. When we first became such near neighbors each family had two sons—strong, robust young men, full of

life and bright expectations. Will and Charlie Ketner were in school in Iowa University. Charlie's health failed, he left school and went into business in Minnesota, but before long he came home to his father's house, and after lingering for months in great pain he died in peace and was laid to rest in Forest Cemetery. Will finished a full course in school, graduated in medicine, then took Miss Mary Pearson, a splendid young woman, for his wife. Their home is in Colorado, where I hear they are prospering, and have a pleasant home, brightened by two splendid sons and two splendid daughters, and presided over by a gentle, intelligent, Christian mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ketner have always been well-to-do, and have provided for the proverbial rainy day. They attend strictly to their own, and very little to other people's business. They, like the rest of us, know what it is to have their home made desolate by the hand of death. Only a few months ago their beloved and only daughter, Mrs. Mary Smith, while seemingly in the prime of life, was suddenly called to join the great majority. I think it has been six years since Mr. and Mrs. Ketner passed the fiftieth anniversary of their journey together.

In the next house but one below the Ketner place live Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Stevens, who invited their friends, neighbors and kin folks to their home to celebrate with them their golden wedding, in the month of May, 1893, and yet on any pleasant Sabbath morning Mr. and Mrs. Stevens can be seen walking side by side, their faces turned toward the Presbyterian Church. They, like Mr. and Mrs. Ketner, live alone and are still able to take care of themselves. Both the Ketners and the Ste-

venses came from Ohio to Oskaloosa away back in the fifties.

As I have already remarked, this is a neighborhood of old folks. I don't think another can be found in Oskaloosa where so many men and women are living in two blocks of each other who have passed the three score and ten mark. There are lots of great grandfathers and great grandmothers in the two square limit. Mr. Walton has seen the fourth generation long ago. Dr. and Mrs. Clark's babies, Anna Lois and George Hadley, not only have a grandfather and a grandmother Hadley, but a great grandfather Hadley, all living so near together that one cannot tell where the Dr. Clark lawn ends and the Hadley lawn begins.

Mrs. Thomas Newell, who has a cozy home and a nicely-kept lawn which is bright with flowers every Summer, is great grandmother to little Dorris Brewster, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lacey.

Mrs. Norris, who is away past ninety, lives only a block from me. She is a sweet-spirited, saintly woman, retains her mental faculties, and is ready to depart when the Master calls. No mother was ever blessed with a more devoted daughter than is Mrs. Norris. Mary Norris is a model of affectionate tenderness—an interesting, intelligent woman. Their cozy cottage is the abode of peace, and that mother and daughter are all the world to each other.

Oskaloosa was founded by superior people and has always held her own in that respect. Several of them are dwelling in my two-block limit. I am afraid I am not going to have time and space to say all that I want to

say about them. There is Mr. Frank E. Smith and his bright and handsome wife, who have a family of bright children. Lena, the oldest, is a capable business girl and has gentle manners. Nye, their first born son, was a member of the 51st Iowa regiment, crossed the mighty Pacific to fight Spaniards and Filipinos. Nye acquitted himself with credit and his parents, brothers and sisters, had the joy of seeing him come home safe and sound. Mr. Frank E. Smith has been known by Mahaska's people ever since he was a boy. Everybody around thought him a tip-top boy, and since arriving at man's estate he has had the confidence of all who knew him. He has been many times elected to fill important offices and was never known to betray the trust placed in him. Mr. Smith is an honorable, capable, obliging business man; an unassuming, manly man; a gentleman; all of which I can testify to from personal knowledge.

Dr. Pardun and his wife have been my neighbors for many years. They have one of the prettiest places in Oskaloosa. Their house is elegant. Their walks, their lawn, their flowers, their trees, everything about their premises, is in the best order it could be. Mrs. Pardun has the reputation all over this end of town of being the most scrupulously orderly person to be found anywhere. She is a nice neighbor and an intelligent woman. The doctor has an infirmary and is what is called a magnetic healer. He is an honest, upright man, has no evil to say of anybody, but attends strictly to his own business. Dr. Pardun has an extensive practice, not only among our own citizens but many come to him to be treated from abroad.

Doctors are numerous in my neighborhood, there are already four in less than two blocks, and I am told that another is soon to be my next door neighbor, Dr. Ripley Hoffman, son and partner of Dr. D. A. Hoffman, who has been a successful physician in Oskaloosa and all over Mahaska County for nearly forty years. He had a good practice from the first and still has the confidence of hundreds of our citizens. Though the weight of years is beginning to tell, the "Old Dr.," as he is called, can be seen almost any day, wrapped and tucked up in his buggy, striking out in the country to see some patient who thinks that no other doctor can relieve their aches and pains as readily as Dr. Hoffman.

Dr. Hoffman, with his wife and four children, came from Ohio and located in Oskaloosa in 1861. They were a remarkably fine-looking couple. The Dr. was a tall, manly-looking man, with broad shoulders and a strong face. Mrs. Hoffman has always had scores of friends, was an elegant-looking lady forty years ago and is an elegant-looking lady to-day. Dr. Ripley, "Rip," as he is usually called, the one who is going to be my neighbor, is about as popular a doctor as his father is. Dr. Hoffman Sr. and his wife have a home on First Avenue East, a complete, pleasant home, surrounded by one of Oskaloosa's typical lawns, which in Summer is bright with roses. That home is also the home of their widowed daughter, Mrs. Effie Hoffman Rogers, a lady possessed of many admirable qualities, among which are kindness, self-reliance and unaffected manners. Mrs. Rogers has been county superintendent of public schools, which responsible position she filled with credit to herself and satisfaction to her constituents.

Edgar, Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman's oldest son, is a tiller of the soil, preferred farming to a profession. He and his worthy wife and bright children occupy and cultivate a fine farm four or five miles west of Oskaloosa. John, the next son, is a lawyer, practicing his chosen profession in Great Falls, Montana. Ripley, as I have before stated, is the doctor. The Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman are grandparents many times over and, I have heard it said, have a bevy of mighty smart grandchildren.

Edgar married the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. McCabe, who came from the city of Dublin, Ireland, and located in Mahaska County nearly half a century ago. Both having been bred and brought up in the higher walks of life, were highly accomplished and exceedingly well educated. The doctor, who died several years ago, was said to be very learned in his profession, and not only that, but was wont to be styled a "walking enclyclopedia." In addition to his literary attainments, Dr. McCabe was a distinguished *looking* gentleman. Mrs. McCabe is a lady possessed of many and varied accomplishments: scholarly, exceedingly well informed in both ancient and modern history, literature of the day and poetry of the long ago, brilliant in reparte, a fine performer on the piano, writes and speaks French like a native (it is said by those who know.) Her faculty for conversing in the purest English is not surpassed. I told her one day that I had never known but one except herself who had the faculty of expressing every shadow of a thought in the purest English, and that other was Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Swalm uttered a truth when she said, "In all the wide, wide world, there is but one Mary

McCabe." The Dr. and Mrs. McCabe have some interesting, bright and witty sons and daughters. Maggie is a superior young lady in many respects and Will has the reputation of being a young man of honor, who was never known to do a mean thing nor say a flat one. Francis, another son, is engaged on the staff of the *New York World*. Louis, another son, fine looking and gentlemanly in manner, is filling a responsible and lucrative position as train dispatcher in the city of Fort Worth, Texas.

Mrs. Baker is another of my old neighbors not counted among the "old set," though she is a grandmother. Her daughter and only child, Margery, married Mr. Rominger, a young attorney of Bloomfield, Iowa, who is said to be a young man of ability and moral character. Mrs. Baker spared neither pains nor money in giving her daughter the advantages of an education. Margery attained quite a reputation as an elocutionist. Mrs. Baker has been a widow many years. Her husband, Erwin Baker, was a scholar and much esteemed citizen. Has filled the position of county superintendent; was what is called an educator. Mr. Baker provided bountifully for his family and left them in comfortable circumstances. Mrs. Baker has a comfortable, well-furnished home, has many valuable books, is a reader, retains what she reads and is interesting in conversation. Mrs. Baker's home is on South First Street, only a block from mine, where she has lived more than a quarter of a century. Margery was born there and there she was married.

Immediately across the street to the east of Mrs.

Baker's place is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hostetter, one of the very nicest places in the town. Their house is a model house. Their lawn is beautiful and always kept in perfect trim. The Hostetters are not old folks but they have a charming way of greeting we old folks when we chance to meet them.

Mrs. Rhinehart's fine home is close by and she, too, has a nice lawn, all of which I can see from my window. In looking over these homes of architectural beauty, with their vine-covered verandas surrounded with plats of velvety grass and bright flowers, my mind sometimes goes back to a time half a century ago when those lovely lawns, cement walks, paved streets with little green parks along their sides, was John Montgomery's cornfield, surrounded by a great high staked and ridered rail fence.

Among the young people of my neighborhood are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent. They both come from good families and are scholarly. Mr Kent was at one time principal of Oskaloosa's public schools, and was elected to the office of county superintendent and served one term. I never heard that he did not fill both places satisfactorily. Mr. and Mrs. Kent have a little son whom they call Forest. It is not often that one has seen six generations of one family, but I have seen and known six generations of that family. I have seen little Forest's great great great grandmother.

The Neagle young people live in my neighborhood—Will and Jim and Lizzie. They have lived in Oskaloosa nearly all their lives. Lizzie keeps house for her brothers, who are business men of untarnished reputation.

They are fine-looking young men and have faultless manners. Lizzie Neagle is a charming girl, tall and handsome, with the manners of a well-bred lady. The parents of these worthy young people have long been sleeping in Forest Cemetery. I used to know their mother, who was one of the loveliest ladies I ever met. As these stately sons and daughter pass my door I often think, how proud their mother would have been to see them as I see them.

I see John Montgomery mowing his lawn; he has been cleaning up his garden and lawn for two or three days. This is April 26th, 1900. Every Spring for many years I have seen Mr. Montgomery employed in the same way. As I watch him feebly pushing that lawn-mower I think of a time fifty-six years ago when he was a strong, energetic, stalwart young man, holding the handles of a great prairie plow which was being drawn by four yoke of oxen. He was one of the company of four or five who staked out their claims at The Narrows so early in the morning of May first, 1843.

Mr. Montgomery is the only man living of that eager group, and the only man that I can think of in Oskaloosa or in miles around (unless, possibly, William B. Campbell, who lives three or four miles east of town, was one) who was on the ground in the beginning.

Those pioneers are nearly all gone. Their places of burial are as diversified as were their homes before they found this garden spot of Iowa. John White was the only one who lived and died and was buried on the land they took possession of on that memorable first of May. Mr. Canfield started to Oregon in 1846 or 1847.

I heard that he was killed by Indians and his wife and daughter Ellen taken captives. Felix Gessford died not long ago at Bentonsport, Iowa.

A. G. Phillips went to California in 1852 and all that is mortal of one who was so prominent a factor in Oskaloosa's start in life lies buried in Calaveras Co., California. When I introduced the Phillipses to the reader, there were nine sons and daughters in that family, their ages ranging from twenty-six down to baby Ella, who now is the wife of Capt. J. R. C. Hunter, an honorable man and a gentleman. Their home is in Webster City, Iowa. They are grandparents many times over. Sinclair, the next older, married Flora Collins, sister to Mrs. Shara, Mrs. Washburn and Miss Myra Collins, who have been engaged in Oskaloosa's schools for many years. They are all highly cultured ladies. Sinclair died in 1885 in Audubon Co., Iowa, leaving a wife and several children. Hazel, who lives with her aunts, the Collins ladies, is Sinclair's daughter. We are all proud of Hazel; she is well educated, has nice manners and is a first-class girl generally. Her aunts have given her opportunities and shown her great kindness.

James, the next, lives in Oklahoma. I have already mentioned Mrs. Jackson (Jo). Sam, the next older than Joan, was a handsome and smart boy. When he was only seventeen years old, in 1852, he went to California, where he died and was buried at San Jose. Rachel, the next, was a girl of superior mind and developed into an intellectual, superior, tactful woman, full of resources and charming in manners. Rachel married Mr. Robert Tomlinson, who died years ago. Rachel's home for many

years has been in Washington, D. C. Martha, who was an excellent young lady, married Dr. A. C. Cunningham in 1848. They settled in Knoxville when that town was very new. Martha died in 1868 leaving three little daughters. Florence, who is the wife of Mr. William Gamble, is an intelligent and interesting woman. Alice is the wife of a Mr. Culver, a fine business man of Knoxville and Lola is now Mrs. Phelps, of the same place. All are superior women.

Watson, the next older than Martha, married Lois Ramey. They went to California thirty years ago, located in Calaveras County, where in 1899 Watson died and was buried. His wife Lois and two daughters survive him. Gorrell was next, and the eldest son in the Phillips family. Elizabeth, who is the oldest of that family, was the wife of Nathaniel Lindsay, and was married before the Phillipses came to Iowa. She still lives near the place where she and her husband went to housekeeping; she is eighty years old and has been a widow nearly forty years. Watson and Lois were married in in 1846, the same year that Gorrell and I were married. We all went to housekeeping at nearly the same time, Watson and Lois on a forty joining ours on the east; how happy and light-hearted we were. I don't think anything more serious happened to mar our happiness than a little jealousy on my part because Lois' tomatoes would ripen before mine did, and she always had better luck with chickens.

Watson sold his beautiful land—part of it being the forty acres where Mr. Kalbach's fine home, the Mattisons, the Kemble greenhouse, and so many other fine

places are now—to the Majors brothers, Jacob and John P., the same Majorses I have already mentioned. And just here I want to say that the Phillips family all thought Jacob Majors was greatly wronged in a difficulty he had with some parties in the early days regarding a claim. A frenzied mob went to his home, destroyed his stock and growing crops and shamefully abused him. I don't suppose there was one in ten of that mob knew what the grievance was, and yet some parties about twenty years ago compiled a book called "A History of Mahaska County," in which they treated in a flippant manner that savage and brutal outrage on a good citizen and a decent man.

Amos Gorrell Phillips was born near Chillicothe, Ohio, October 6th, 1796. His parents, Thomas and Martha Gorrell Phillips, emigrated to that new place from near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1795. Amos was the youngest of twelve children. The family moved to Kentucky when he was a boy, where in 1819 he was married to Hannah Sinclair, who was the mother of all the ten children I have mentioned. Mrs. Phillips died November 19th, 1847. They had four children when they left Kentucky and settled in Morgan County, Illinois, in 1832. They lived there twelve years, then came to this place, and purchased all those broad acres I have so often mentioned, thinking there was enough for all his boys. Not one of them own a rod of that fine land, save a little square plot in Forest Cemetery, where my precious dead are sleeping.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. A. G. Phillips was a friend of Judge J. A. L. Crookham, who came and located in Oskaloosa away back in the forties. Mr. Phillips had been a pupil in a school taught by Mr. Crookham's father in Southern Ohio in the early part of this century. The elder Crookham was said to be the most learned man in all that region. I have heard it said that he would have been called a great scholar anywhere. There were some superior families living in Southern Ohio, even in that early time, who were ambitious to have their sons instructed in the higher branches of learning. Many a bright boy who in manhood became famous, was for his start on the road to fame indebted to instruction received at the feet of that modern "Aristotle of the Wilderness." That learned man was father of a numerous family, all possessing more than ordinary ability. J. A. L. Crookham is a lawyer, and had been a citizen of Oskaloosa only a short time when he was elected county judge. He is now retired on account of the infirmities of age, but was a successful attorney at law for nearly a half century. He,

like nearly all the Crookhams, is a financier, has accumulated a considerable fortune, and has always been a prominent factor in the business affairs and politics of the town and county.

Judge Crookham is a man of noble impulses, and always has a kind word to say of everybody. Many young men have read law in his office and received instruction in the same from him, my son Orlando among the rest. Judge Crookham has an individuality, and has always been called eccentric, but his eccentricities are not of the kind that hurt people. He is honorable, just and charitable. Judge Crookham has been twice married, has three sons and two daughters. The scholarly propensities of their illustrious grandfather seem to have descended to the third generation. Elizabeth Euclid and Sara, the daughters, are among the most learned of Oskaloosa's brilliant daughters; both, after receiving a good education in our schools, graduated from Holyoke. Elizabeth Euclid has taught for years in the schools of Portland, Oregon, has traveled much and been twice in Europe. Both are practical women as well as learned. Sara, too, has taught abroad, but came home to assist her mother in nursing her invalid father, and not long ago was married to Mr. Rufus Davis, one of Oskaloosa's very best young men. Mr. Davis is clerk of Mahaska County and has the reputation of being a superior young business man. Judge Crookham is now four score, was less than thirty when he opened up a little office on the south side of the square. He has known nearly all the Mahaska people I have mentioned and if he was able to read my story, would say, "I know what she is talking about."

I have reason to think and speak kindly of the people of Mahaska County. From my youth up, whether in prosperity or adversity, health or sickness, joy or sorrow, they have shown me great kindness. When the husband of my youth, after we had traveled life's journey together for almost half a century, closed his eyes forever on the things of earth and darkness and desolation surrounded me, they came to me with tender words of sympathy, they filled my house with flowers. The same kind acts were repeated when but a few weeks after that great bereavement my bright grandson Willie was taken from us. Willie and his sisters, Daughter and Anne, my son Orlando's children, had lived with me and been like my own ever since their gentle mother died, twelve years ago. In less than one year death had claimed four of my dear ones; husband, grandson Willie, sister Jo and my beloved and only brother Calvin. Each dear one has his or her own place in our hearts. That brother was one of the truest men I ever knew. How I used to look forward to the times when he would visit us. How we enjoyed talking over our own special affairs, not particularly interesting to any but just our two selves. But one morning, it was the 30th of May, Decoration day, 1896, I received a telegram saying:

"THERE IS NO HOPE. PREPARE FOR THE WORST."

In the afternoon I received another saying:

"FATHER DIED AT 4 P. M. EDWIN."

The dear brother whom I had loved so much had entered the great beyond. From boyhood up he had been a conscientious and devout Christian. He was pas-

tor of Friends church at Kokomo, Ind., where he died. He was laid to rest by the side of the wife of his youth in Wilmington, Ohio. Esther, his present wife, a woman of fine mind and strong Christian character, and four manly sons survive him. I never knew a more devoted husband and father than Calvin W. Pritchard.

Death had not broken into our immediate family until my husband and I had traveled thirty-six years of life's journey together. We had been so happy and proud of our two little boys, Orlando and Quincy. How their father loved them. They didn't cease playing, cower and shrink off in a corner when they saw their father coming, nor was that father ever too tired to take his little boys in his loving arms or have them climb on his knee. He was a chivalrous, manly man, always true to his word. It meant something to him when he plighted his troth at the marriage altar. The woman whose right hand was held in his when the solemn words were spoken, "until death shall separate you," was always the first lady in the land to him. No word or hint of anything but death separating us was ever uttered between us. Such words, to us, would have seemed akin to blasphemy. When our sons had grown to young manhood and Orlando, after reading law and being admitted to the bar, opened out an office and began practicing law, he went to Delaware, Ohio, where he had been a student in the Wesleyan University, and married Miss Sallie J. Newhall, a beautiful and gentle young lady, and brought her to our home, where she was received with open arms. Sallie was modest and unassuming and not at all vain, though she was very beautiful. Her complexion was

like cream and roses, dark brown hair and great liquid brown eyes. We all loved her and were very proud of our daughter. She made many friends. There was never an unkind word between us, though we were together almost daily for fifteen years. Sallie was a sweet-spirited Christian woman and when death came was not afraid to die. Four children were born to Orlando and Sallie.

Semira Jane, whom we have always called Daughter, was named for her grandmothers. John Gorrell, "Jackie" as we called him, was the next. The first grave made on our little square of ground in Forest Cemetery was for dear, bright, handsome "Jackie," who had been with us a little less than six years when the Lord took him. Anne Lee was the next, now a tall, handsome, fine looking woman married to Mr. Jenkin Davis, an energetic young business man of Oskaloosa. Two sons have been born to Jenkin and Anne, which makes me a great grandmother. William Phillips Davis, my first great grandson, is handsome and smart, we think, and tries to do everything he sees anybody else do. John Quincy, his little brother, after a brief stay with us, was laid beside his grandmother and little uncle "Jackie." William Lacey, "Willie," the last of Orlando and Sallie's four children, was only eight years old when his mother died. Willie died September 15, 1895. He was a bright, energetic, manly boy. He, too, sleeps among his kin.

Daughter was a sweet and lovely child, was her grandpapa's darling, though he dearly loved all his grandchildren. Daughter was the first, and the first little girl to come into our family. She has developed

into a noble, intelligent, practical and handsome woman. Three years ago she was married to Mr. David William Woodruff, son of Captain Woodruff, of Oskaloosa. Mr. Woodruff is a fine-looking young business man, full of energy, and a fine mechanic. Daughter and her husband live with me, and they relieve me of many cares and treat me with great kindness.

Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, once said: "If you want your hearts filled with love, take the New Testament and look for, read and study all the passages which speak of love, and the first you know your hearts will be full of love."

I have tried to tell a true story of the times when Mahaska was a wilderness—of the pioneers, and many who came later. I have written and thought so much about their noble traits and deeds, that if I ever thought they had any faults, I have forgotten them. I have endeavored to tell my story "with charity toward all and malice toward none." It is a good thing to "cast the beam out of one's own eye."

This simple and unpretentious story has assumed much greater length than I had any thought of its doing when I began to tell it. I hope it will be received in the spirit in which it was told. Much of it has been told with an aching heart, and with tears blinding my eyes, in the dead hours of night, in loneliness, in desolation, with thoughts ever and anon flying to the little square of earth in Forest Cemetery where so many of my precious dead are sleeping, and where by the husband of my youth and my beloved son Quincy I will soon be sleeping myself.

My noble, great-hearted Quincy, who loved his mother with all his true, manly nature. Whom I thought would be the solace of my old age, the stay of my declining years. Quincy was in all my plans for the future, but he went out from his home one night with a tender word of leave-taking, expecting to be back in a few hours, as was his habit; but in a few hours he was brought home to his mother with eyes closed forever to the things of earth, and the voice we all loved so much to hear, forever stilled. We don't know what terrible shocks of grief we can endure until we are compelled to endure them. When I was told that a stroke of apoplexy had ended the life of my precious son, I thought I would be stricken myself. I kept looking for it to come, but the stroke did not come. The Lord gave me grace to bear that terrible blow, and to go on with my story, a considerable part of which had been written and read to that dear son, who would laugh and say: "Mother, it takes you a long time to reach Mahaska County, but go on; it's all right." His brothers of the Masonic order, of which he was a member and to which he was much attached, came to me in that time of deep sorrow with tender sympathy and kind acts which I hope never to become ungrateful enough to forget. Those noble friends watched by his lifeless body, they manifested the greatest respect, they followed him to the grave and tenderly laid him to rest with the rites peculiar to their order.

Since I began this story, in January, 1898, some of the old settlers have lain down life's burdens and have entered into rest. There was Mrs. Brewer, one of the

brightest women of her age I ever knew; and Aunt Sade Boswell, who had endeared herself to many Oskaloosa people; and D. W. Loring, who was an honored citizen of Oskaloosa to the day of his death—just the other day he crossed the dark river.

I have witnessed the gradual development of this goodly land from wild woods and wild prairies to beautiful, cultivated farms; from the crudest kind of log cabins to elegant mansions, such as we never dreamed of in the early days; from no school-houses nor churches at all to such magnificent structures as are to be seen all over Oskaloosa, in her houses of worship and temples of learning.

I did not plan to finish my story on Oskaloosa's fifty-sixth birthday, but that is what I have done.

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